

A black and white photograph of a vintage treadle sewing machine. The machine is dark-colored, likely cast iron, and features a large, spoked hand-crank wheel on the right side. The needle and foot are positioned at the front, and the machine is mounted on a sturdy base with four legs. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

- Will you come in today and let us show you how perfectly it sews, how easily it operates?
- Let us demonstrate to you how superior it is to the ordinary machine, and in how many ways?
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- Possessing all the improvements and conveniences of a high priced machine, we sell the Sunset Rotary at a price that is astonishingly low.
- The automatic tension alone is a feature of the Sunset that means everything to the home-sewer or professional dressmaker.
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happening

News of Today

FINANCES SUIT FOR AN ESTATE.

Warner Returns as One from the Grave.

Woman Man Suddenly Appears in Oregon.

Heads for Young's Wealth Goes on Apace.

PORTLAND WIRE TO THE TIMES.
PORTLAND (Or.) April 26.—
[Special Dispatch.] Supposed to have been dead for twenty-five years, Mrs. Mabel Young, of Cadott, Wis., returned here today to assist her son, Mr. Mabel Young Warner, in her sensational fight for the control of the estate of J. W. Young, Mrs. Young's uncle.

Warner's fight to acquire this has been in the courts for two years and her father says he is unable to support her financially in her fight.

Warner recently produced the will with which she has filed, each of which the Young estate is to have. She says she has been tried for years of these wills and acquitted each time.

When she filed the latest will for the estate it was said that her means were almost exhausted, but she will be able to put up a strong legal fight.

Richard R. Young is unable to deny the report that he died in 1901, twenty-five years ago, a resident of Cadott, Wisconsin. He will call the present time. Readers of his daughter's litigation here are expected to come to Oregon to see the fight.

NERVE SENTENCE.

CHIEF OF POLICE IN SPATIAL
HOLDING ARRESTING AFTER CONVICTION
ON RABBIT DRIVE.

PORTLAND WIRE TO THE TIMES.
PORTLAND (Wash.) April 26.—The county court denied today a petition for rehearing of the case of John W. Wappenstein, former chief of police of Seattle, convicted of accepting a bribe, and sentenced to serve from three to ten years in the Penitentiary. This ends the case and means that Wappenstein will go to the penitentiary.

Wappenstein was the central figure in a series of scandals that ended in the resignation of Governor Corvill of Seattle last month and the fall of Hiram C. Gill. Wappenstein was chief of police under Gill, and was really the brains of Wappenstein's actions.

The indictment under which Wappenstein was convicted charged that he accepted a bribe of \$1000 from John Tupper and Clarence Gerald to assist them to operate a distilling house.

Wappenstein is related to prominent figures in Cincinnati and Seattle, and was charged under charges by the chief of detectives in 1915. He is about 50 years old, has a family, is healthy, and is expected to be wealthy.

RUSSIA STANDS ON HONOR.

Foreign Minister Tells Duma of the Position Relative to Abrogated Russian Treaty.

PORTLAND WIRE TO THE TIMES.
ST. PETERSBURG, April 26.—The Russian Foreign Affairs, M. Sazonov, in a statement to the Russian Duma today made in the Duma today in connection with the abrogation by the United States of the Russo-American convention of 1915.

The minister said that President Wilson had made the abrogation in a manner amenable to international interpretation.

The United States should take into consideration a new treaty, Russia would take into consideration all the interests of Russian society. But, the United States with national honor and in connection with all the interests of the people, the government firmly stands on its position.

Sazonov added, not to be in accordance with the international sovereign right of Russia to internal legislation as an exercise of its own needs.

The government hoped that the friendly relations would be maintained by the passing of the views of Russia that Russia and the United States would be able to reach where their interests coincide.

RUSSIA ARE ON TRIAL.

Accusations of Them Answering Charges of Conspiracy to Assassinate American-Governor.

PORTLAND WIRE TO THE TIMES.
ST. PETERSBURG, April 26.—The Russian government is on trial in the case of the assassination of Governor Maru yesterday. The trial, now in progress, of the Russian, many prominent in the government, on a charge of having been in a plot to assassinate Governor Maru. One of the accused is Boris Yef. Chibrikov, head of the Russian Christian Association.

The Russian workers are accused of having prepared many bombs, and are to be handled in the Russian stations on the Trans-Siberian. No foreigners are allowed. The residence of the missionaries were searched. Japanese newspapers have been seized. The weapons from Russia and the missionaries.

WIRE UP BY BURGLAR.

CHIEF OF POLICE TRIER SUICIDE.

PORTLAND WIRE TO THE TIMES.
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the Pa

was a member of a church choir. He went wrong, and for some time had been out on parole under a twelve-month sentence from the Leis Owens county for burglary.

QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

Friends of Real Daniel Hull of Savannah Say Man Held in San Francisco Is Not He.
[BY A P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—The identity of a young man charged with the murder of a woman, who said Morgan later, "and who says he is Daniel Hull, nephew of former President Hull of the American Bankers' Association, and son of a prominent Savannah (Ga.) banker," was challenged today by three friends of the real Daniel Hull.

W. J. Morgan, Lambert Coburn and Horace I. Hunter, who claimed to be registered here at a fashionable hotel, read a newspaper account of the arrest.

They called on the prisoner and found a stranger.

"We asked this man intimate questions and he answered them," said Morgan later, "and he answered many of them, but he tripped on the name of his sister. How he acquired his knowledge of our family we do not understand. He remembers Hull slightly."

"No doubt the parents of the real Daniel Hull, who are well-known people, will be overjoyed to learn that their son is not under arrest. We would like to see him, and if he is them today, but could not find them."

The prisoner is accused of having given false drafts in payment for a suit and a pair of shoes, and having obtained in a similar manner \$513 worth of goods from a clothing store.

SACRAMENTO DEPOT AFIRE.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC SUFFERS.
[BY A F. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SACRAMENTO, April 26.—The local Southern Pacific depot, erected in 1915 and valued to the extent of \$155,996, by a fire that started from crossed power wires at 4:30 o'clock this morning. The company's valuable records were saved by the vault being closed before the flames. The destruction of the apparatus in the train dispatcher's office caused Dispatcher Wallace to take a field telegraph outfit to take up the work, and an out-of-station train shed at this temporary station. The main shed and waiting platform were not damaged, and train service was not interfered with. The structure was a frame building, 100 feet long and 40 feet wide. It was built in 1915, and recently, as the Southern Pacific had plans under way for a new depot.

BOY FAILS TO DEATH.

DROPS FROM UPPER WINDOW.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The home of Thomas Ahern, superintendent in the Police Department of the Southern Pacific Railway, was saddened this afternoon when Alfred, the three-year-old son of Mr. Ahern, fell from a two-story window at the Ahern home No. 18 Commercial street, hence, resulting in injury from which the child is expected to die, but not without avail. The accident occurred while the child was playing in a room at an open window.

A UNIVERSITY MERGER.

OREGON PROPOSAL.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
PORTLAND (Or.) April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Business men of Portland, Ore., and the Southern Pacific have joined in indorsing a movement to consolidate the university of Oregon in Eugene with the Oregon Agricultural College in Corvallis. A resolution asking Gov. West to appoint a commission to study the matter has been adopted, the presidents of the two institutions being among those signing the resolution. The fact that a \$500,000 appropriation to the State University is held up for a relative from Massachusetts is cited in the movement for consolidation.

DORR SEES HIS LETTER.

Stockton Man Charged With Lynn Murder Ho-Roads Mistle Sent From Scene of Crime.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
STOCKTON (Cal.) April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] That William A. Dorr, under arrest here on the charge of murdering George E. Marsh, the Lynn, Mass., millionaire, was not only the author of the letter which was sent a letter from that place to his aunt, Miss Orpha Marsh of this city, recalling his attention to the death of the millionaire, was evidenced today when Chief of Police Briare produced the letter.

When the prisoner was shown the missive in his cell, he eagerly perused it, and then admitted the handwriting was his.

"I do not recall writing that letter, but I know the handwriting," he declared when asked if he had any explanation to make.

"But that is your handwriting, isn't it?" interrogated the chief.

"Yes. It looks like my handwriting, all right," Dorr replied. "But I can't remember anything about it. My mind is blank."

The prisoner seemed considerably perturbed by the letter and immediately summoned his attorney.

When the letter was read out on the grounds of insanity has been positively announced by his counsel. No move will be made until such time as the "Texas Tommy" and request papers. One is expected tomorrow or Sunday.

ASKS RAILROAD ETHICS.

San Diego Dancing Master Wants to Know How the "Texas Tommy" Is Danced in San Francisco.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Morley T. Stayton, who, with his wife, conducts a dancing school in San Diego, has written from that city to Clerk Dunnigan of the "Texas Tommy" and asks: "Of late I have had quite a number of dancers from your city attending our dances, and when they begin to dance the 'Texas Tommy' and 'Bunk Bug,' 'Grizzly Bear' and other frank dances the chaperones begin to kick, and they say 'It is the way we dance it here.'"

Stayton wants to know if such dances are allowed in public places of the city, the "Texas Tommy," and asks for a copy of whatever ordinances governs dances here.

Clerk Dunnigan's reply informs Stayton that there are no special ordinances here to regulate dancing, which is subject to the general police regulations, and that he is unable to say if it is or is not "frisks."

[illegible]

CAPTAIN ACCUSED.

(Continued from Second Page.)

repeated previous testimony—that Fifth Officer Henry David Ismay "got to halt out of here" when they were working on lifeboat No. 7.

"What was Mr. Ismay doing?" asked Senator Newlands.

"He was standing aft and going like this—Lower; lower; lower—lowering the boats." He stood right by the davit with one hand on the davit and one hand in motion to the officer to let him know how far he wanted him to go in lowering the lifeboat to the water, seventy feet below."

"Did Ismay do anything besides help regulate the lowering of the boat?"

"He helped the women and children into the boat and told the men to make way," said Rowe.

Wheeler told of putting into the boat a woman who did not want to get in.

QUARTERMASTER EXAMINED.

George Thomas Rowe, a quarter-master, examined by Senator Burton J. Bruce Ismay escaped from the sinking ship. Rowe was ordered in charge and it seemed as if all he had to say was that he saw Ismay leave he said, by Capt. Smith. He said no one asked Ismay to get in.

"When Chief Officer Weyl asked if there were any more women and children, there was no reply," said Rowe. "So Mr. Ismay came aboard the boat."

SKYLARKING ABOUT IT.

W. C. Taylor, of Southampton, Bremen on the Titanic, said a majority of the crew did not realize that the Titanic was sinking.

"How do you know?" asked Senator Nathan.

"Because they were all skylarking and joking about it."

A STRANGE CHAPTER.

Frank Osman, a seaman, who was in the lifeboat with Fourth Officer Boxhall, added another strange chapter to the sinking of the Titanic.

"After she got to a certain angle," he said, "she exploded, broke in charge and it seemed as if all the engine and everything that was in the afterhold slid out into the forward part and the afterpart came down the top deck, the top poop, as it came up, down it went again."

"The steerage passengers were all down below on the Titanic and after Boxhall, added another strange chapter to the sinking of the Titanic."

"I saw many of the women and men to me all the passengers left on board, first, second and third classes, climbed to the top deck, the top poop."

"Did you see them?"

"It looked black. It looked like a big crowd of people."

THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

It was necessary for women and children on the sinking Titanic to jump a three-foot chasm from the deck to the lifeboats and babies were thrown overboard. The purpose of the testimony of F. O. Evans, one of the Titanic's crew. Evans credited his method of loading the boats with the heavy mass of life among the women and children. Evans was examined by Senator Smith last night and the purpose of his testimony was made public today.

Evans said women refused to attempt to jump the gap, Evans said and one was propelled with such force that she went over the far side of the boat and was saved from plunging into the sea only by her shoe, which caught in an iron lock.

Evans said that he saw a lamp-trimmer on the Titanic whom he examined last night, said that he saw a light in the lifeboats.

He said that four or five boys had cleared the ship he went to the store-room and discovered the lamps, flares and candles. By orders from the captain, he said, he hurriedly equipped as many of the remaining survivors as possible.

The other Senators of the committee put in a strenuous night with their questions of witnesses, but one finished with his share of the work of elimination.

Members of the Senate committee who examined individually the British sailors and stewards gathered early today in the office of Senator Smith to prepare a report of their investigations for the full committee.

Only a few members of the crew were found who could offer anything of value but the rest had not been elicited from the surviving officers and passengers. Though no announcement has been made, it was reported about the committee room that those of the crew whose testimony is not to be taken in open session will be permitted to leave for their homes in England at once and that some of the officers also will be dismissed. Those retained will be examined as rapidly as possible.

OLYMPIC ABANDONS TRIP TO NEW YORK.

(BY A. P. MIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SOUTHAMPTON (Eng.) April 26.—The White Star liner Olympic, which had been held off Hyde, Isle of Wight, since Wednesday by a strike of firemen, today abandoned her trip to New York and returned to port.

This was made necessary by the deterioration of her seams this morning, when the line attempted to replace the striking firemen with non-union men.

About a hundred and twenty-one passengers who were awaiting the Olympic at Queenstown, have been transferred to the Baltic, which will leave today for New York. Fourteen hundred sacks of mail, which were to have been forwarded by the Olympic,

You cannot afford to do without it—you will tone up your whole system by taking, in the morning, **Dr. Cassell's Food and Water**—

Natural Laxative
Quickly Relieves
CONSTIPATION

will be held at Queenstown for the Cunard liner Lusitania, sailing from Liverpool tomorrow for New York and due here Sunday. The Cunarder is likely to reach New York ahead of the Baltic and for this reason the mails will be entrusted to her.

The strike has a serious aspect toward the matter of inconvenience trans-Atlantic travel, as the seamen, having signed for the voyage, have now laid themselves open to the charge of mutiny. Immediately following the walkout the White Star officials appealed to the authorities with the result that the Olympic's whole complement of seamen, numbering fifty-four, were arrested when they came ashore. They will be arraigned in Police Court at Portsmouth, charged with mutiny.

The Captain, Sailor and Firemen's Union repudiated the action of the strikers, who are said to have been advised by the seafarers' organization, which recently withdrew from the parent body.

The firemen of the Olympic struck Wednesday, five minutes before the vessel was due to sail for New York. Their grievance was the alleged failure of the company properly to equip the steamer with lifeboats. Subsequently a deputation of union firemen witnessed a test of the life-saving apparatus and being satisfied, however, their fellows had dispersed, leaving word that they would not rejoin the Olympic until the firemen, who had remained aboard when the others left, were discharged.

This concession was refused by the company, which said it would lay up the Olympic rather than suffer coercion.

Officials of the line forthwith began to recruit a new force of firemen from Sheffield, Liverpool and Portsmouth, and yesterday announced that the Olympic would sail at daybreak today. This morning tugs containing 250 firemen to replace the strikers accompanied the Olympic and were putting the new men aboard when the seamen struck. They declared they would not work with non-union men and promptly clambered over the ship's side into the waiting tugs.

Capt. Haddock appealed for assistance to the cruiser Cochrane, whose commanding officer boarded the steamer and warned the crew that any of them taking part in the strike after having signed for the trip would be guilty of mutiny. This had no effect upon the seamen, who proceeded to shore.

Here today the crew was met by a strong force of police and placed under arrest, on the ground that their presence in town under the circumstances might lead to disorders over the strikers were hailed into court.

When the helplessness of the Olympic became known a steamer was dispatched from here for Ryde to take off the saloon passengers, who were brought here pending arrangements for their transfer to other vessels.

Three hundred first and second-class passengers of the Olympic volunteered to act as firemen, replacing the strikers. The captain thanked them and declined their services.

Crowds of seamen and firemen gathered the docks throughout the day and many of these condemned the action of the strikers. The distress in this port already in great consequence is being worsened by the loss of so many heads of families with the Titanic, and today's events will perceptibly add to the hardship.

Later it was decided that the saloon passengers of the Olympic would proceed by train to Liverpool, where they will embark on the Lusitania.

The striking seamen, who included six quartermasters, were arraigned this afternoon in Police Court at Portsmouth, charged with mutiny. They pleaded not guilty and were remanded for trial next Monday. The court accepted bail for their appearance.

BODIES EMBALMED
ON THE CABLE SHIP.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK, April 28.—The bodies of Col. John J. Astor and Isidor Straus, the millionaire merchant of this city, who lost their lives in the Titanic disaster, have been recovered and are aboard the cable ship Mackay-Bennett. News of the recovery was contained in a dispatch to the White Star Line Company today. The officials expect the Mackay-Bennett will reach Halifax Monday afternoon. The body of C. M. Hay, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, has been added to the list of identified and picked up near the scene of the disaster.

This announcement was made this morning by A. G. Jones and Company.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)



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of
Sunset
Sewing Machine**

—Will you come in today?
perfectly it sews, how easily!
—Let us demonstrate to you
ordinary machine, and in less
—Let us show you, if you're
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vantageous purchase from
—Possessing all the improve-
high priced machine, we sell th-
is astonishingly low.
—The automatic tension alone
means everything to the home
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You know that we deliver a S-
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This image shows a dark, vertical, textured strip, likely a book binding or a piece of aged paper. The surface is heavily worn, with numerous fine scratches, scuffs, and areas of discoloration. The texture appears rough and uneven, with varying shades of dark gray and black. There are no discernible patterns or text on the strip.

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WANTED-LIVE PARTNER WHO has \$500 for bank interest with no experience necessary; reason: for one of the firm going into other. This is your chance if you want to. **MULLIN & MCKENZIE, 616 Ferguson St.,**

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good paying business, go with me
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low, walking distance, Westlake district.
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W. Y. COFF, 418 Cogg Blvd., 218 S.
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housekeeping room with nice Spanish
between Ninth and Pico
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furnished flat, high ground; adults
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house, close in; no children. Ad-
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an ranch with improvements. Ad-
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WANTED-TO RENT, DESK ROOM
free building or part of office.
Address G, box 35. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-TO RENT, A DAIRY, 6
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Rooms and Board.

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room with board in good part of
for married lady for the summer.
first-class, give description and re-
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after school hours, and Saturday
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good room in private family on
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man in exchange for services before

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er, with several years' experience;
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room rent, close in. Address R. B.
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within 20 minutes to 5th and Main.
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WANTED—FROM OWNERS ONLY—IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED TRY PROPERTY; ALWAYS HAVE ERS FOR BARGAIN. CLEAR PROPERTY. FOR EXCHANGE. THE HOGAN CO.
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WANTED—TO PURCHASE—
Wanted—Good orange, lemon and green; also alfalfa and general ranch goods city property.
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See Mr. Cain or Mr. Irwin,
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Ten acres, good orange land, with must be frostless. Want to pay same equity of \$200 in \$500 bungalow; fine cated, in Monrovia; two lots, Arundia, \$125 and \$175 cash. Address with full particulars, E. box 18, TIMES OFFICE.

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WANTED - AT ONCE, 5 OR 10
new bungalow, cobble stone; cased high ground, southwest; near car. Owners only. Have double corner,

and lot, balance, clear: \$300 cash as first
ment, balance like rent. Am responsible
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WANTED—LIST YOUR PROPERTY
us. We have a great demand by
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ing for homes. Give us a chance to
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WANTED—TO PURCHASE FOR CASH
1—Lots in southwest for building.
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MATTHEWS & MATTHEWS,
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WANTED. HOME BOYS AND

WANTED—FOR CASH, BARGAIN GROUND
acreage and choice income producing
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K. LUNDEN CO.,
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WANTED—TO PURCHASE ACREAGE N
5-cent car fare, southwest, Vernon ave.,
of Minn. st., preferred; state amount of
acs, location, and terms. Owners
Address ZZ, box 68, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED - WE WANT AND CAN AFFORD to pay between \$1000 and \$2000 for a loca Canyon that is a bargain; cash customers that we can supply with us, at once. ALLEN & IRWIN Trolley-Venture, Cal.

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WANTED - IMPERIAL VALLEY AREA. Can use several places. Have cash for part will offer some lease - 3-1 prop. Will investigate at once. Owners only. SUPERIOR Lumber CO., 211 Commercial St., Will.

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C. E. IVESON, with A. D. Bowman,
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SATURDAY MORNING

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OPEN DAY AND
SUITE 19, 482 1/2 S.
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And stolen
LOST—BOY'S BICYCLE. Y
taken from in front of
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trimmings and gold earring bells, coaster brake and pump information leading to its locations asked. PHONE 729-1111

LOST-LADIES' GOLD WA
corner Temple and Hill.
Arcade Depot; crystal be
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turn to THE SAN FERNAN
and Main st., and get re

LOST-A GOLD NECKLAC
roque pearls, Friday, abou
ably on S streets, between
Main or else on Covina c

eral associations, and finder's reward. PHONE 72358.

LOST-FRIDAY NIGHT ON
dino road near Eastlake leather suit case. Return to SECURITY BLDG. and receive reward.

LOST-SOMEWHERE ON BR
ere glasses with gold nose 1167 S. HOPE. FSWL. Reward \$100.

LOST - GOLD WATCH A
pling district, April 25. 2000. If found, please call 575-2151 and receive reward.

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beach and Los Angeles. If
watch with diamond pin
please return to TIMES
BUREAU and receive reward.

LOST - GRAY MARE, 900
old, near on each knee.
F. D. No. 1, San Gabriel.

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with 5 pearls and 4 sapph
if returned to MRS. M. N
Seventh.

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500 lbs. Under saddle.

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you rheumatism? Does yo
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 menta, call Room 62. 7034

MANICURING, FACE AND SHAMPOO. Room 15, 733½ S. HARRIS STONE. MANICURING and scalp treatments. 740 S. SPRING. NEW BATH PARLORS, 715 S. HARRIS. Hours 10 to 30; open Sunday. HARRIS, FORMERLY 231½ W. 4th, moved to 734 S. HARRIS.

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SALE OF KIMBALL PLAYER

The great sale is waxing ever reds and hundreds of men have heretofore thought that piano was beyond their means. Here is the instrument they like best they can afford. See the players, while they are on

Don't miss this chance if you
 expect to want, a really fine
 EILERS MUSIC HO
 344 S. Broadway.

PIANO SALE—ELEGANT DECOR
Only \$130, every piano in the house
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Piano, ebony case, almost new
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PIANO SALE—NEW PLAYER PIANO
Large assortment of music.

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 reasonably to immediate
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 beautiful mahogany case. I
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Will sell, on 15 days' delivery
Automatic 60-horse-power steam
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equipment only. These may
be at the CALIFORNIA PLUM-
BER COMPANY, 1928 S.
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motors for sale cheap for cash
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SHIPPING—

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FREIGHT FORWARDER
EASTERN PORTS AT
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GET OUR PRICES
COLYEA'S VAN & STORAGE
509 S. MAIN ST.
PH17

MACBETH IS VICTOR IN THE SAN GABRIEL FINALS.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

NORMAN MACBETH is the winner of the San Gabriel invitation tournament in which the finals were played yesterday. He defeated Conde Jones by 3 up and 1 to play. This gives Macbeth that great pedestal bowl to bathe the babies in and Conde Jones receives the cup for the runner-up.

It was a splendid match, worthy the best golfing traditions, and Norman Macbeth was playing a brilliant game. That Conde Jones was little less excellent is proven by the small margin with which he was beaten.

Conde Jones won the first hole, but owing to a poor drive, he only succeeded in halving the second. The third went to Macbeth, owing to Jones' over approach and missing a short putt.

They halved the fourth and Macbeth took the fifth for 1, holding out a long putt.

At the sixth, one of the long and difficult holes, both players showed off by defeating par, Macbeth winning the hole for 4 and Conde Jones taking 5, par figures being 4.

At the seventh Conde Jones again over approached, the hole going to Macbeth for 3. No. 8 also went to Macbeth for 4, Jones getting into all sorts of trouble.

Both players drove out of bounds from the ninth, but Macbeth's fourth stroke fell within three feet of the hole and he won it for 5—par figures.

They halved the tenth for 3, Macbeth won the eleventh, and Jones took the twelfth for 4—par 4—after facing an extremely awkward lie in the wash. His recovery from this with a clean, skilful stroke was the admiration of the onlookers, landing

clear on to the green and winning the hole in five strokes.

At the thirteenth it was Macbeth who got into the wash, after hitting one of those picturesque trees with his second shot, Jones winning the hole in bogey 5.

Jones won the fourteenth also by holing a long putt from off the green, but at the fifteenth he missed a comparatively short putt and halved the hole for 2.

Then Macbeth won the sixteenth in a par 4, together with the laurels of the tournament and the hearty congratulations of everybody.

The second final match between Walter Cooby and Edward Tufts has not yet been played owing to Mr. Tufts' detention for service on the grand jury, but it will probably be played off this afternoon.

L. W. Farmer defeated James Parker in the third final match by 4 up and 3—and, according to the victor, Mr. Parker was in one of his reckless moods and just gave the game away.

George Cline covered himself with glory by defeating Armine Brand in the defeated eighth by 1 up, and thus capturing a prize which gives him permission to run up a reckless bill for sporting goods.

At the seventh match Mr. Coon by 4 and 5 in the second defeated eighth, by which it will appear that Mr. Jones has recovered his form a little late in the tournament, but in time to show he had some to recover.

C. K. Alley won the third final of defeated eighth, winning from Edmund Parker by 1 up after a good contest.

Today the four-ball match against par will be played in the afternoon to wind up the tournament, and a goodly gathering is anticipated. Many a fascinating case of thermos bottles which form the reward of skill in today's play.

At Berkeley.

BIG PREP MEET STARTS TODAY.

COAST INTERSCHOOL SHOULD BE RECORD BREAKER.

Fifty-five High Schools Have Entered Teams and Competition Will Be Keen, Southern High School Stars Counted Among the Probable Winners.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, April 26.—The largest high school track and field meet ever held on the Pacific Coast will be started tomorrow afternoon on the Berkeley field, with preliminary heats in all the track events, including the 100, the elimination contests in all field sports. The best athletes of the 110 entries will be singled out to compete in the finals to be run off Saturday afternoon.

Fifty-five high schools from California, Oregon and Washington will have men entered, and, if conditions are favorable, a number of interscholastic records should go by the board. The visiting athletes have already arrived in Berkeley, and are being housed in the various fraternities and clubhouses. Saturday night an immense circus will be held on California field, when the medals will be awarded to the winners.

From present indications some of the out-of-town schools will make the strongest bid for first place in the meet.

"THE TIMES" MARATHON PRIZES PRESENTED TONIGHT.

THE Times Modified Marathon smoker will start at 8 o'clock p.m. tonight at the Armory, Eighth and Spring streets. All the runners who entered in the Modified Marathon are invited and we hope they will bring their wives and others. Before the presentation of the prizes, there will be several boxing bouts put on by DeWitt Van Court, with Uncle Tom McCarney acting as the official referee.

The Columbia Athletic Club will furnish three fast bouts, and Uncle Tom is going to have Battling Chico, Jack White, Kid Dalton and Jimmy Austin.

Willie Coe and Frank Lober will also spar three rounds. Capt. Anderson of Co. C will box three rounds with Will Robinson, a private in the same company.

All the boxers are requested to report to Van Court some time today, either by phone or in person. Van Court will be at the L.A.A.C., Seventh and Olive streets.

The cup and medal winners in the Marathon are as follows: Philip Zeyouma, first prize; Paul Westerlund, second place; Peter George, fourth place; George Haggart, fifth place; Joseph Mullen, sixth, also the time prize; Charles Swigert, seventh; G. Calligaris, eighth; Raymond Garcia, ninth; Gregg, tenth; C. S. Walbridge, eleventh. Medals for George Sky Eagle, George Dumont, Jack Elwood, Frank Carles, L. S. Harkness, also Manager Hart's cup from Western A. C. for first High-School man over the tape; D. Briggs, Roy Tuttle, Eberhard Johnson, Charles Amador, the Wankowski Cup for military runner; Ralph Murphy, Will Robertson, Ralph Pearson, C. Busch, E. S. Robinson, Bill Miller, Lawrence Ogden, George Goldbach, H. McClelland, Fred Teschke, W. W. Scott, Julius Schon, winner of the cup for fastest time in junior division; L. Becker, Arthur Ingold, C. F. Temple, Wilber Foster, A. Amador, Bob Carder, H. F. Mauch, R. G. Brown, E. Lamor, C. Perkins, George Huls, F. Kopp, M. Sugarman, N. Dyches, N. Reese.

Senior division—S. T. Stagg receives Berlin Dye Works cup; H. Henry Wheeler, medal; F. W. Reynolds and E. B. Warner, medals.

Otis Trophy—Co. C marching squad of Seventh Regiment. Also the eight members of the squad will receive medals.

Soldiers hiking individually—John W. Waite, R. Wortley, Harry England, W. Bell.

All athletes who took part in the great Marathon are entitled to of the Marathon are urged to be present and join in the good times.

All athletes who took part in the great Marathon are entitled to two tickets to the "High Jinks" and can have same by calling at the sporting desk of The Times any time today.

Any members of the Seventh Regiment who are unable to get their tickets from Serg. Eaton will be admitted if in uniform, but the Armory will have tickets which will be given to members of the local outfits upon request.

At first it was planned to have this a stag affair, but so many requests came in from the athletes who were to receive prizes, and their friends, to be allowed to bring ladies who would like to see real fighters in action, that it was decided that they will not be barred; but welcomed to the Marathon prize presentation tonight.

The time is 8:30, the place is Armory Hall, No. 755 South Spring street and the occasion is the awarding of the cups and medals won in The Times Modified Marathon.

End of the Month Sale

Here's a starter. Here's a sale that will be long remembered. Here's one of those "New Method" innovations at Desmond's, that tells the story of the new turn The Desmond Way has taken. Radical clearances often repeated. That's the method by which the Desmond stocks will be kept up to top-notch. Of course, this means

Radical Reductions All Over the House



A tremendous Bargain Offering for fashionable dressers. Think of it! The cream of our stock—selected patterns and shades. The most elegant effects in French lilies and silk—some plain, others in fancy colors. All sizes from 9½ to 11½ are included in these remarkable \$1.50 and \$2 Hose for Men

75c

Here's Good News From the Clothing Section

For just a few days longer—just up to the first of May—you can find these four big bargain attractions on the high-piled tables in our Clothing Department. All the novelty mixtures and new effects in grays and other popular shades, as well as also hundreds of the staple blacks and blues.

Suits that were selling for \$18.00 to \$20.00, now \$14.50 Suits that were selling for \$25.00 to \$30.00, now \$18.50



UNDERWEAR at Startling Prices

Actual \$1.00 Values in mercerized blue line, ecru ribbed cotton and some pink and blue striped, medium weights, worth \$2.50 and \$3.00, in quite a diversity of styles. Note the price. Just about half and a third of original price. \$1.25 Pure silk \$7.00 and \$8.00 garments. Here's a line that is very rarely found at a cut price. You will find all sizes—in white and flesh. \$3.50



The Best of Our 50c and 75c NECKWEAR

In the most fashionable patterns and most desirable shades, checks, dots and flowered effects. Tie in the lot that it's really a shame to sell at this price, even at a New Method, End of the Month Clearance Sale. Choice at only..... 25c

New \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50

HATS

In latest styles, colors and in right weight for this season of the year—hats that are really more for spring wear. The kind best dressers will delight in.

\$1.55



\$4.00 and \$5.00

HATS

In styles that make them fully worth their original prices right now. Here's a reduction on most popular merchandise.

\$2.55

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

DESMOND'S

"Your Money Back Without a Question"

Third at Spring Street

Spring at Third Street

PREPS TROUNCED.

Huntington Park High Puts Up Classy Ball Game Against Visitors.

Huntington Park High School beat U.S.C. Preps on their home diamond yesterday afternoon by the score of 9 to 3.

The playing of the winners was far ahead of the brand of ball put on by the Preps and Huntington Park was heavy with the willow. In the first round Sturmer rapped out a triple which started the scoring for the Parkers.

The line-up of the two teams was as follows: Huntington Park—Critchley and Montijo, pitchers; Slater, first base; McCowne, center field; Starnes, left fielder; Harkness, second base; Coe, third base; Tompkins, right fielder; Patterson, shortstop.

U.S.C. Preps—Moyer, pitcher; Sowden, first base; Knoll, second base; Shepherd, third base; Beston, catcher; Burnal, left fielder; Peters, shortstop; McMannas, right fielder; Bonell, center fielder.

Umpires—Hubbard and Thompson.

ADVOCATES RUGBY FOR WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

(BY A. P. MIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES) SEATTLE, April 26.—The University of Washington will add Rugby to its list of sports if the plans of Hiram B. Connibear, director of athletics, do not miscarry.

Coach Connibear, who went to California with the varsity crew early in the month, was so impressed with the opportunity for further athletic relations with the University of California and Stanford University, that a Rugby team would make possible, that on his return he set about making arrangements to introduce the game here.

Connibear said yesterday that he would begin training a Rugby team as soon as college opened next September. He has already been promised a game with California the first Saturday in November, and plans to arrange dates with Rugby teams in Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.

It is not the intention to displace American game at the University of Washington, but to use Rugby as an additional sport.

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Four days on the ocean, three days in river and Gulf.

Superior service, second cabin and third class.

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Cities and Towns of Los Angeles County.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

LA FOLLETTE MAKES SPEECH.

Convinces Pasadena He Is Presidential Candidate.

Pinchot Given Credit for Total Disability Story.

Safe Blown Open and Small Sum Is Secured.

(From the Times, 25 E. Fair Oaks avenue.)

PASADENA, April 27.—Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin visited Pasadena yesterday afternoon, made an address to a crowd of about 2000 people at Library Park, and left behind him no doubt that he is in the race for the Presidential nomination. He spoke of recent events in his state, dwelling particularly on the subject of railroad regulation, and called Wisconsin "a veritable experimental station."

"Wouldn't you like to have that kind of a system nationally?" he said. "Well, I'm offering my services. Of course, I'm a busy man, but I'll try to get away for four years or so, if you would like to have the kind of system they have in Wisconsin, nationally."

Again he said: "I would like to have it definitely understood that I am a candidate for President, and that I am going to fight through to the finish. There is not the power of any man, or set of men, to take me out of the field. I will fight until it is over. And as soon as it is over I will be in the fight again."

Senator La Follette also mentioned his health. "You thought I was sick," said he. "That is what another fellow said. I am a healthy man. In North Dakota it was said of me that when a football captain is injured he must be carried from the field. I am as healthy as a horse. I am as quick as a deer, and I told them I didn't know whether they had heard of a football captain being carried by a member of his own team."

Speaking of Roosevelt, he said: "No President of the United States ever did a more wonderful thing, only except James Buchanan, than did President Roosevelt when he used the power of office to deprive the people of a choice of their own President."

The speaker was interrupted frequently by persons in the audience who called out questions. However, he pleasantly made replies to all. About twenty local and Los Angeles La Follette boosters sat in the band stand, from the steps of which he spoke. He was introduced by P. W. Cartwright of Pasadena.

SAFE IS CRACKED.
A safe at the store of Johnston and Son, on Rose avenue, in Lamanda Park, was blown open by safe-crackers last Friday night. Only \$5 was secured. Three pairs of shoes were also taken from the store.

In a search for more money the robbers overturned boxes and movable in the store and tore things up generally. Only eight months ago the store was burglarized and \$50 taken from the safe.

The burglars last night effected an entrance by breaking the lock off the front door. The door of the safe was blown off and found on the floor, with many of the goods that the explosion had shaken from the shelves, by the proprietors when they arrived at the place yesterday morning. The theft was reported at once to Constable Maxwell.

NURSES TO GRADUATE.
The commencement exercises of the Pasadena Hospital School for Nurses will take place May 10 at the Shakespeare Clubhouse. There are thirteen graduates. They are: Miss Laura Julia Johnston, Miss Naomi Josephine Hopf, Miss Kathryn A. Plimpton, Miss Bernice E. Stephens, Miss Mary W. Gibbs, Miss Irene A. Wood, Miss Jane B. Busby, Miss M. Margaret Clark, Miss Susie Ferguson Hunt, Miss Margaret Violet Macey, Miss Anna Louise Sommer, Miss Hilda C. Hansen and Miss Dora Ellen Lamar.

CITY BRIEFS.
Forest Supervisor R. H. Charlton of Los Angeles has written to Mayor Thum asking that Pasadena cooperate with the government to station additional foresters in the mountains of this district.

Paravel services for Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wesson, who are retiring from command of the local Salvation Army corps, to take up Young Men's Christian Association work, will be held at the Y.M.C.A. building tomorrow afternoon.

Members of the Pasadena Browning Society will honor the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet at the Shakespeare Clubhouse, May 7.

Comedians, "The Sho-Gun," at Chum's next Monday and Tuesday nights. Benefit Home for Aged Women.

Reduced rates at El Morero, No. N. Euclid. Rooms with or without board for the summer.

The Little Inn. Only another name for an attractive little home. Miss Tiltson, No. 28 E. Euclid avenue. Ranches, homesites in beautiful La Canada Valley. H. L. Hayman. Pictures framed at Wadsworth's. Hotel Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.

AGED WOMAN IS DEAD.
Mrs. Theodore Clark, who has lived at Beach many years, passed away—Charity Hall successful.

VENICE, April 26.—Mrs. Grace M., wife of Theodore Clark, died suddenly this morning at the family home, No. 123 Ocean Front. Deceased, who was 71 years of age, was well-known and popular in social circles, having been a resident of this beach during the past six years. She was a native of Connecticut and had resided in California twenty-two years. She is survived by a widower and one son, Theodore Clark, Jr.

FIVE ACRES WANTED.
Early next week the members of the School Board will begin the task of selecting a site for the new school building, which it is proposed to locate at some convenient point along the Compton road. A five-acre site is desired, as it is expected to carry out on an enlarged scale the school garden idea, which was first developed at the Washington-street school.

Sketches are being drawn for the several new schoolhouses as well as for the improvements contemplated to be made to the present building. At the present rate of increases it is estimated that when school enrollment the next fall term enrollment of 790 will have to be provided for.

DANCED FOR CHARITY.

The charity ball given at the dance hall on the Windward avenue pier this evening proved the most brilliant social affair of the season. Given under the auspices of the Vacation Home League as a benefit for the vacation home fund, it was generously patronized by leading society people from all sections of the beach, from Los Angeles and all near-by cities. Mrs. H. B. Ekins, chairman of the committee on General Arrangements, was assisted by patronesses drawn from the social circles of the same cities. The Italian band rendered a concert preceding the grand march. The pavilion was elaborately decorated for the occasion, having been transformed into a peach orchard in full bloom. The funds arising from the ticket sale will be used in giving three women summer outings at the Vacation Home on Grand canal.

VENETIAN VARIETY.
The City Club last night discussed the policy of endorsing the candidacy of George Garrett for County Supervisor from this district, but deferred action until next week. At the same meeting it is expected to elect a president to succeed David Evans, thrice-re-elected, and now a resident of Los Angeles.

NONE KNEW.
None here have viewed the body of the man who committed suicide here by hanging himself. He has been able to recognize or identify him although several dozen have called at the Kerkela parlors in response to the request of friends from other cities who have missing friends.

Santa Monica.

MOVEMENT FOR BETTER SERVICE.

SANTA MONICA NOT PLEASED WITH PRESENT ARRANGEMENTS.

Contractors, Builders and Shippers Will Establish an Automobile Line to Los Angeles to Prevent Delay in Receiving Building Supplies. No More Liquor Licenses.

SANTA MONICA, April 26.—Contractors, builders, shippers and transfer men expect tomorrow to complete the permanent organization of an association having for its object the establishment of a line of automobile freight trucks between the sea and Los Angeles. Messrs. Zerbor, Snyder, Carter, Hagman and a number of others say that it has been impossible for them to secure brick, lumber and other building materials in sufficient number to keep their forces employed and that it has delayed operations all along the strand to be compelled to lay men off every few days.

The allegation is that the trolley line of the Pacific Electric has no team tracks from which supplies may be unloaded and that, although the material is on cars at the beach, it is frequently twenty-four hours after arrival before it can be unloaded. Appeals to the trolley line have up to this time been ineffectual and the organization to be formed tomorrow will at once take up the question of the auto truck line, which promises the delivery of material on the ground where wanted with a saving of at least two handling.

The freight congestion carries with it a plan to be developed a little later for the extension of the freight route to include passenger trucks for the transportation of people who desire to come to the beach on big days, when the electric cars are loaded and the company is unable to handle the crowds expeditiously.

YIELDED TO MAJORITY.

At a meeting of the Police Commission this morning the decision was reached to present to the Council Monday night a recommendation that the Council not grant the wholesale liquor license applied for by O. Baxter or the restaurant license sought by Mrs. M. E. Way. Protests from church, temperance and other organizations were presented to the commission. Commissioner Snyder said that as the protests represented the names of more than 100 citizens as against about forty who had petitioned for the license, he would move that the permits be not issued. Mayor Dow seconded the motion and the application was denied so far as the Police Commission is concerned. This report will go before the Council for its final action Monday night. In endorsing the motion for an unfavorable recommendation, Mayor Dow said it didn't matter what the Police Commission did, but that the matter as that part of the proceeding was only so much red tape.

The commission has no power to do anything. He said he had been informed that four members of the Council had pledged themselves to vote for the granting of the licenses and that the account was that part of the action the Police Commission took.

By unanimous vote, the Police Commission has decided to recommend to the City Council that the liquor license for which application was recently made be denied. This action was taken after protests signed by over a thousand voters had been filed with the Commission. The recommendation is in line with the resolutions adopted by the Mayor's advisory committee, the women's club, all of the churches and the temperance organizations. Certainly the Council cannot vote to issue the license in the face of this unanimous opposition.

Settlers' Rates from Los Angeles.

On April 27 only the Southern Pacific will have on sale Settlers' Rates from Los Angeles to the Coast Line, Sacramento Valley, Lancaster to Redding, inclusive; to all points on the Coast Line, Oregon to Clifton, inclusive; to all points from Beaumont to Yuma and Calexico, inclusive. Rates will be low and one-third for round trip, and tickets will be given ten-day limit.

Spring in Yosemite Valley.

Most of the trails and the road to the top of the Yosemite Falls is clear and the whole valley is in bloom. Leave Los Angeles 8:30 p.m. daily. Standard sleepers dining service. The easy way—SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Long Beach. ODD FELLOWS TAKE THE CITY.

Long Beach Capitulates to Three-link Brigade.

Eight Thousand People Attend Annual Function.

Yearly Celebration Closes With Military Ball.

(From the Times, 25 E. Fair Oaks avenue.)

LONG BEACH, April 26.—The fourth annual celebration by the Southern California Anniversary Association of the ninety-third anniversary of Odd Fellowship was the most successful of any heretofore held and fully 8000 members of that order and the Daughters of Rebekah from all parts of Southern California were in attendance. The Pacific Electric specials ran through from Santa Ana, Whittier and Glendale and a Salt Lake special brought 450 from Pomona. Represented in the attendance were 174 organizations, 87 subordinate I.O. O.F. lodges, 45 Rebekah lodges, 31 encampments and 11 cantons of Patriarch Militants. Twenty members of the local lodge and twenty-five members of the Rebekahs comprised the reception committee and these met the visitors and gave them badges consisting of a medallion bearing the pictures of Gen. Ritter and Gen. Barnes of the grand lodge, and pink and green satin ribbons.

The visitors began arriving early and when the opening exercises began in the auditorium it was packed to the doors. Following music by the municipal band and an invocation by Rev. F. M. Rogers, an address of welcome was given by Mayor Hatch, responded to by grand representative F. E. Pierce of Los Angeles, Past Grand Patriarch William H. Barnes of San Francisco, and a resume of the history of the order.

San Pedro.

SONOMA LIFTS ANCHOR CARRYING LOCAL PEOPLE.

Vessel carrying a party of San Francisco excursionists, which will also take Los Angeles people aboard for a trip to Panama.

SAN PEDRO, April 26.—Flying the pennant of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce at the foremast and a banner bearing the slogan, "World's Exposition, 1915, San Francisco," on the aftermast, the Oceanic Steamship Company's steamer Sonoma (Capt. Trask) arrived this morning at 11:30 o'clock, carrying an excursion of approximately 250 members and passengers. The steamer is scheduled to arrive at Los Angeles at 12:30 o'clock, and will be given an automobile ride about the city of San Diego.

The Sonoma is in charge of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley, representing the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and includes Alexander M. Hogg and wife, Dr. H. West Hughes and wife, F. Morris, wife and child, and Messrs. P. S. Brundage, Daniel, and Messrs. F. Cooke, F. H. Garbutt, G. H. Brainerd, George L. Cole, Dr. E. M. Pallette, H. C. Oakley, George H. Murdock, Wilcox H. Mett, and Dr. Edwin A. Palmer of Hollywood.

No efforts have been spared to provide every comfort on the trip for the passengers. Concerts, moving picture show and a special canvas swimming tank have been provided on the steamer for the excursionists. Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock the travelers will be given an automobile ride about the city of San Diego.

The Sonoma is due to arrive at Balboa on May 5. On the day of arrival those who desire will be given an opportunity of visiting the historic city of Panama, and during the entire stay on the isthmus passengers will have the privilege of living on the steamer and will be conveyed to and from the shore. Accommodations have been reserved for passengers at the Tivoli Hotel in Ancon, and those who desire to avail themselves of these will be conveyed from Balboa to Ancon by special train.

On the first day the visitors will inspect the Culebra cut. On the second day the Panama dam and locks may be inspected, and a third day will be reserved for the inspection of the Pacific division of the canal. The party will arrive at San Pedro, homebound, May 17 or 20, depending upon the weather. A side trip is made to Guatemala City. Owing to the uncertainty of weather conditions, the call at San Jose de Guatemala may be delayed for a day or two. The vessel is due back here on May 17.

The excursion is in charge of M. H. Robbins, Jr., president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, and Wm. Burks, secretary of the Panama Excursion Committee, and the party includes eight ladies. Passengers prominent in the business and social life of San Francisco who are aboard the Sonoma include former Gov. and Mrs. Greer C. Paine, and Mrs. D. B. Brettville, Miss De Brettville, Mrs. and Mrs. A. M. Dollar, Mr. and Mrs. D. Olin, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hauptli, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Heuter, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Col. Harris Weist, and Messrs. J. C. Jafferis, H. C. Jafferis, Maldonado and Hochheimer. The cities of Alameda, Berkeley, Eureka, Fresno, Livermore, Modesto, Oakland, Sacramento, San Jose, San Rafael, Sausalito, Stockton, Tempton, Weaver, Woodland and Whittier in California, in addition to the delegations from San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, are represented on the excursion, as well as representatives from Portland, Gardiner, St. John's and The Dalles in Oregon. Mrs. E. E. Spencer represents the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle, Wash.

The Los Angeles party sailing on the

and the good it has done in its practice of fraternity, love and good fellowship. Last year the order spent \$5,230,000 in relief work.

At the conclusion of the programme basket dinners were enjoyed on the picnic deck of the auditorium. The parade in the afternoon was the feature of the day and the costumes with their flowing plumes and gold braid presented a stirring sight as they led the subordinate lodges and the marching forces of the Rebekahs, escorting carriages in which were Gen. J. K. Ritter, Department Commander; Gen. Barnes, Major Hatten, Grand Treasurer C. H. Benedict, Lieut.-Col. F. E. Pierce of Gen. Stoker's staff, Maj. Avis of Pomona, and Col. Ward of Riverside, aides to Gen. Ritter. On Pine avenue the cantons and subordinate lodges halted and reviewed the visiting marching teams of the Daughters of Rebekah, contesting for prizes for the best appearance. Del Mar lodge of Long Beach with their lodge goat and nest uniforms won general praise, but as hostesses they waived all claims to any honors and these were awarded as follows:

First prize, \$25—Heliopole Lodge of Pomona, whose members were attired in a uniform of white dress with gilt links, beehives on breast and carried purple umbrellas; second prize, \$20, Columbia of Los Angeles; third prize, \$15, Ocean Grove, of San Pedro; fourth prize, \$10, Edelweiss, of Los Angeles.

The parade ended at the auditorium where Gen. Ritter, commander of the California department patriarch militants, conferred the decorations of citizenship on thirty-five women, members of as many Rebekah lodges. These women were honored for this honor by their lodges and passed upon by the military council of the State. The jewel is a pretty one being a Maltese cross bearing a solid crown on a red heart, and suspended from a pin studded with diamonds. The women so honored are Ella Lester, Gertrude E. Baldwin, Martene V. Bailey, Mabel J. Craig, Elsie L. Parker, Kate Weaver, Sarah Redmond, Annie Parker, Catherine Coolman, Alice Burke, Ella V. Bradford, Mary Reynolds, Ellen J. Dunn, Etta Kohl, Margaret Miller, Olga Beebe, Elizabeth MacNeil, Susan Watson, Ella L. Bishop, Josie Shoemaker, Ida L. Corey, Helen Bennett, Eva Hartwell, Nancy Brown, Marie Koller, Marjorie A. Seaman, Marie Koller, Hulda C. Foster, Amelia C. French, Mary H. 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Floor—Saturday
Patent
Special 10c
wide styles, with other single or
double, Saturday, 10c.

aturday

325 Dozen
Regular \$2.75
and \$3 Elbow
Length Doeskin
Gloves \$2.19
At Pair . . .

A SPECIAL undergarment
purchase of these oval
knitwear in 12 and 14-inch
lengths, made of fine
violet, white, and navy blue
silk. Every body's wearing them.
Saturday, pay \$1.14.

Today, Saturday,
p.m. Sharp, at 523
S. Main street.

Saturday, 10 A.M.
1359 South Union

Real Estate, Live Stock
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Guaranteed satisfaction on household
furnishings, or money back.

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AUCTION

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1912

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1912

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1912

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1912

SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1912

MONDAY, MAY 6, 1912

TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1912

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1912

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1912

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1912

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1912

SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1912

MONDAY, MAY 13, 1912

TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1912

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1912

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1912

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1912

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1912

SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1912

MONDAY, MAY 20, 1912

TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1912

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1912

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1912

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1912

KB Blackstone Co.
315-320-322 South Broadway.

Seasonable
"Merode" Knitwear 50c
Every woman knows the merits of
"Merode" underwear—how comfortably
every garment fits and how well it wears.
We've just received a new line of season-
able weights to sell at fifty cents. Unusu-
ally good at the price—even for "Merode."
VESTS, with high neck, long, short
elbow sleeves and low neck and short or
long sleeves.
CORSET COVERS with high neck and
elbow sleeves, or low neck sleeve-
less.
PANTS in knee or ankle lengths. Each,
—Main Floor—

Dollar Belts for 50 Cents
Leather belts, elastic belts and belts of washable ma-
terials; a hundred or more in the lot and nearly as many
different styles—all good styles. In fact, it's about the
most attractive lot of belts we've ever shown, even at
regular prices. Values up to \$1.00 at 50c.
—Main Floor—

Fine Huck Towels 25c
of Unusual Merit
Fifty dozen lot of those splendid Huck Towels go on
today. Perhaps you were among the fortunate ones who
purchased by the sale of them a few weeks ago. If so, we need
not tell you how good they are, you know, and will come any-
way. It's the best towel we ever saw at the price, or for
half as much more.

Wide Hair Bow Ribbons 25c
Look up these Ribbon items. We doubt if you've ever seen
ribbons of this character sold for so little. Note the quality.
1 1/2-inch Heavy Taffeta or 6-inch Messalines, all wanted
colors.
Handsome Warp Prints in a hundred new spring designs
and colors, 3/4 inches wide.
Choice of the three lines, 25c a yard.
—Main Floor—

New Victor Records
For May, Ready Today

Real Estate, Live Stock
And General Auctioneers.

Guaranteed satisfaction on household
furnishings, or money back.

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LA FOLLETTE SPEECH DISAPPOINTS THROUG.

Tremendous Crowd Gathers at Auditorium Expecting
to Hear Senator Play Those Who Double-crossed Him
but He Mentions No Names, Though Hitting Close to
Mark—Many Turned Away.

A CROWD of fully 5000 was in the Auditorium last night to hear Senator La Follette tell of the caucus leading up to the defection of Gov. Johnson from the La Follette standard, and to say those who double-crossed him.

The crowd was disappointed in this respect. The Senator did not once mention the name of Johnson, but several times hit very close to the mark.

At the climax of his speech he roared out his denunciation of "men who in two or three years would attempt to accomplish in railroad regulation what I have accomplished for Wisconsin only after half a lifetime's effort."

The Auditorium was crowded early to its last seat. Every gallery was filled with spectators. There was a tremendous rush. The Senator arrived as early as 6 o'clock, and by 7:30 it was necessary to station policemen at the doors to hold back the throng. Many had to be turned away.

The stage seats for the officials of the La Follette Club and their friends were filled by 8 o'clock. There was a musical recital by Ray Hastings, which held the attention of the house.

There was considerable delay in the arrival of the Senator. He had returned to the Alexandria after an arduous day of speechmaking in Pasadena and Sierra Madre, and devoted several hours to rest before leaving the Alexandria for the Auditorium.

At 8:30 O'Clock William Housen, National Committee man, who is accompanying Senator La Follette on his tour, arrived at the Auditorium and made a few remarks.

Without preliminary, Housen began his address and held his audience until the arrival of the Senator. Housen told of his belief that there is a great money power back of the candidacy of Col. Roosevelt for the third term. He mentioned the names of George W. Perkins and other well-known financial men as actively back of the candidacy of Col. Roosevelt.

Housen said that the United States Steel Corporation, and charged that it had been so obliging in this matter that the same interests are eager to secure his nomination for a third term in the White House.

Housen spoke until the word was given at the door that La Follette had arrived. A generous welcome was given the Wisconsin Senator as he walked out on the platform.

Thomas K. Kane, who in charge of his campaign in Southern California, delivered the introductory address and welcomed the Senator to the crowd, which was calling for La Follette.

When La Follette stepped quickly to the front he was met with an applause. His voice was in poor condition and he was compelled to speak in a husky, throaty tone that did not carry to the rear of the hall.

The first part of the Senator's address was devoted to a historical comparison of the "spirit of the times" to the present program of Republican movement. He likened the troubles and difficulties which the patriots of the revolution encountered to the troubles that the progressives are meeting.

He called upon his audience to bear witness that although the patriots who fought and bled with Washington at Valley Forge knew that they were fighting for what was supposed to be the long side, they fought on anyway, and that the followers of the progressive movement should do the same and not be dismayed by the prospect of defeat.

He told the throng that the foundation of the progressive movement is sound and that in the long run they are sure to win. He announced that he is unqualified for the initiative, referendum and recall, not only for municipalities and States, but for the entire nation is concerned.

He brought the attention of the audience to a fact which he said he had had something to say concerning Taft and Roosevelt and would say them at the proper time. Then he denounced suddenly into a eulogy of one Californian who, he said, accomplished wonders in cleaning up San Francisco, and he shouted the name of Rudolph Spreckels.

Sensor La Follette then dramatically declared that if the present generation does not settle the question of capitalistic control by the ballot he would "fear to predict the coming generation to settle it."

"DOPE" ON MONEY POWER.

"He again digressed and began to tell the story of his experience in learning the "dope" on who the real money power and controllers of the country are.

He told of securing a certain book in New York which gave him the directory of the directors of the great corporations. He found that he could find the same book in many of the large cities of the United States. In search of his data he secured all of these books and began to gather heads and tails of the names of the directors of the various corporations. He spoke of eliminating the names as they appeared time after time and finally sifted the entire corporate wealth of the country down to ninety-six directors. Again he sifted them down, so he stated, and brought them to but fourteen names.

He said that the great wealth of the entire United States is controlled by two institutions—Standard Oil and Morgan.

The lack of enthusiasm at the completion of the Senator's declamation caused him some annoyance, but he immediately swung into a more forceful and local topic—that of the Panama Canal and the freedom of the great waterway from domination by the transcontinental railroads.

The audience had grown cold and

make money, and besides, he will be liberal which means that you can spend it.

Vice-President Baker was telling his agents how to sile up a man, when he described the attributes that go with a large man. He said that large men are generally hearty, jolly fellows, and then warned his agents to keep away from bartenders, cab drivers, quack doctors, quack lawyers and quacks of all kinds, if they hope to be successful.

The banquet was given to the team from Los Angeles, which won the \$1000 prize offered by the company for selling more insurance than did the office force in any other part of the United States. The agents which won the prize are A. W. Craig, W. J. Haneline, F. F. Kip, Grace Wilson, Phillip Stein, W. E. Webb, Edmund Alexander, J. F. Forrester, Edward Funk, Alice A. E. Hyman, R. W. McCabe, J. E. Brown, F. W. McCabe, J. E. Brown and Jacob Cohn. The money will be divided among them.

Besides Vice-President Baker the other speakers were C. I. D. Moore, secretary and Gail B. Johnson, vice president, and treasurer. A number of musical pieces were rendered and among the singers was Miss Grace Ward and the other prize winners whose friends say she can sing better than she can write life insurance, and that means something.

The sudden turn in the sensational case against a former leader in break-
era and social circles was only on the surface unheralded. Barlow has been in the County Jail since his arrest on Tuesday on a felony embezzlement warrant sworn to by J. A. S. Furlong, a broker formerly associated in financial transactions with Barlow. The key had hardly turned on him before his attorney, Walter C. Fisher, went before Judge Hutton and asked for an inebriate warrant under the new law which provides for the commitment to State institutions of such cases as Barlow's is declared to be.

Attorney Fisher was informed that no such warrant could be issued without action by the District Attorney. He immediately went to Deputy District Attorney Graham, who self-
ified himself as to the facts in the case and wrote an official recommendation to the Lunacy Commission, the responsible condition from the excessive use of intoxicants. From the broker's father-in-law, C. C. Bragdon of No. 75 North Grand avenue, Pasadena, the lawyer secured an affidavit as to Barlow's condition of mind. Armed with these documents, Barlow's counsel secured an order directing the authorities to bring the alleged embezzler before the Lunacy Commission.

Barlow was taken before that body at his regular session in the County Hospital at noon yesterday. The action was in no sense a special dispensation in his favor, as he was taken from the County Jail in company with eleven others, constituting a regular "class." His examination by Judge Hutton, Dr. Ross Moore and Dr. Charles L. Allen of the Lunacy Commission, was called in its turn. After hearing the statements of the attorney and the representative of the District Attorney's office, Judge Hutton signed the warrant on the recommendation furnished.

Under the law, such commitments must be voluntary. Asked as to the truth of the inebriate allegations, Barlow replied in a low voice that they are true. Asked if he desired to be committed to Patton on that charge, he replied in the affirmative. After the necessary documents had been signed, Judge Hutton delivered him into the custody of Deputy Sheriff Cole, who at once left for the asylum with him and a number of others similarly committed.

CHARGE STILL STANDS.

Barlow's commitment to Patton as an irresponsible inebriate does not affect the embezzlement charge against him. It is understood that the District Attorney is preparing to file a charge from Patton exactly as though there had been no hiatus.

In Patton, Barlow will be subjected to a rigorous regime of diet, exercise and Turkish baths. In such cases it is usually possible to eliminate the effects of chronic alcoholism in a few months. The commitments are made for a period of two years, in order to allow an ample answer to the charge after his discharge from Patton exactly as though there had been no hiatus.

Barlow's troubles cover a period of five or six years, and his friends attribute his excessive drinking to the financial difficulties which have beset him. He is said to have lost a large fortune in stock transactions and to have brooded over his misfortunes until he literally drove to drink. He was formerly a member of the Stock Exchange and of the brokerage firm of Barlow & Bragdon. The firm failed and Barlow was expelled from the exchange. His seat being sold to a stranger, he was forced to leave the city. His wife left him about a year ago because of his habits, his relatives say. In spite of this fact, she was prostrated by the news of his arrest, and is gravely affected.

EXPERT FROM URUGUAY.

Arrives in This City and Tells of Hopes for Americanizing His Country—Some Comparisons.

The study of California's horticultural products has brought Roberto Sunberg, director general of the Department of Agriculture for Uruguay all the way from that South American country, to Los Angeles. He arrived yesterday at the Angelus and registered from Montevideo.

"The fame of California as an agricultural and horticultural country has spread all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic," he said. "Our climatic conditions and our soil are not dissimilar to that of California, and many of the same products can be grown." He said the Panama Canal will prove of great benefit to all South American nations and their trade relations with the United States.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

The Galpin Shakespeare Club is to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday at Cummock Hall, this afternoon. Mrs. Andrew Stewart Leiblinger will speak on the dramatic art of the attic poets—Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. A stereopticon lecture on Oxford, England, will be given.

NEGROES START FIGHT.

Three negroes who boarded a Santa Fe avenue car at Seventh street at 8:10 o'clock last night almost precipitated a riot by creating a disturbance on the car and abusing Conductor Russell. When the negroes refused to take their feet down from the car seats they used language to Conductor Russell that led him to ask that they get off the car. The negroes then attacked the conductor, white men came to his rescue and a free-for-all fight was in progress when a squad of police arrived. The negroes escaped.

TO PATTON AS
AN INEBRIATE.

Alleged Embezzling Broker
Goes Voluntarily.

Felony Charge Still Stands
Against Him.

Committed for Two Years
but May Be Out Soon.

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RECLAIMING INEBRIATES.

Psychopathic Parole Society Hopes
Will Tell of Work Done Under New
System—The Theory.

Judge Hutton of the Superior Court is preparing and expects to have ready for distribution on May 1 a report on the Psychopathic Parole Society, covering the work done toward rehabilitating persons addicted to the use of intoxicants. The results attained by the society are interesting and give promise of restoring many men to usefulness now classed as inebriates.

The inebriates are cared for by the society and looked after on the parole system. They are not treated as insane persons, but as suffering from loss of power and self-control. After a cure is effected they are turned over to their families under parole.

The society works on the theory that if a man can abstain from liquor for two years, he will succumb only because he wants to. A single drink will revive the taste for stimulants, and under the system this temptation is carefully guarded against by pleasant and useful employment and clean environment.

For Economy.

CITY TO BUILD
ALARM SYSTEM.

OFFICIALS SAY SAVING WILL BE
EFFECTED.

To Be Taken From Fire Department
and Superintendent Will Receive
Good Salary—Next Budget
May Carry Two Hundred Thousand
Appropriation for Work.

At a conference between the Mayor and other city officials yesterday forenoon, at the office of the City Attorney, steps were taken to pave the way for the installation by the city of a municipal fire alarm and police telegraph system instead of extending either of the systems now in use.

At this conference were the Mayor, Councilmen Reed, Whiffen, McKensie, Langdon and Lusk and City Attorney Shook. There was also present Paul J. Ott, electric engineer in charge of the fire alarm and police telegraph, which is to be made entirely independent of the fire department. The position will carry with it a salary of \$250 a month.

After a general discussion it was decided that the city shall establish its own fire alarm and police telegraph system, and it is probable an ordinance providing for this will be introduced in the City Council at its meeting next Tuesday.

It was the consensus of opinion that one conduit should be constructed to carry the wires of the fire alarm system, the police telegraph system and the aqueduct power distributing system, and it is believed that fully 30 per cent. will be saved by the city doing its work directly instead of seeking for bids.

At present the city has about one hundred of the N. Banks Creiger alarm boxes in the University district, and the Gamewell boxes are used in the downtown and other districts. Members of the Council believe the city will be able to manufacture its own alarm boxes, and this will effect another considerable saving to the city.

It is expected that the next city budget will carry in it an appropriation of \$100,000 for the beginning of the proposed work of the bureau of fire alarm and police telegraph, and with these new plans in mind it is probable a large appropriation will be made.

Puts Pin in It.

NO COMPROMISE
OFFERED DARROW.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY DENIES
STORY OF OVERTURES.

"Boot" on Tother Leg," Says
Capt. Fredericks. "They Came to
Me With Such Advances and Were
Turned Down"—Nothing but Un-
conditional Plea of Guilty Goes.

"None of my friends or representatives have offered any compromise or immunity to Clarence Darrow or his attorney," said Dist. Atty. Fredericks yesterday morning when informed that an attempt had been made by labor-union sympathizers to show that the State fears to try the alleged jury-bribery case. Capt. Fredericks said positively that the trial will take place May 15 as scheduled and that he had no intention that Darrow will plead guilty and save the county the cost of a long trial.

The evidence against Darrow has been strengthened by the willingness of Mrs. Orrie E. McNamara to be a witness for the prosecution. She came out here shortly after her husband made his confession in regard to the dynamiting plot, and under the direction of Darrow and other lawyers for the McNamaras is supposed to have exerted all her influence to have McNamara weaken and take sides with the McNamaras. Now, word is given out that Mrs. McNamara has deserted Darrow's cause, and is ready to tell of alleged plottings and conspiracies in connection with the McNamara case that may have bearing upon Darrow's supposed attempts to corrupt the juryman.

Further commenting upon the case Capt. Fredericks said: "While no one representing this office has ever approached Darrow or any of his counsel with offers of compromise or immunity, it is true that certain persons have come to me, representing that they came from Darrow. They offered compromises. I have given every one of them the same statement—that under no circumstances would I consider anything from Darrow but an unconditional plea of guilty. There is apparently no possibility of such a plea, according to what Attorney Rogers says, and I conclude that means what he says. Therefore, I haven't given the matter of possible ending of the case much thought, and have gone ahead with the preparation of the case. The evidence I consider strong."

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

The Galpin Shakespeare Club is to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday at Cummock Hall, this afternoon. Mrs. Andrew Stewart Leiblinger will speak on the dramatic art of the attic poets—Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. A stereopticon lecture on Oxford, England, will be given.

NEGROES START FIGHT.

Three negroes who boarded a Santa Fe avenue car at Seventh street at 8:10 o'clock last night almost precipitated a riot by creating a disturbance on the car and abusing Conductor Russell. When the negroes refused to take their feet down from the car seats they used language to Conductor Russell that led him to ask that they get off the car. The negroes then attacked the conductor, white men came to his rescue and a free-for-all fight was in progress when a squad of police arrived. The negroes escaped.

TO PATTON AS
AN INEBRIATE.

Alleged Embezzling Broker
Goes Voluntarily.

Felony Charge Still Stands
Against Him.

Committed for Two Years
but May Be Out Soon.

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GEO. J. BIRKEL COMPANY
446-448 South Broadway.

Victrolas and
Victrolas at
\$1.50 And Up
Per Week

Victrola Specialists, showing Victrolas
in all styles—Victrolas at \$10
and Victrolas at \$15, \$25, \$35, \$40,
\$75, \$100, up to \$250.

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Victrola Specialists, showing Victrolas
in all styles—Victrolas at \$10
and Victrolas at \$15, \$25, \$35, \$40,
\$75, \$100, up to \$250.

SELECT HUBBY
FOR HIS FACE.

GET MAN WITH BIG EARS AND
LONG, THIN NOSE.

He Will Have Intellect Enough to
Make Money and Generosity
Enough to Let Wife Spend It.
Beware of Beau Brummels—In-
surance Man's Beauty Hint.

Turn your shell-like ears this way,
young ladies, or at least those of you
who are trying to find Apollo Ba-
redere for husbands, and list to the
words of Danford M. Baker, second
vice-president of the Pacific Mutual
Insurance Company of California.

The homely man has a stanch and
tried friend in Baker. Baker, him-
self, is far from being a homely man,
but he has been studying life insur-
ance for years, and has reached a
point where he can look a man in
the eye, nose or ear, so to speak,
and size him up to the edge of a
safety razor blade.

He addressed all the selling agents
of the home office of the company
last night at a banquet at Christo-
pher's, No. 551 South Broadway. This
is what he says of men who have
features that mar their beauty, or who
dress too sportily, slovenly or care-
lessly.

Long, thin-nosed man has intellect.
Heavy-jawed man has courage and
force.

Large-eared man, has a liberal and
kindly heart.

Celluloid-collared man is slovenly.
Man with sporty vest has no char-
acter.

Beautifully tailored man is too self-
engrossed.

Just think of that. Say, for in-
stance, that the young man who is in
warm and eager pursuit of you
flutters heart, has a long, thin
nose, large, flapping ears, heavy
jowls, a big mouth and doesn't dress
quite as natty as a bartender. You
may be preparing to turn him

the Lead
THE MAGAZINES
TIMES
ted
Weekly
STRATIONS
ers Saturday
Mornings
This Week's Number
ed Below.
S COMPLETED. By
ANITA. By Haven
AME ON EARTH. By
WITHOUT GUARDS.
MOONSHINERS." By
Myra Nye.
By G. A. Dennen.
Arthur W. Peach.
ES.
TTE.
BY WALT MASON.
ERBERT KAUFMAN.
SEIELSTAD.
BY GALE.
HY.
ES.
BEAUTIFUL
AND RANGE.
LTRY CULTURE.
MEN.
REAL AND NEAR.
CER.
OETRY.
n the World.
and the Care of It.

Peace or War?
ONYMS OF
TWO EXTREMES.
Tella Women What
Candidates Stand For.
Arguments for Cause of
President Taft.
ity of This Section
Re-election.

the man of war. Taft.
which are calculated to
the present lawful order
the other, standing firm
protection of the home and
channels of the law through
the picture that Samuel
draw yesterday after-
addressed a meeting
women of Los An-
Hall under the
of the Women's Club.
but he made a scathing
of the men who are
the doctrine among the
did in part:
for the moment
all Republicans. You
franchise, for which
as earnestly. You were
the different types of woman
the franchise, wrecking and
the windows on Broadway.
indifference, with generous
arguments in favor of
your cause you ap-
to the manhood of Califor-
you have gained from the
it is to be hoped
will exercise it with good
and with patriotic purpose.
my standpoint I think you
discharge your political
walking with that intelli-
that earnestness under the
banner. Democracy has
It is an ancient and
and great organization of
have been nominated and
we think those of the
that the success of this
is needed, that the present
women will rest, and does now
will rest upon the triumph
of the called Republican pri-
and Lincoln.

to me that women of this State, who
love their state, who love their coun-
try, who have given their first born
to die that the republic might live,
would support a man who is seeking
universal peace.
CALIFORNIA'S ISSUE.
Bear in mind, ladies, that the Re-
publican party in November must
stand upon the Republican ad-
ministration. We will be judged by
the American people upon that ad-
ministration. I claim, no matter what
you now think, that the Republican
party can successfully stand upon
that administration. I claim that
Democracy cannot bring any criticism
against that administration which will
withdraw the support of the Ameri-
can people from the Republican
party. I claim the administration
from the beginning until this moment
has been a wise administration, a just
administration, an honest adminis-
tration, and that the people of Califor-
nia have been blessed by it.
If there be any state in this Union,
if there be any section of any State,
which should support President Taft,
that State is California, and that sec-
tion is Southern California. Are you
interested in the material things of
life? I know that poetry is very
beautiful, but you cannot live on
poetry. I know that pictures are very
delightful, but you cannot grow strong
by viewing them. And I know that
material things must be found for
prosperity. And I know and you
know, business men know it, and busi-
ness women know it, housewives
know it, laughing school girls know
it, that a protective tariff is essential
to this great prosperity in Southern
California. Your oranges are ripen-
ing in the sun; your lemons are heat-
ing in the sun. Your oranges are be-
ing sold for 1 cent a pound, and your
lemons are being sold for 1 cent a
pound on oranges, or 25¢ a ton, and
1½¢ on lemons, or 25¢ a ton.
Are you opposing him? Will men
and women in Southern California

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
After May 1 The Times Busi-
ness Office, Advertising and
Subscription Departments and
Information Bureau will be lo-
cated at 617-619 South Spring
street, one block south of the
present quarters.
The removal will be accom-
plished without interruption to
business and, we trust, with-
out inconvenience to our
patrons.
THE TIMES-MIRROR CO.

CUPID'S SIGN POSTS.
In order to protect couples from
extortionate "cappers," Supervisor
Butler will introduce a motion at
the next meeting of the Board that
signs stating the legal charge of ju-
stice of the peace marriages be placed
in conspicuous parts of the Court-
house. He believes that many per-
sons coming to the Courthouse to get
married are victimized by the men
who make a practice of "steering"
them to the justice courts. There is
not likely to be any further investi-
gation of the matter. If any of the
justices have been in the practice
of taking a tip from the smiling
bridegroom, in the future he will
probably tell him that the legal fee
is but \$2 and thus save any ques-
tion.
MONEY FOR CLERKS.
County Clerk Leland returned to
the city yesterday after an absence
of several days on business. He de-
clared that he fully agreed with the
reported ideas of the grand jury and
believed that a registrar of registra-
tion should be appointed as a sepa-
rate official. He declared that the
Presidential primary is responsible

Milady's Toilet Table
By MME. D'VILLE.
Of course, not every facial blemish can
be removed by simple home treatment, but
there are many common affections that yield
quickly to proper care and attention. A true
beautician can be made by dissolving an origi-
nal package of milady's toilet table in a half-
pint of water. Gently massage the face, neck
and arms with this and yellowish, dark
and muddy patches, pimples, rough and
red skin will be banished. It makes the
skin smooth, soft, white and satiny and
preserves the youthful charm of the face.
Superficial hairs cause many women ap-
pearances and embarrassment. These can be
quickly and easily removed by applying
delicate paste. Mix a little powdered sal-
icylic acid with enough water to cover the hairs,
apply, and after two or three minutes rub
off, wash the skin, and the hairs will be
gone.
You can avoid catching cold by dry sham-
pooing for the removal of dust, dandruff and
excess oil. Put a couple of core meal in a
fruit jar and mix with it an original pack-
age of the hair. Rub a little on the head
and brush out thoroughly. If anything will
make the hair grow, there will, and this
treatment keeps the hair light, fluffy and
beautifully lustrous.
For tired, sore, swollen or aching feet
there is nothing better than Mother's Salve.
Indeed, it will relieve pain in any part of
the body—headache, backache or sore mus-
cles. It is easy to use, quick to act and
should be in every home, for it alleviates
suffering from more serious afflictions, such
as rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.

Settlers' Rates from Los Angeles.
On April 27 only the Southern Pacific will
have on sale Settlers' Rates from Los An-
geles to all points in the San Joaquin and
Sacramento Valleys, Lancaster to Redding,
inclusive; to all points on the Coast Line
Gaviota to Gilly, inclusive; to all points
from Beaumont to Yuma and Calexico, in-
clusive, and to Phoenix and Mesa, Arizona.
Rates will be fare and one-third for round
trip, and tickets will be given for a day limit
going trip continuous passage on date of
sale, with stop-over at all points on return
trip. SOUTHERN PACIFIC.
FREE kindling wood at new Times Build-
ing, First and Broadway. Come and get
a load today.

Hairdressing and Manicuring Parlors, Second Floor.
VILLE DE PARIS
317-325 312-323
30 BROADWAY 30 HILL STREET
A. FUSENOT CO.
Rain Day, April 30th.

Remnants 1/2 of Silks Today at PRICE
Lengths suitable for waists, dresses or trimmings.

Toilet Requisites
If you select your toilet requisites from our large and comprehensive assortment you will be assured the purest and best articles. We are selling agents for
E. BURNHAM'S
Celebrated Toilet Preparations.
We show a complete line of these excellent preparations including: Burnham's Instantaneous bleaching outfit.

Fine Toilet Soaps
In the following well-known makes:
Colgate's Glycerine
Colgate's Glycerine
Colgate's Honey
Colgate's Almond-Cream
Colgate's Menad Violet
(Guest room also)
7711 Empire Soap, Regular price 50c.
Special box of 3 cakes for..... 25c
4711 Verdura Glycerine at 10c, 3 for 25c.
Boonell's Castile, 10c, 3 for 25c.
Jergens' Violet Glycerine, 10c, 3 for 25c.
Physician's and Surgeon's Soap, 10c, 3 for 25c.

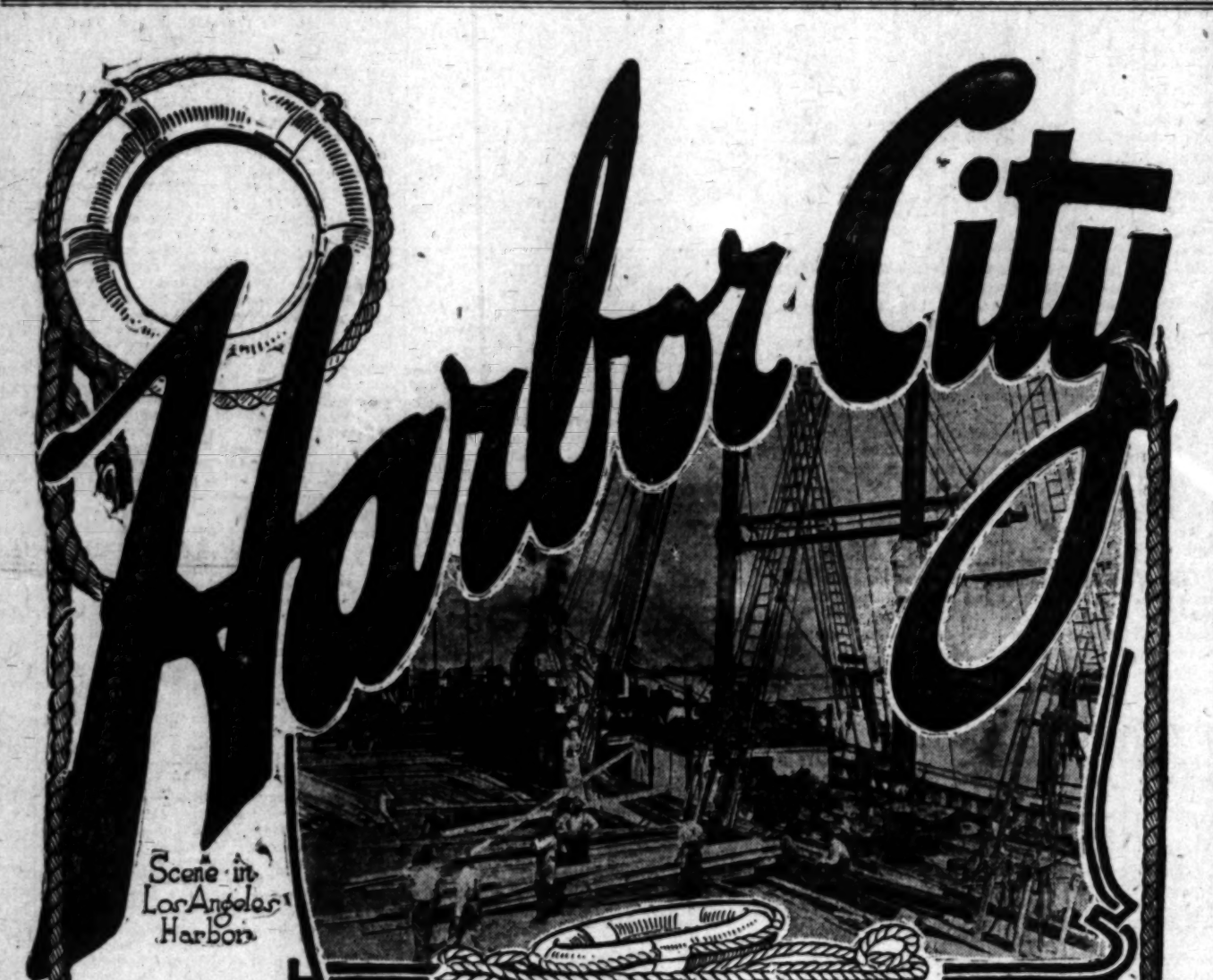
Face Creams
From among the many excellent makes we especially mention:
Young's Victoria Cream, at 50c
Melba Face Cream, at 50c
Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Luxuria Cold Cream, at 50c
Amber Royal Cream, at \$1.00
LOTIONS AND FACE POWDERS.
Benzoin and Almond Lotion 25c and 40c
Bourjois' Face Powder, in Manon Lescout, at \$1.15
Madeleine, at 50c

Good Hosiery
WOMEN'S HOSIERY
In lisle, or silk-lisle. Black or white. Made with deep garter tops, double soles, heels and toes. 3 pairs for... \$1
WOMEN'S HOSIERY
In lisle or silk lisle, gauge or medium weight. In black, tan or white. Deep garter with welt, at pair..... 50c
WOMEN'S ONYX SILK HOSIERY
Made of pure thread silk, with lisle garter tops, soles, heels and toes. In black and colors, at pair..... \$1
WOMEN'S SILK HOSIERY
In the celebrated McCallum make made of pure thread silk with lisle heels, soles and toes. Garter welt lisle lined, pair..... \$1.50

S.S.S. PURIFIES BAD BLOOD
Bad blood is responsible for most of our ailments, and when from any cause it becomes infected with impurities, humors or poisons, trouble in some form is sure to follow. Muddy, sallow complexion, eruptions, pimples, etc., show that the blood is infected with unhealthy humors which have changed it from a pure, fresh stream to a sour, acid fluid, which forces out its impurities through the pores and glands of the skin. A very common evidence of bad blood is sores and ulcers, which break out on the flesh, often from a very insignificant bruise, or even scratch or abrasion. If the blood was healthy the place would heal at once; but being infected with impurities which are discharged into the wound, irritation and inflammation are set up, the fibres and tissues are broken, and the sore continues until the blood is purified of the cause. S. S. S. is Nature's blood-purifier and tonic, made entirely from roots, herbs and barks. It goes down into the circulation and removes every particle of impurity, humor or poison, restores lost vitality, and steadily tones up the entire system. S. S. S. neutralizes any excess of acid in the blood, making it pure, fresh and healthy, and permanently cures Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Boils and all other skin eruptions or diseases. Book on the blood and any medical advice free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Never \$3.00
La Touche
Yes! It's the same Fine Hat
\$3.00 Everywhere Else
Always \$2.50 Here
254 S. Broadway, Near 3rd

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE ALMOND BRAND
Cures Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Eczema, Pimples, Itch, Skin Diseases, etc.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



Get Your Ticket Today for the Big Excursion Tomorrow to Harbor City
"The Hub of the Industrial Zone"—Close to Los Angeles Harbor
SPECIAL PACIFIC ELECTRIC TRAINS composed of big luxurious cars will leave from Los Angeles Street in rear of Pacific Electric Station at 9 and 10 a.m., Sunday, April 28.
ROUND TRIP FARE ONLY 25c
Harbor City offers great opportunities for quick profit making on SMALL INVESTMENT. Why don't YOU take advantage of them.
Great advance sale of tickets. Big crowds will be on hand tomorrow. Spend 25 cents and look into chances at Harbor City. The only way you can tell whether a proposition is good or not, is to SEE IT. We want the opportunity to SHOW YOU. We want the chance to explain the REASONS WHY Harbor City is bound to grow and WHY investors will MAKE YOU READY TO BE CONVINCED? If so, make up your mind right now to take in that Big Excursion Sunday. A SUCCESSFUL SALE is shown by the business being done. NO BOAST AND BRAG. If you come down SUNDAY we will SHOW YOU just what has been done at Harbor City in the way of sales and improvements, what is being done and what will be done.
Lots and Half Acres \$400 Up—Easy Terms
Special 10 per cent. discount will be allowed to builders who erect buildings (costing \$1000 or more) on their property. Construction of said buildings to commence within 30 days from date of purchase of land. On this basis you can get a \$500 lot for \$450 and a \$1000 lot for \$900.
VISIT HARBOR CITY TOMORROW—Get your ticket TODAY. Round trip only 25 cents. Think of getting a big trip with its instructive and profit making possibilities for this small charge.
REMEMBER—Leave from Los Angeles Street in rear of Pacific Electric Station, Sixth and Main, at 9 and 10 a.m., Sunday. You get your ticket at our MAIN OFFICE. Come in today. The Main Street Harbor Boulevard makes an ideal auto road to Harbor City.
W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.
609 South Hill Street, Ground Floor
Main 6760 Home 10777
"THE HUB OF THE INDUSTRIAL ZONE"

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men in the Old Home
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Secure it FREE
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Pacific side, supported reliable
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UNREMARKABLE RECORD.
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FACTS, FEATURES AND FANCIES FOR WOMEN AND MEN BY OLIVE GRAY

DAILY BEAUTY HINT: There is nothing like open air exercise to bring roses to the cheeks and color to the lips, as well as a sparkle to the eyes. I have heard girls make the excuse that they had not the opportunity to belong to a tennis or a golf club, and had not the courage to start out upon aimless walking expeditions. This is a poor excuse, for if no other game is accessible handball may always be played by any girl who has a companion; and if she has not a companion or playfellow, she may at least play "wall tennis" by throwing the ball against a convenient wall and "batting" it with a racket. Any exercise which necessitates the rapid moving of hands, arms and lower limbs is good for development and circulation and therefore for the entire body.

I have heeded your admonition, said a friend whom I met on Broadway, "and am cultivating a fad."

I had remarked upon the beautiful harmony of coloring between his necktie and the moustache which he wore, and that was what led to the remark. Of course I inquired as to the "fad." "I am cultivating a fad," he said. He told how many varieties he already owned and said he was en route then, to purchase a new kind of which he had heard. "I find that this new avocation, takes my mind away from business cares, and also I am learning many things about plants and their ways, which I might not know did not I gain access to the floral world by means of some special favorite there."

And that reminds me. Another friend, a girl, said she cannot help observing how fond men seem to be of flowers, out here. Back East one seldom sees a man carrying bouquets; but I noticed the other morning that in one of our suburban trains, here, that nine out of ten men carried from one to dozens of roses and other blossoms.

A Wonderful Sale.

This is a sale which is worthy of a volume of talk from me; but I am sure you will see for yourself and agree with me upon every item.

This is the Buyers' Sale of one of the big stores. Upon this occasion, the buyers of the different departments vie with each other in placing the prices upon their goods at lowest possible figures—and, well, some of them would tell you and "cross their hearts" that the figures were actually impossible. They would mean by that, that they were far below cost, even when that cost was as special buying prices. I had a peep at some of the items which will be in that sale, and I believe every word that I have heard regarding that sale. In every department of the house bargains will be rife, from Monday next for several days. The ribbons, the season's very best and latest, and in widths fit for use as girdles, yes and sashes, as well as in millinery, are there for one-third less than their value. Satin and flowered stripes, even heavily brocaded and embossed ribbons, antique gauzes and in fact everything that your heart could wish, either gownery, hatery or accessories for your summer wardrobe, will be found in that sale.

Even in white and tan shoes—well the prices are less than actual cost to the house in their purchase, and the quality A. No. 4.

In chinaware—well, if you are a housekeeper you'd better be there. In linens, I would hate to tell you the amount that you may save—for you might think that I had worn bright rose spectacles when looking at those fabrics. The same is true as to silks. There are blankets, real wool and as dainty as any one could want, for just about half price.

In jewelry, such as bracelets of sterling, chain bags, etc., the savings are remarkable. In fact nearly every department in the house has brought offerings for this great merchandising event.

Jappyland.

This is the name of a new long coat, in a novel cut, which one of the big stores is putting on the market. It is in navy or in black serge, and in black satin, is trimmed in white and has a most striking shape as to skirt and sleeves as well as collar and reverse. It is named for the playette which is about to be given.

The Decorations.

By the way, the decorations and furnishings for that same play will be loaned by one of the oriental stores on Broadway, and will be most tasteful and original.

Of Perennial Interest.

A sale of French lingerie is always interesting to the woman who likes dainty underwear; and when such articles can be purchased for less than the ordinary kind, there is no question that every woman who can make to herself the least excuse for buying more underwear will do so.

Novel Mending.

A girl who had the misfortune to cut or tear a hole in a conspicuous place in the front of her new blouse, had an inspiration as to mending. She happened to have several lace medallions, and it occurred to her to cover the hole with one of these. She applied it nicely and then placed the blouse opposite and another girl elsewhere; and behold! her blouse was prettier than ever.

Crocheted Toys.

A whole page of crocheted toys for little ones, and exact directions for making them, forms an attraction in a recent magazine. A "wild man of Borneo," a poodle dog, a pussy cat, and tularine reins are some of the articles given. This reminds me of a little boy whom I once knew, who was the petted darling of a very wealthy family and who consequently owned every kind of expensive toy. These were crocheted toys, a dog, a man and a lamb—all much the worse for wear; but they outshone all the fine mechanical toys in his affections.

Caution Cream.

An ice cream which is delicious and which may be eaten by those who sometimes find ice creams and sherbets are usually too cold for assimilation, is Canton ice cream. It is made as follows: Make plain vanilla ice cream and when nearly frozen, stir in

one-half cupful of finely chopped preserved ginger molasses with a little ginger syrup and either chopped nuts or seeded raisins. Finish freezing, allow to stand for several hours and the and the moustache which he wore, and that was what led to the remark. Of course I inquired as to the "fad."

Fashion Telegraphs.

That borders upon all kinds of fabrics will be extremely popular during the coming season.

In open embroidery patterns oblong, square and triangular eyelets appear.

Champagne-colored needle-run lace is a charming addition to many afternoon costumes.

White is leading in footwear, gloves, neckwear, parasols and general dress accessories.

Revisions from the cringling period are making their appearance in the hats of the moment.

Black-and-white foulard will be greatly in favor for morning frocks for wear in the parks.

Taffetas, crepes, satins and Turkish toweling are equally in the forefront of fashion.

Mechlin lace is very much worn just now, and appears on many of the smartest evening gowns.

Single-handed.

FORTIFICATIONS NOT EFFECTIVE.

STRATEGIC POLICEMAN RAIDS CHINK LOTTERY DEN.

Negro Care-taker Incidentally Opens Barricaded Door and Faces Officer Who Threatens to Shoot His Head Off if He Gave the Alarm—The Rest Is Easy.

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LYONS IS HAPPY.

Constable to See Reward of His Efforts in Behalf of Child Abandoned—Baby Back to Parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Neal will appear before Justice Summerfield this morning on a charge of child abandonment. It is probable that the court will dismiss the complaint and allow the youthful couple to return to their home in Arkansas with W. T. Neal, father of the boy-bus.

Yesterdays Proceedings in Judge Wilbur's Court.

Yesterday's court proceedings in Judge Wilbur's court were dismissed with the understanding that Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Shaw be allowed to adopt Baby Margaret or "Alma," as she was christened when found at the Pacific Electric station.

Constable Lyons, who has acted as godfather to the baby and as a kindly brother to the unfortunate Neals, thinks the case has come out well for all concerned. He has spent several days working up the evidence and has helped the Neals without any hope of recompense.

SUES ON CHECK.

M. A. Kuehnlein, through a local collection agency, yesterday filed suit in the Justice Court against the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank. The plaintiff alleges that he presented a \$200 check on his account and that it was not cashed. He has spent several days working up the evidence and has helped the Neals without any hope of recompense.

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PATENTED LAND PUT ON MARKET.

RAILWAY COMPANY'S PROPERTY RIGHTS DISPUTED.

Federal Suit Brings Out Testimony Showing That Kern County Holdings Appeared Valuable Years Ago and That Corporation Withdrew Them from Sale.

That just after government land in the Kern River oil field had been patented to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company it was possible to purchase it at the rate of \$2.50 an acre, was the testimony given by R. C. Farnum before Special Commissioner Leo Longley, yesterday, in the suit brought by the Federal government against the company to cancel patents to such lands.

Farnum and his associates entered 26,680 acres of land in that section, but up to this time has not attempted to develop it. He declared that after the discovery of oil in the section between McKittrick and Sunset, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company withdrew all propositions to sell any more of the land, although his company did secure two sections of 1250 acres in the Elk Hills before word was received from New York for the withdrawal of the balance of the corporation's holdings.

Farnum said he had been told by J. B. Treadwell, oil expert in the employ of the Southern Pacific, that he had advised his superiors not to sell any of the land and Treadwell offered the information to him that if he had had anything to do with the matter the Farnum syndicate would not have been able to secure an acre.

The witness said he had noticed oil seepage in the Elk Hills country and he knew of at least four wells in operation in the district but could give no information whether the wells were profitable or not. He testified that he did not change his opinion that there was oil there, but admitted that in all the years he and his associates had held large entries they had made no attempt to develop the oil supply.

It might be necessary to go 4000 feet for oil did not change his opinion that the country is mineral-bearing in character, but he confessed that he knew of no wells in California at that time that were paying.

The witness was asked why, if the oil prospects were so good in the Elk Hills, he had not developed some of his claims, and he replied that nothing had been done because of the lack of money to prosecute the work, the high price of oil, the difficulties of transportation. He said that when the Associated Oil began business in the Kern River field there seemed to be plenty of cars for that corporation, but other operators were hampered in that regard.

At that time, 1905, he said there was but one pipe line in that country, owned by the Standard Oil Company, and it was a flat-bottomed press, yesterday. The machinery was stopped the instant he made an outcry but before a hole had been torn in his right hip. He was removed to the California Hospital, after passing through the Receiving Hospital.

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Joe Denny, 23 years old, No. 1218 East First street, was knocked unconscious and the back of his head cut open by a bundle of pasteboard falling upon him at the Los Angeles Paper Box Company's plant, No. 140 North Clarence street.

Stephen Rehwald, 3 years old, No. 2020 East First street, was pushed as he was walking downstairs at the Savannah and First streets school, and sustained a fracture of the right forearm. He does not know which one of the pupils did it.

N. F. Stiles, 50 years old, No. 2917 Mozart street, fell off a scaffolding in Eastlake Park, yesterday afternoon, and sustained a broken collarbone.

J. Knight, a painter, 23 years of age, living at No. 4714 East Third street, almost lost his left eye by being hit in the face with the end of a rope while at work near Santa Fe avenue and McPherson street.



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was one of the strongest pieces of work from a technical standpoint he had ever seen, because of the fine foundations. The concrete piers go down twenty feet into the earth, and rest on wooden piles which go thirty feet farther. There remains now but the finishing work, the closing up of the pile, the grading of the road, the making of fences and general cleaning up. That the work is rapidly being brought to a close is proved by the fact that the boarding camp which formerly took care of from 150 to 200 men is now reduced to eighty. While the citizens of South Pasadena, Pasadena, and Los Angeles start their work on the Arroyo Park, the bridge will have one of the most beautiful settings in the world.

NEWS BRIEFS.
Trustees are now working on the appointment of civic committees and chairmen, which will be announced next Monday evening at their regular meeting. Further appointments will be made at a later date of City Attorney, City Marshal, City Engineer, building and plumbing inspector.

Miss Ella Stone of this city and Charles Pitzer of Los Angeles slipped off to Riverside Tuesday and were quietly married at the Glenwood Inn, where they will remain until the return to this city. They will make their home at No. 1717 South Hope street.

The Young Women's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Church will meet with Miss Lulu Finney, No. 1216 Lyndon street, tomorrow afternoon. Miss Mary Hartner will be the leader.

THIRD DAY OF MEETING.
Women's Christian Temperance Union Spends Day With Excellent Papers on Various Topics.

POMONA, April 26.—The third successful day of the Los Angeles county W.C.T.U. convention opened this morning with the reading of departmental reports as follows: "Work Among the Colored People," Mrs. G. Hughes; "Work Among Foreigners," Mrs. A. R. V. McGee; "Temperance Temple," Mrs. S. C. W. Bowen; "White Ribbon Report," Mrs. Mabel Green; "Southern California Home," Mrs. M. Cromer. The report on finance was given by Mrs. Eva K. Benson, and Mrs. C. H. Fitzgerald led the noon prayer meeting. This afternoon Miss Anna Hartley reported on the "Power Mission," Mrs. E. O. Patterson on "Fair and Open Air Meetings," Mrs. J. P. Ellis on "Social Meetings," Mrs. C. A. Cole on "Health and Beauty," Mrs. Mary C. Cowan on "Current Events."

The convention closed this evening with an address upon the subject, "California's Challenge in 1912," by J. E. Springer. About 300 delegates have been in attendance.

NEWS BRIEFS.
Glen Haynes, who in company with R. M. Rucker, stole two automobiles belonging to W. H. Yarnock and Chief of Police Tracy and was caught at Imperial and brought back here, to answer to the charge of grand larceny, has been bound over to the Superior Court. Proceedings against Rucker have been suspended on account of his youth and he has been remanded to the Juvenile Court.

The funeral of the late T. D. Holliday, once a prominent pioneer resident and property owner here, was held this afternoon from the First Christian Church, Rev. C. R. Hudson officiating.

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette addressed a meeting at the Eboli Club house this afternoon speaking on the subject "House Management."

Mrs. George S. Phillips entertained the Bridge Luncheon Club at 1 o'clock, luncheon followed by cards at her home on East Holt street yesterday afternoon. The decorations were American Beauty roses.

Many members of the local lodges of Odd Fellows and their ladies went in a special train from here this morning to Long Beach to join in the celebration of the founding of the city.

The work of finishing the new \$100,000 Pilgrim Congregational Church is progressing well and the edifice will be formally dedicated the latter part of next month on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the church.

Whittier College will observe its sixth annual May Day festival in this city, May 1, when the entire campus will be in gala attire. It promises to surpass all previous events of its kind.

The principal features of the afternoon will be the crowning of the May queen and the winding of the May pole, participated in by forty actresses, and the performance of the evening play, "The Junior," a college comedy-drama, centering around a football game, will be given by members of the Junior class.

Miss Maude Starbuck, a member of the senior class of the college, has been chosen queen by the vote of the girls of the institution, as the most popular girl in the college. She will be crowned by Miss Aida Nordyke, Hazel Cooper, Lilian Vail, Mary Todd, Gertrude Cox and Lucille Hodgins.

Little Harriet Connors and Robert Tomlinson will act as page boys and heralds will be Oscar Marshburn and John Elliott.

Revels will be participated in by forty girls in festive attire. These will include drills and marches. The climax will come with the winding of the May pole on the green. Mrs. J. B. Tomlinson is in charge of the affair.

Bladder and Kidney Diseases
MARVELOUS DISCOVERY THAT QUICKLY CURES WITH-OUT DRUGS.

We Prove It To You Free.
J. C. Woodward, Sawtelle, Cal. says: "I have taken a course of treatment at the Therapeutic Institute, 946 South Broadway, for prostate, bladder and urinary troubles, which I have been suffering from for more than two years. I can cheerfully recommend all sufferers to go and take the treatment that cured me after drugs and many other doctors had failed to give me any permanent relief. I am 78 years old and feel as well and strong as any man could expect at my age."

We have on file hundreds of testimonials similar to the above. If you are afflicted and interested, you are invited to call and investigate. Treatment is applied directly to the neck of the bladder and prostate gland. This treatment is mild, soothing, healing and has immediate effect. Some cases are cured with one or two treatments—there is no shock, no cure from this treatment is guaranteed to be permanent. Free and Invited. Call or write.

Therapeutic Institute
Norman Holt Morrison, of No. 1243 West Adams street, to Roger Leavitt Rice. Mrs. Morrison returned a week ago from a three months' visit in Boston with her brother, who is attending Harvard, and the announcement so soon after her return will be a keen surprise. The wedding will be quietly celebrated in June.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.
Bethel Kept Secret Until Maid's Return from Three Months' Visit in the East.
What has been a real secret and one which will create a stir in society circles when announced today is news of the engagement of Miss Lela Idelle Morrison, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, to Roger Leavitt Rice, of West Adams street, whose betrothal to Roger Leavitt Rice will be of widespread interest to their many friends.

No Grounds
Washington's
COFFEE

Made in the Cap
Every particle used. Concentrated coffee in powdered form. Three-quarter teaspoonful and a cup of hot water makes the most delicious coffee. Always ready, a child can make it.

For Sale at All Grocers
SAMPLE ON REQUEST
G. WASHINGTON COFFEE
SALES CO.
70 Wall Street, New York.

OLD INVISIBLE
Dr. M. H. King, Oculist and Optician, Physician—Surgery—Eye Specialist, 321 S. Hill St., Room 15. Phone 7294, Bldg. 2700. Popular Prices.

The Home of \$25.00 and \$30.00
Suits Values for Women, at... \$15
DAVIDSON'S
Sample Suit Shop,
324 South Broadway.
"Where It Pays to Buy Uptown."

TWO HUNDRED IN MEETING.
Whittier Women Attend Rally of the County Home Missionary Society—Interesting Papers Read.

WHITTIER, April 26.—More than 200 women were in attendance at the rally of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Los Angeles district, held at the Methodist Church in this city today, the affair being one of the most important events of the church year. The rally started this morning and lasted all through the day. An attractive luncheon was served in the social hall of the church at noon.

The programme opened at 9:30 with devotionals led by Mrs. Charles Coker Woods of this city and was followed by addresses of welcome by Mrs. Kittle G. Swain, Mrs. Silas Sprovis of Los Angeles responded to the cordial words of welcome by Mrs. Sprovis. The following papers were read: "A Mother's Jewel," by Mrs. S. G. Blanchard of Los Angeles, and another on "Home Guards," by Mrs. Ellen Chase of Los Angeles. Mrs. W. N. Saver of Los Angeles then gave a paper on "Our Spanish Work," Mrs. S. G. Blanchard of Los Angeles, and another on "Immigration," by Mrs. Harlan E. Smith of Los Angeles. "The Race Problem," Mrs. J. M. C. Carter of Los Angeles, after which Mrs. Ellen Chase of Los Angeles spoke on "Our Spanish Work." A selection by the college quartette, including Messrs. Howard, Whitlock, Stanford and Butkin was greatly enjoyed. Mrs. J. A. Wood of Los Angeles then gave a paper on "Non-Christian Faith," after which Robert Brokaw of the High School read "Old Glory" in a very pleasing manner.

Devotions, led by Mrs. Laura Holman of Los Angeles, were followed by a vocal band led by E. Martindale Woods, son of the pastor of the local Methodist church.

Mrs. Jennie Mathias of Los Angeles spoke on "Our Spanish Work," Mrs. Baird of Los Angeles on "Our Japanese Work," and then followed one of the rally, Mrs. Koto solo by Mrs. Ichikawa, and Mrs. Koto solo by Mrs. Ichikawa, and Mrs. Koto solo by Mrs. Ichikawa.

After a solo by B. C. Beech, leader of the Methodist choir, Rev. Charles Coker Woods gave the closing address, a very interesting and inspiring talk. Mrs. J. T. Williams of Los Angeles, notes of the organization, was in the chair.

MAY FESTIVAL.
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Trimmed Hats at \$1.75

An assortment of notably smart styles in our Main Floor Ready-to-Wear Millinery Department. Jaunty models of fancy rough straw braids, in the popular colors effectively trimmed with wings, bows and stickups of velvet. Exceptional values.

Hamburger's
LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE WEST OF CHICAGO
Broadway, Eighth and Hill Streets
"Bargain Booth" will feature Men's Shirts at 55c Saturday. Coat style—sizes 14 to 17. (Main Floor)

We Have Yet to Find the Silk Stockings to Equal These for Wear . . . \$1.59

—and we've looked everywhere! And with their rare durability they combine extreme elegance of appearance. Of finest black thread silk, extra heavy and woven with lisle-lined soles and tops. It is simply impossible for silk stockings to give more satisfactory service. In both appearance and durability these are the equal of any \$2.50 silk stockings you'll find.

Hamburger Stockings for Boys and Girls—are admitted to be the best by test! Made to stand the hardest strain the most active youngster can put upon them. See especially the lines at . . . 25c, 35c and 50c.

For Misses and Small Women We Announce the Arrival of a New Line of Norfolk Suits at \$15, \$19.50 and \$25

And Nothing is More Favored Than the Norfoks—
For beach or outing wear, shopping or business, nothing is quite so swagger, so stumping, so practical. There are Norfoks of mannish worsteds, English homespuns, Scotch tweeds and, what seems most popular of all, the black-and-white Shepherd checks.

The New "Jappyland" Coats at \$16.95
are sure of instant favor in the eyes of modish women! Out for the first time Saturday morning! They are chic, stunning and distinctively new. Soft, flowing, youthful lines bespeak their comfort, and they are incomparably smart—jaunty—piquant. They'll be the reigning vogue!

Smart Bathing Suits \$3.50 and \$5.00
We are showing the snappiest and most up-to-date bathing suits at \$3.50 to \$5.00 you'll find anywhere. The illustration shows one of the \$3.50 models. The skirts are well hung and plenty full, the shoulders shapely and the bloomers long and full. Several styles in blue and black mohair and panama quietly trimmed with braids and silk folds.

Bathing Caps 25c & 50c
One of the 50c caps is illustrated on the right. It is convenient, fits tight and is a good protection. And there's a 25c style, many other styles. See them at the Bathing Caps 25c and 50c.

English Perambulators and Reed Hood Carriages \$25 and \$50
Luxurious vehicles possessing every improvement—every comfort and convenience that skill and ingenuity can devise. Come and let us point out their many advantages. Our line is unequalled.

Collapsible Go-Carts \$5
Have all steel gearing, (guaranteed) 10-in. rubber-tired wheels, reclining, adjustable back and folding hood of leatherette. One motion. The most popular cart.

Schools and Colleges.
MARLBOROUGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, 23rd Year
General, Special and College Preparatory Courses. Certificate Adults in Charge. No girls under fourteen admitted. To its present academic work will be added a Junior College Department in the Department of Domestic Science, both to open October 1. The Junior College Department provides for the two-year course in domestic science, which is a requirement for admission to Stanford University, who receive the work from the Junior College. Subjects offered: Rhetoric, English Literature, History of General Literature, History of Art, French, German, Latin, Business Arithmetic, Mathematics, Music, Musical History, Harmony, Domestic Science, Household Management, Current Events, National Affairs. None but experienced and accredited instructors. Young women wishing to do postgraduate work, but not desiring college credit, may enter on the same conditions and at the end of a year may receive a certificate of the amount of work completed. Tuition as for Academic Department. Mrs. George A. Carroll, Principal, Miss Grace Whitcomb, B. L., American Institute, 1225 S. Loveland Ave., Room 212, Los Angeles. For catalogue address Secretary, 640 West 23rd St., Los Angeles.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL
636 West Adams Street
Between Chester Place and Figueroa street. Residence and day school for girls under 14 years old. Careful home training. Constant advancement. Irrespective of grade. Anna Knecht, teacher of Piano, pupil of Godowsky. Daily. Grammar, Spanish, Sewing. New year: 1912-13 begins Tuesday, Sept. 10. Enrollment may be made with the Principal by either telephone. 1218 12A S. LINDLEY, M. A., Principal.

VON STEIN
MUSIC AND ART
PRACTICAL instruction. Beginner and advanced students. All instruments and branches of music. Enter daily. Rapid progress guaranteed. Information and catalog free. ART DEPARTMENT. Commercial drawing and designing. Evening and day classes for academic students and special classes for children.

Angeleno Vista School
1844 St. Andrews Place.
Day and boarding school for girls. All departments: special courses in music, domestic science, tutoring in all branches. STEPHEN WINO, A. A., Principal. Home 72544.

Legal.
School Bond Election Notice.
Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of the Second School District of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, that in accordance with the provisions of the Political Code of the State of California, an election will be held on the 26th day of May, 1912, at the temporary school house in said District, between the hours of 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. (during which period and between which hours the polls shall remain open) for the purpose of voting upon the question of issuing and selling bonds of said district to the amount of five thousand five hundred dollars, for the purpose of raising money for purchasing school lots, for building or purchasing one or more school buildings, for insuring the same, for supplying the same with furniture and necessary apparatus and for improving the grounds.

The said bonds proposed to be issued and sold, shall be of the denomination of five hundred dollars each, and shall bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable annually, and shall be numbered from 1 to 11 consecutively, payable as follows:

Bond No. 1, Five hundred dollars, to run 1 year.
Bond No. 2, Five hundred dollars, to run 2 years.
Bond No. 3, Five hundred dollars, to run 3 years.
Bond No. 4, Five hundred dollars, to run 4 years.
Bond No. 5, Five hundred dollars, to run 5 years.
Bond No. 6, Five hundred dollars, to run 6 years.
Bond No. 7, Five hundred dollars, to run 7 years.
Bond No. 8, Five hundred dollars, to run 8 years.
Bond No. 9, Five hundred dollars, to run 9 years.
Bond No. 10, Five hundred dollars, to run 10 years.
Bond No. 11, Five hundred dollars, to run 11 years.

That the following named persons have been appointed officers of election to conduct said election, to-wit: C. W. Tenny, Inspector, and J. W. Myers and Arthur Steeg, Judges, said Inspector and Judges being competent and qualified electors of said School District.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 22nd day of April, 1912.

C. C. Steeg, Wm. D. Walsh, J. F. Fisher, Trustees of El Segundo School District, Los Angeles County, California.

"In Districts in which the number of children between five and seventeen years of age exceed 500, the polls must be opened at 8 o'clock a.m. and kept open until sundown. In other Districts the polls must not be opened before 9 o'clock a.m., nor kept open less than four hours, nor later than sundown."

Bladder Trouble
A Simple, Safe, Reliable Method That Quickly Cures Without Drugs or Operations. Free and Invited. Call or write.

Therapeutic Institute
Ground Floor, 946 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

ALFALFA IS KING
Irrigated Land for Profit.
\$100 to \$150 Per Acre.
EMIL FIRTH, 346 S. Broadway.
You're Safe at Firth's

BOWLES BROS.
SELF

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest

1897-1912 | IN ITS FIFTEENTH YEAR
NEW SERIES VOL. I, NO. 17.

APRIL 27, 1912—40 PAGES.

Single copies, by mail,
Or through News Agents, | TEN CENTS

The Camels Are Coming!



Over the hot sands to the Oasis.
[641]

1912—[PART

ns \$1 to \$4.50

and now more popu-
are made of the
so closely resem-
Exquisite and
wear with dainty

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59

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\$25

navy blue. In
distinct effects—
and "in between"
their perfect fit.

.95

or rich, black
evening wear.
lacy buttons, so
striking lines of

and Reed
\$50



(Fourth Floor)

23rd Year

Adults to Junior
Department of
and High School
College
for the Los Angeles
High School, Junior
High School, and
Los Angeles High School
Graduates

College credits
and a certificate
American People
Anglo.

Military Academy, St.
Louis, Mo.
and the Army
and Navy

Graduated
any course, and
BUSINESS COLLEGE
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FREE

throughout the
BUSINESS COLLEGE
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SCHOOL
and Day, Open to
M.A. Program
Main 611

School for Girls

and Day, Open to
Main 611

SCHOOL

and Day, Open to
Main 611

SCHOOL

and Day, Open to
Main 611

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.
REORGANIZED JAN. 6, 1912.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the publication of their marvelous natural resources and the development of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, with articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant sketches, correspondence, poetry and pictures: the Home, the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

Colorful in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

An independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description: a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the mass of home, country and civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to the public separate from The Times news sheets when required. OM series ended December 31, 1911. New series began January 6, 1912.

Contributors: In submitting matter for publication in The Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

For sale by subscription: 10 cents a copy. With the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.00 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1912, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Under the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Forty Pages—Regular Issue Over 88,000 Copies.

BY THE WESTERN SEA,
AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Sealskin Sacks for Posterity.

SECRETARY NAGEL and Charles P. Anderson, counselor of the State Department, have been before the Federal Senate Commission on Foreign Relations urging that something be done to protect the seals of the northern Pacific Ocean. Something was done in this direction years ago, but not enough. The people of four nations have rights in the seal fisheries, the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan. An attempt has been made to protect the seals by prohibiting pelagic fishing. The trouble is there are too many persons in these countries with practical prejudices, and with one exception, our own country, the governments are too little disposed to enforce the law in this respect.

When the Pacific Ocean was first discovered and navigated by Europeans the seals spread over the islands and coasts all the way from Bering Strait almost to where Sailor Amundsen has just been at the South Pole. They existed in myriads. But wasteful killing has reduced the herds to a mere half-dozen. The own possession, Pribilof Island, is the greatest seal rookery in the sea. Unless something is done in the direction pointed out by Secretary Nagel, the seal herds many years will be as extinct as the dodo.

Summer Season at the Beaches.

THERE is no such thing as a close season at the beaches that front the ocean below the city of Los Angeles. Winter and summer, springtime and harvest are all the same there. And they never fall. At the same time it is different in July from what it is in January, and preparations are now humming for the summer business. At Santa Monica a pleasure pier is being erected at the foot of Kinney street, repairs are being on the Hollister-avenue pier, the Busch Casino to cost \$32,000 is under way, the Elks' Clubhouse is being erected at a cost of \$40,000, the members of the Masonic order are clearing the ground for their new temple, and the Woman's Club have planned for their clubhouse. A movement has been started to construct a viaduct across the network of railway tracks and three new lumber yards have been opened there within a few weeks.

At Venice there are nearly a score of new apartment-houses going up, and twice as many planned. Building permits for two months ran to over \$200,000.

Octogenarian Wins Golf Match!

It was at Del Monte, by the shores of the Western Sea. It was a March day. And a golf match was on. The players were all women, and the match was won by Mrs. H. D. Quimby, aged "80 years." She was allowed a little handicap by her younger sisters, and with her bonus of forty strokes her net score was 111. It was surely the climate that permitted the game to take place near the seashore in the early part of the month of March, and there is little doubt that it was the abundant wine of life in the sea breeze by the western sea that enabled the octogenarian to win the match.

City and County Consolidation.

The city of San Francisco desires to consolidate with the county across the bay and up and down the peninsula. At Los Angeles the subject of city and county consolidation has been discussed with more or less

vigor for not less than thirty years. Now the people of the two cities are joining hands for the purpose of a campaign to put legislation through to make the scheme more feasible.

That Thy Days May be Long in the Land.

IT IS not a new commandment I give unto you, but an amendment to one of the old ten that Moses brought down from Sinai. The fifth one of the Decalogue promises to those who honor their father and mother length of days. We would not for a minute dispute the correctness of the injunction that all should honor their father and their mother. But we think, with all deference to Moses, we have a better way of securing length of days. If you have joined the Century Club and wish to reach the goal, come and live by the Western Sea.

There lies before us the vital statistics of a single day as they appear in the Los Angeles Times. There are in the whole list of deaths less than thirty items, and of these no less than sixteen—or considerably over 50 per cent., are put down as more than 60 years old. In several of the other cases no age is stated. It is quite safe to assume that at least twenty, or more than 70 per cent. of the total list, had passed three score years. Not only that, but most of the sixteen had passed three score and ten, only six being under 70. Again, of the ten left seven were more than four score, and of these seven three were over 90. One had reached the age of 92, another was past 93.

There was not one native Californian in the whole list. These persons were nearly all among those who have come here late in life, when they leave their old homes fearing to risk longer the severity of the climate, and seeking here comfort rather than long life. No doubt some of them came here with health severely impaired. One meets here almost daily men and women who arrived here in very feeble condition, having given up entirely all occupations in their old homes and never expecting to enter active life again, and yet here they become so strong that their excess energy renders them too restless to continue in idleness. They take up new lines of work and succeed in them.

Competition Stimulates Trade.

THE steamship lines doing business up and down the coast have made a cut in freight rates between San Pedro and San Francisco amounting to from 20 to 40 per cent., in commodity rates, and from 3 to 4 cents per hundred pounds in classified rates. This cut will save business men of Los Angeles between \$200,000 and \$300,000 a year.

To Manufacture Intellectuals.

CORONADO BEACH is to have a High School worthy of any city by the Western Sea, when proposed plans are carried into effect. The new High School is to cost \$85,000, and to consist of a group of three one-story structures of reinforced concrete absolutely fire-proof. Among other features will be an auditorium with a capacity of 6000 seats.

Hermosa Beach to the Front.

IN THE past four years the city of Hermosa Beach, now numbering 3000 inhabitants, has grown from a little village of about half a thousand. Much public spirit has been manifested there, as indicated by the construction of twelve miles of street paving of the asphalt variety, and a pier of concrete material costing \$100,000.

Forward Movement at Seattle.

THE people of Seattle by popular vote have authorized the issuing of bonds to the amount of \$8,725,000. Of this sum \$5,000,000 is for the construction of Harbor Island Terminal. For other harbor improvements go bonds to the value of \$3,100,000, \$500,000 for park work and \$125,000 for a municipal tuberculosis hospital.

Progress is the Keynote.

PROPERTY holders at Venice the other day easily and handsomely carried an election for bonds to provide money for municipal improvements. The demand of the community was \$23,000 to be used on an outfall sewer, and \$20,000 in installing a garbage incinerator. The bonds carried by three to one.

San Diego Will Not be Left.

SAN DIEGO business men have in mind the improvement of the harbor by the Silver Gate at a cost of \$1,000,000. The work will be in full swing if expectations come out right by the middle of April. The city has issued bonds for the whole amount of the cost, and they have been taken by local interests.

A Colony of Intellectuals.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, the author, is reported to have purchased seventy-five acres of land on the beach at Carpinteria, where he plans to establish a literary colony. It will be a village of bungalows, and probably the sign over the gate will be "None But Authors Need Apply."

San Diego Tambien.

SHOW people with an eye to the future are looking over San Diego with the idea of building there two theaters of metropolitan proportions and equipment. This undoubtedly glimpses the crowd of visitors expected at the Silver Gate when the show is on in 1915.

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Can the Old Race Do It?

FOR the time being at least the people of China have thrown off the yoke of the Manchu conquerors, have overthrown monarchical institutions, and established a republic in name. Can this ancient race accomplish the purpose indicated by this revolution? Or, to put the question in the language of the street, "can the Chinese make good?" Can they "turn the trick?"

If these people, for so many ages accustomed to despotic rule, so little in touch with modern ideas, and so little experienced in the intricate and difficult business of popular government, succeed they will have done something absolutely new "under the sun."

Popular government is an Occidental institution, not Oriental; European, not Asiatic. In very fact the institution is of even narrower origin. As known and practiced for more than a thousand years it is Teutonic and not Latin, nor even of any branch of the Pelasgian race.

To be sure, the ancient Hebrew state, mis-called by some students of the scriptures a theocracy, was in fact a form of government with some of the semblances of a republic. But it failed and failed quickly as an effort to establish popular government. It is also true that the Hellenic people established popular governments in nearly all Greek cities. But these, too, failed after brief and stormy careers, and the same is true of the Latin attempts at popular government as exemplified particularly in the case of the city of Rome. These Pelasgian republics were narrow in scope, in each case the city being the state. Yet even in these narrow spheres these attempts at popular government failed.

Republican institutions of the modern world are distinctly of Teutonic origin. The Angles and Saxons brought the germs of these institutions into Britain, where they never perished entirely. Conditions of life were crude and the masses of the people ignorant during the early years of Teutonic and Angle civilization. But wherever the Teutonic people planted themselves permanently, whether in their native territory across Northern Europe, in France or in Britain, the ideals which prevailed among the warlike people whom Caesar and Tacitus first introduced in the pages of history, never entirely lost their force, much less perished.

It was a long, tedious and awful struggle, winning here a point and there a point, until, after the battle of Runnymede, the feudal lords wrested the Magna Charta from King John, and finally the people secured the Bill of Rights, and put a quietus to feudalism. Then came the real triumph of the people in their age-long contest for self-government and the establishing of a very narrowly limited monarchy in England and an absolute republic in the United States. For 300 years monarchy in England has been little more than a name, and the hereditary House of Lords has finally come to that pass in our own time. The House of Commons, by whose decree the head of the last would-be absolute monarch in England fell upon the block, in the basement of the Parliament House, has from that day to this been the lawgiver and practically all the government of Great Britain outside of the closely-guarded independence of the judiciary.

The republic established by the founders of the American institution is acknowledged by all statesmen who have given attention to the fact to be the flower and fruit of all attempts at popular government. It has the advantage over the English republic of having all its governing officials of any considerable degree of importance elected by popular vote, or what is tantamount thereto, of providing for the entire independence among themselves of the three chief branches into which government divides itself, and of having a written constitution which carefully defines the functions of each branch and of each official.

The Constitution of the United States has been pretty closely copied in several instances by peoples of races not Teutonic, and these attempted republics have been set up among peoples of little or no experience in the business of governing themselves. Now, although in many instances these peoples were elevated far above barbarism, and had intimate knowledge, although not practical experience, in the ways in which self-government is carried on, yet it required the practical experience of several generations in every case to acquire skill by which to make these republics successful. Revolution after revolution has swept the constitutional governments out of office, followed in many instances by practical despotism.

The government of Great Britain seems to

have had these facts clearly in view for many generations in dealing with the government of their colonies. Where colonies have been established composed almost entirely of people of Teutonic race the popular form of government has been successfully established. But where England has had to deal with alien races, as in India and South Africa, the statesmen of that country have strenuously opposed all attempts to set up there any government of the people or by the people.

With these facts in view, it must become entirely clear that the Chinese people are undertaking a novel experiment, and if they succeed they will then have accomplished a remarkable thing; unique in the history of the world. They are an intelligent, patient and docile people, remarkable for their personal industry and personal integrity in financial affairs. They have among them many thousands of their own race who have seen, with more or less clearness of vision and more or less comprehensive grasp, the working of popular government in the United States and elsewhere. This of course gives them some little advantage. But the whole mass of the people is exceedingly heavy and very inert from our point of view. They lack the medium of a popular press for educational purposes. If they succeed in holding the great mass together, preventing the government from disintegration into many conflicting factions, and successfully at last establish a real republic, preventing some man of great skill in statesmanship or great capacity in military tactics from setting up a despotism, they will then stand before the world as one of the very greatest of peoples.

Opportunities, Past and Present.

THE local news columns of The Times have recently given details of real estate deals in what is now absolutely the business center of the city. One of these is Ord's Survey lot on the northeast corner of Sixth and Spring streets, 120x165 feet. This was purchased by the present holders about thirty years ago for \$4000, and is now held at \$1,000,000, with an intimation two weeks ago that somewhat less money might buy the property. The second instance is an actual transaction or a culmination of several by which the northwest corner of Spring and Fifth, a similar lot in the same subdivision, had been secured at a little trifle more than \$1,000,000. In view of the publication of this deal, it is very doubtful if the other parcel of property could now be secured at any concession from the holding price.

The writer is thoroughly cognizant with the history of the lot on the corner of Spring and Fifth. About forty-two or forty-three years ago he bought this property from Dr. Hammel, father of the Sheriff of Los Angeles county that now is, paying \$5000 cash. There was on the lot at that time a fairly good brick house of a story and a half, containing eight or ten rooms. In 1873 the property went to the late Thomas D. Mott, at \$5000, and a few years later \$9000 was refused for the property, it being held at \$10,000. Then came the years of depression, running from 1877 until 1884, and in 1881 the property went to the late Dr. Mohn at \$3750.

Now it is easy to figure out the enormous profit accruing from the holding of these two small parcels of Los Angeles business property. From the lot on the corner of Fifth street has been cut off an alley, leaving the depth a little less than in the original survey. But this is a case where a part is worth as much as the whole, as the alley is an asset more valuable than the square feet taken off of the original lot. The price works out at something more than \$8000 a foot for the frontage on Spring street, and is about the record price for business property in the city at the present time.

Now it is not necessary to point out to the dull-witted mind the opportunity to make large profits by buying property here a generation ago. The investment of \$4000 growing to \$1,000,000 in thirty years is making money very rapidly.

To intimate to one at the present time that there are still opportunities to grow rich in Los Angeles real estate might be received with some misgiving, and probably would be with much misgiving. But we hold that, with a single exception in the fact that it takes more money to "get in" now than then, the opportunities of today are quite equal to those of thirty years ago. Nor will we concede that the investment of \$4000 this year may not thirty years from now show as large an increment of growth as those referred to above.

The population of the city in 1880 was about 10,000, and is today probably 400,000. This in-

crease in population is the reason for the increase of the value in property. Let us look ahead thirty years, and at the next third census-taking in 1940 the population of Los Angeles is not unlikely to be 2,000,000 people. When the next census shall be taken in 1920, the population will be not less than three-quarters of a million, is almost certain to be more, and may be a million. With this growth in population will come a good deal of shifting of the business center, and the creation of secondary business districts widely scattered all over the whole area of the city.

In Chicago at the present time business property ranges from three times the record figure in Los Angeles to ten times that sum. If our prognostication for growth in population here is realized, then property now worth \$8000 a foot will be worth \$25,000, perhaps \$40,000, not impossibly \$75,000. The purchasers of the lot on Spring and Sixth just referred to are \$1,000,000 richer than they were thirty years ago. If the population ever reaches 2,000,000 souls, then the property in Los Angeles, worth the Chicago prices of today, will show an increment of value of three to eight times the current prices now, and the million dollars of today will be three millions to eight millions thirty years from now.

Is the Sherman Law Workable?

SOME weeks ago an eastern newspaper mailed thousands of postal cards addressed to "the plain people," embracing all sorts and conditions of men, asking for opinions as to the Sherman Act, whether it was workable or not, and if so whether it was just and beneficial, or otherwise.

We refer to this not to approve of it. It is our firm belief, without doing violence to the American people as to their intelligence, that the people are not prepared to find an intelligent and just verdict in the case. This does not mean that the people will not become qualified. But the only way for the people to come to an intelligent and proper conclusion as to a question like this, is to try the law out by proper application of it.

If "big business" is opposed to the President of the United States because of his persistent efforts to enforce the Sherman Act, then the people prominent in this opposition are wrong in their judgment of the President, and wrong as to the way to test the law and to get it repealed if detrimental to the interests of the people. That there is opposition to Mr. Taft in very high quarters in business circles is plainly evident from the presence in the opposition of men like George W. Perkins, Medill McCormick, Dan Hanna, Gifford Pinchot and a good many others.

General Grant was absolutely right when certain men found fault with him for enforcing an obnoxious law, and he replied: "The best way to get a bad law repealed is to enforce it."

The people of the United States will not permit the Sherman law to be repealed before it shall have been thoroughly tried. Those opposed to the President who arrogate to themselves the epithet "progressive," are particularly insistent upon the enforcement of all anti-trust laws on the statute books. Inconsistent as they are in this respect, they would be the last to permit the repeal of the Sherman Act or any other law made for the regulation of business.

The Sherman Act and other similar laws as they exist are anomalous in some respects. The Sherman Act itself is short, direct and written in plain English. Yet there is a great deal of dispute as to its meaning and scope. The only way to get the matter clarified is to carry it out according to its apparently clear intention and according to the decisions of the Supreme Court. That is exactly what the President is doing, and that is all he is doing.

Mr. Taft has done more to carry out the will of the people in enforcing the Sherman Act than all his predecessors for the last twenty-two years. In doing this the Department of Justice is encountering some "snags" and doing things that are causing the people to open their eyes very wide. Here at home we have the Bean Growers' Association of California and the Walnut Growers' Association attacked under the provisions of this law. While this was not expected, it appears to us to be perfectly natural. No law is justly made that is not general in its application, embracing in its scope the smallest as well as the largest individuals or associations guilty of breaking that law.

The operation of the Department of Justice under the administration of Mr. Taft is doing more to clarify the views of the people generally as to

these laws than anything that has been done since they were spread upon our statute books. If they are wrong in their general scope, the Taft administration is going to bring that so plainly to view that the man who scorches in an automobile will be able to read the signs of the times. If there is any need of amending these laws in a large way or in a small way, the Taft administration will show where the defects lie, and what the remedy is.

An Army of Amazons.

MISS—or is it Mrs.—Yik Yug King, was elected recently a member of the Chinese Parliament from the province of Canton. She is a college graduate. The women of China were not compelled to pull the queues and break the heads and smash the shop windows of their parents, husbands and suitors in order to obtain the suffrage. There was no almond-eyed Mrs. Pankhurst among them. It took forty-two years of agitation and effort for the women of California to secure the ballot. The women of China obtained it in a few weeks after the republic of China was established.

The rapid evolution of China from the twentieth century B. C. to the twentieth century A. D. is the eighth wonder of the world. The leap from an empire to a republic, from imperialism to democracy, was an astounding political acrobatic feat that has amazed the world.

The Chinese women have evidently considered it to be their duty to promptly accept the duties and responsibilities as well as the privileges of their new citizenship. They have organized an army composed of women, and will wear helmets instead of Easter bonnets upon their brows. Why not? Why should not the right to strut in brilliant regimentals and march to the music of a band making martial sounds be enjoyed by women as well as by men? Soldiers no longer wear steel corsets and whack away at each other with lances and swords. War has become an artillery duel, and the combatants are barely in sight of each other. A woman can learn to carry, and handle and fire a Mauser rifle as skillfully and effectively as a man. The objection that soldiering would be incompatible with the duties of motherhood is no objection at all. The rank and file of our regular army as well as that of the great armies of Europe is composed of unmarried men. Why not a regiment of maidens as well as a regiment of bachelors?

The right of the women of modern civilization to bare arms and dress right at functions has never been questioned. Shall not the women of an ancient civilization be suffered or even required to bear arms and right dress? China has taken a lesson from us. May not we take a lesson from China?

Fall in, First Regiment, California Woman's State Militia! Right dress! Heads up! Eyes front! Salute your brigadieress-generalette!

"Sound the trumpets, beat the drums; See the conquering shero comes!"

Sure!

Dissolution of Trusts.

THAT particular fragment of the dissolved Standard Oil Company known as the Standard Oil Company of Indiana recently declared a \$29,000,000 stock dividend to its stockholders. The "busting" of the oil trust seems to have resulted in an increase in the price of coal oil to the consumer, and an increase of dividends and an advance in the market price in Wall street of the value of the stock in the smaller trusts into which the larger trust was dissolved. The disiecta membra of the old corporation, like the pieces of a chopped centipede, each wiggled off into a life of its own. Instead of a Standard Oil stockholder owning one share of stock in a big entity, he owns one share of stock in each of about thirty little entities. As advance in the price of coal oil paid the increased cost of operation, and the income of the oil magnates was enhanced rather than reduced by the change.

The result of enforcing the Sherman Act has proved so unsatisfactory to trust busters that they are now demanding its repeal, and that there be substituted for it a Federal law "regulating" corporations by placing them under the rule of commissioners appointed by the President, these commissioners to deal with corporations as the thrifty housewife deals with new-born kittens, the desirable ones given access to the cream pot and the undesirables drowned in a slop bucket.

GEN. BADEN-POWELL, a guished figure in one of the English grate the fact that Great Britain would centage of the renown Most of the English fight are not English at all, Scotch like the Black W. Kitchener and Little Bobs, the Inniskillen Dragoons. Baden-Powell won glory in He is the proponent of the Boy Scouts.

Arthur Edward Stillwell a better fate than to have Kansas City, Mexico and the hands of receivers. He at Rochester, and is only old. His education was He spent some of his earlance business and in prom first railroad achievement, line around Kansas City. tal in the development of western States, and then tience into the construction City to Topolobampo Bay, loo.

The saw is an old one, an on long observation, which sinking ship. Political rate on as promptly in a story natural history. California the person of Congressman able gentleman has been in policies, and a loud if not lo reform. He has been a reg member) of every catchy catch of all "bring the gover Now Mr. Hayes seems to ha we think to his vision show in Congress back to Mr. H. squarely on T. R. and all the coming out square-toed, n equivocation, for the remon This as we see things mea things, the road with its ha leads back to Congress.

William B. McKinley of manage the Taft campaign the President by the Republic Chicago at the end of June, made in the selection. Mr. the successful man in busine career in both has been so the hotspurs of reform, in done in his life, because the however deep they may go. a probe to the bone and in his own State and elsewh the object of bitterly virule before the people for re-elec his worst enemies could alleg him was that he had been a had come into Central Illino a fortune. In doing it he had around him more than he had displayed particularly in pro among the fat prairies of adequate local transportation lines. This is the head and had done big things, and had doing. Is not the degeneracy

Among all the followers of Theodore Roosevelt, few equ and standing as a statesman one who was present at the National Convention in the Co will easily forget the ability Mr. Lodge presided over that forget his devotion to the Pr usually called Col. Roosevelt. ized claque kept up their seven minutes, trying to stan renominate Mr. Roosevelt, the were very impatient under a to be stampeded. Counter erie the lips of thousands and the But the presiding officer was President Roosevelt, to raise, gavel, to check the bogus ent crowd. They hooted with ill ers who had ever manifested of the third-term of today. bore for the sake of his reg that day. But times change. Mr. Roosevelt has radically c pies he advocated four years a has probably not changed his political leader, he refuses to ries he is advocating today. T ton, recently Senator Lodge ga lots of steam behind them, to t vated in perfectly harmonio the Socialist dressed in the fainely-called Republican, and called Democrat.

Men and Women.

GEN. BADEN-POWELL is one of the distinguished figures in the world today. He is one of the English army officers who illustrate the fact that but for her Celtic population Great Britain would have a very small percentage of the renown in arms that country enjoys. Most of the English fighters of great conspicuousness are not English at all, but Welsh like Baden-Powell, Scotch like the Black Watch, and Irish like Wellington, Kitchener and Little Bobs, like the Coanaught Rangers, the Inniskillen Dragoons and the Dublin Lancers. Baden-Powell won glory in the Boer war in South Africa. He is the proponent of that very modern institution, the Boy Scouts.

Arthur Edward Stillwell in a way seems to deserve a better fate than to have his great enterprise, the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, pass into the hands of receivers. He is a New York man, born at Rochester, and is only a little over half a century old. His education was that of the public schools. He spent some of his earlier years in the life insurance business and in promoting trust companies. His first railroad achievement was the building of the belt line around Kansas City. He was mainly instrumental in the development of other lines in the southwestern States, and then threw all his force and experience into the construction of a line from Kansas City to Topolobampo Bay, on the west coast of Mexico.

The saw is an old one, and full of philosophy founded on long observation, which teaches that rats forsake a sinking ship. Political rats forsake the craft they are on as promptly in a storm as the actual rodent of natural history. California has an astute politician in the person of Congressman A. E. Hayes. This honorable gentleman has been in the forefront of progressive policies, and a loud if not logical advocate of all kinds of reform. He has been a repeater (not at the polls, remember) of every catchy phrase, including that most catchy of all "bring the government back to the people." Now Mr. Hayes seems to have seen a great light, which we think to his vision shows the way to bring the seat in Congress back to Mr. Hayes. He turns his back squarely on T. R. and all the other political insurgents, coming out square-toed, flat-footed, and without any equivocation, for the renomination of President Taft. This as we see things means that as Mr. Hayes sees things, the road with its back to T. R. is the one that leads back to Congress.

William B. McKinley of Illinois has been selected to manage the Taft campaign for the renomination of the President by the Republican convention to meet in Chicago at the end of June, and no mistake has been made in the selection. Mr. McKinley is an example of the successful man in business and in politics, and his career in both has been so clean that he can dare all the hotspur of reform, in Congress and out, to thrust down in his life, because they will find no corruption, however deep they may go. He was one of those who probe to the bone and marrow in all he has ever in his own State and elsewhere a year ago was made the object of bitterly virulent attacks when he came before the people for re-election, and the worst thing his worst enemies could allege as a reason for defeating him was that he had been successful in business. He had come into Central Illinois poor, and had amassed a fortune. In doing it he had benefited the communities around him more than he had himself. His activity was displayed particularly in providing the growing towns among the fat prairies of the "Sucker State" with adequate local transportation through city street car lines. This is the head and front of his offense. He had done big things, and had made some money in the doing. Is not the degeneracy of our day terrible?

Among all the followers of the political fortunes of Theodore Roosevelt, few equalled in ability, influence and standing as a statesman Henry Cabot Lodge. No one who was present at the meeting of the Republican National Convention in the Coliseum in Chicago in 1908 will easily forget the ability and dignity with which Mr. Lodge presided over that body. Nor will any one forget his devotion to the President of that day, now usually called Col. Roosevelt. When the great organized clique kept up their deafening din for forty-seven minutes, trying to stampede the convention to renominate Mr. Roosevelt, the delegates in their seats were very impatient under a stolid determination not to be stampeded. Counter cries of disgust came from the lips of thousands and thousands of the audience. But the presiding officer was too loyal to his chief, President Roosevelt, to raise a finger, much less the sword, to check the bogus enthusiasm of the Roosevelt crowd. They hooted with ill-bred impudence speakers who had ever manifested the slightest disapproval of the third-term of today. Even this Senator Lodge gave for the sake of his regard for the President of that day. But times change, and we change in them. Mr. Roosevelt has radically changed from the principles he advocated four years ago, and while Mr. Lodge has probably not changed his friendship for his old political leader, he refuses to follow him in the vagaries he is advocating today. To the students at Princeton recently Senator Lodge gave many a punch, with lots of steam behind them, to the political vagaries advocated in perfectly harmonious tones by Roosevelt, the Socialist dressed in the uniform of progress, a falsely-called Republican, and Prof. Wilson, a falsely-called Democrat.

Industrial Progress.

INDUSTRIAL progress goes right merrily along in all lines of human endeavor throughout the whole Great Southwest.

In nothing is this more notable than in the subdivision of country property, the cutting up of large ranches to make many homes. This means that the growth is not all in the cities, but is well balanced by general development of country resources.

Note the following, merely a few of the recent movements in this respect. The old rancho, a portion of the original Pico holding, left in the estate of the late Charles Prager, consisting of 828 acres of fine farming land, have been secured at a cost of \$300,000 for subdivision purposes. Up in the mountain country at Beaumont a tract of 1500 acres valued at about \$300,000 is about to be opened for settlement by small owners. Near Porterville, in the San Joaquin Valley, a tract of 1000 acres of foothill land is being sold in liberal slices, and another tract near by of 960 acres has just been purchased to be devoted to the cultivation of citrus fruits. Still in the same district a tract of 120 acres partly developed has just changed hands at \$94,000. Another sale near by, comprising 80 acres of citrus fruit land, has been secured for development. A very large transfer of property near the boundary line between Kern and Tulare counties, 5000 acres of foothill and bottom territory, has been purchased for about \$500,000.

Among the noted developments of the immediate moment, figure the following:

Plans for the upbuilding of Torrance, the new town on the Dominguez ranch, are taking definite shape. Various items in the programme range from \$10,000 to \$3,000,000, the total expenditure for the place amounting to \$5,000,000. Among these for immediate movement is the building of 1000 homes to cost \$1,000,000. A further-off movement includes a canal from the harbor to Nigger Slough which will permit ships to reach the new town, and estimated to cost \$3,000,000.

A Salt Lake City capitalist plans the erection of a 500-room hotel at San Diego at a cost of \$300,000. At Fresno Dr. Chester Rowell has a movement on foot for the building of a skyscraper in that inland city at a cost of \$225,000.

The month of March goes on record with the largest bank clearings ever known in the city of Los Angeles, amounting to over \$93,000,000. On January 1 of the present year, the deposits in the banks of Los Angeles ran to a total of \$152,879,619.33. The total resources amounted to \$183,266,913.95. The deposits mark an increase for the year of nearly \$28,000,000.

A Pasadena capitalist (a woman, by the way) has secured a large piece of ocean frontage at Santa Monica, on which the intention is to erect a hotel building to cost \$100,000.

Reference is made in the introduction to this column of the cutting up of large tracts into small farms. In keeping with this is the purchase, near Riverside, of 63 1/2 acres to permit of the development of a citrus fruit tree nursery.

The Fresno & Eastern Railroad Co., capitalized for \$1,000,000, all subscribed, has filed its articles of incorporation at Sacramento. The proposed road will extend from Gordon Switch on the Southern Pacific to the Power House site near Big Creek in Fresno County, a distance of about fifty miles.

E. G. Ware of Garden Grove has sold oranges from trees on a quarter of an acre on which he has realized \$435. The fruit was of the Valencia variety. This is at the rate of \$1740 an acre. Let no tenderfoot imagine that this can be done on every piece of orange grove in the country. Neither need anyone doubt that similar results might be reached by great care and skill on a good many acres of citrus land.

California has been dependent upon the Middle West for a large portion of the eggs consumed here for the last sixty years. We have begun to play the return game on the East in a small way. Since the first of January nearly fifty carloads of eggs have been shipped East out of the State. The first time on record in the history of California.

Plans and working drawings are about ready for the new Carnegie Library Building to go up at the intersection of Budlong avenue and Forty-seventh street at a cost of \$35,000.

Los Angeles is to have a new picture theater on Central avenue near Jefferson street.

The University of Southern California is preparing to erect a new hospital building in connection with the medical college of the institution at 737 North Broadway, Los Angeles. The main purpose is to manufacture doctors.

The city of Los Angeles has closed a deal for a fine reservoir site in Franklin Canyon in the southern end of the Cahuenga Valley northeast of Sherman. The site embraces a tract of 324 acres, at an altitude of 850 feet. Incidentally it affords an opportunity for developing 20,000-horse power for an electric current. This is in connection, of course, with the Owens River aqueduct.

At Lincoln, in Placer county, California, the fruit growers have organized together with those of Gold Hill in establishing a new fruit cannery to handle the coming season's crop. The enterprise will cost \$100,000.

Substitute for Coal.

[Birmingham Correspondence London Daily News:] I have today discovered a substitute for the unobtainable coal. It should be a boon to the worried housewife, and particularly to the poor in a situation like the present. A chunk of salt saturated in paraffin, if it does not give a cheerful blaze will at any rate produce a flame of considerable heat.

For a halfpenny one can buy a piece of salt the size of a brick, and the oil is 1 1/4 d. a pint to all comers. The mineral is relatively inexhaustible. It absorbs the paraffin rapidly, and is then placed in the grate and a match applied. Half a salt brick saturated with about a gill of oil will give a good blaze for half an hour or more. The plan is useful whenever a hasty fire is needed, but it should not be tried with a copper kettle, for paraffin makes a lot of soot.

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Walt Mason
The Poet Philosopher.

THE time has come when chickens scratch the stuffing from your garden patch and cause resentment warm. The man who owns a bunch of hens should keep them shackled in their pens or give them chloroform. For hens have caused more strife and stress, and broken lives and bitterness than anything on earth; one hen can bring more grief and care and wretchedness and black despair than all known hens are worth. Our village once was sweet and calm, and every sorrow had its balm, we never heard a wail; there was an atmosphere of peace, we had no use for the police, and no one was in jail. Then some one started keeping chicks, and soon we all were throwing bricks and reading riot acts; and when at court we stood in line his honor sprung a heavy fine when he had learned the facts. Disgrist at brooding on our brows, we spend our time in raising rows, with voices and with pens; we shake our fists and deal in threats, assassinate each other's pets—and all because of hens. Because of hens a million jays are cussing daily, fifty ways, and raising grievous howls. A law must soon be written down prohibiting the folks in town from keeping feathered fowls.

WALT MASON.

(Copyright, 1912, by George Mathew Adams.)

Lincoln's Rule of Life.

I DO the very best I know how—the very best I can; I and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—[Abraham Lincoln.]

The Mouths of Babies.

I try to soothe the baby's cries
By crooning sleepy lullabies
I sing of sheep and setting sun,
But louder yells my little one.

I pace and rock him in my arms
And tell him of the Nodland charms,
But, unallured by sandman dreams,
The baby still emits his screams.

I offer him forbidden toys,
Forbidden grub and other joys;
But still he rends the midnight air
Till I can hear the neighbors swear.

But ah, perhaps the child is wise
To use his mouth for constant cries;
While it is open wide like this
No candidate can plant a kiss.

—[McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.]

A Study in White.

[Puyallup Correspondence St. Paul Dispatch:]

Eugene Jacquemin has acquired his heart's desire, a farm on which are pure white animals and fowls, all housed in spotless shelters and permitted to roam within bounds of snowy fences. This "white farm" is unique because it contains many specimens of albino wild animals and birds.

White horses do all the farm work and are the drivers and saddle animals. White ponies play with the children. White cows furnish butter and milk. There are white hogs, sheep and goats. The pigeons, chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and guinea fowls are all white. The guinea fowls were imported from Africa. A novelty is a pair of peacocks pure white. About the yard three Spitz dogs play and white Persian cats lounge on the porches. In the orchard the eccentric farmer has an albino elk, three white deer, a mountain sheep and a polar bear cub. There are in aviaries a pure white magpie, white blackbirds, pheasants, wild swan, cranes and storks.

The Soaring Price of Platinum.

[Popular Mechanics Magazine:] The rapid rise in the cost of platinum as used for jewelry and utensils for the chemist has attracted the attention of the scientists of the world, and started anew the search for a substitute, though so far with no success. It is a metal that is produced only in small quantities in the United States, the total production for 1910 being only 390 troy ounces, a decrease of 282 ounces as compared with the output for 1909. This entire production comes from the States of California and Oregon.

THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

TO FAR-AWAY READERS: One distinct object of the publishers is to make the Illustrated Weekly a publication intensely interesting and positively valuable, not only to California and Pacific Coast people, but to distant readers—to eager and intelligent men and women in New England, New York, Canada, the Middle States, the Central West, Europe and Mexico—all of whom can keep themselves in touch with this great empire of the Southwest, by regularly reading the Illustrated Weekly. Being of a permanent character, complete in itself, it is particularly well suited to the needs of readers at a distance seeking a "net" California weekly instead of the more ephemeral sheets of a daily paper. For the very moderate yearly subscription price, \$2.50, postpaid, the subscriber is supplied within the year with more than 2600 large, handsomely-printed pages filled to the brim with good reading.

*From and after this date, every person, whether a new or old subscriber, who signs a contract subscribing for the Daily and Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly, for one year—all costing \$9, payable quarterly in advance—will receive an EXTRA COPY FREE of the Illustrated Weekly; and for \$4 cash in advance, the Weekly will be sent free for twelve months.

When Canal is Completed. By Frank G. Carpenter

Col. Goethals' Views. HOW THE GREAT MACHINE SHOULD BE HANDLED.

THE TEN-MILE STRIP TO BE A MILITARY RESERVATION—NO HOMES FOR CIVILIANS, AND WHY—HOW THE CANAL CAN BE DEFENDED—AN OPERATING FORCE OF 2,500 EMPLOYEES—THE FUTURE PROFITS OF THE CANAL—A GOOD INVESTMENT—COMPARISONS WITH SUEZ—THE QUESTION OF TOLLS—AMERICAN SHIPPING AND THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CULEBRA (Canal Zone, Panama.)—In my letter of last week I gave you the first part of my talk with Col. George W. Goethals, the supreme manager of all things here on the isthmus. I told you what he said

it of use to us in times of war, we have got to defend and protect it. The defenses must be made not only by seacoast batteries to keep off the ships, but they must be efficient against all landing parties which might enter the country from various points above and below the canal on either coast. For this reason we should have control of all the land surrounding the locks and dams and from there right out to the boundary. After you take this out there is little land left that is of value."

A Civil Population Would Increase.

"Would not a civil population on the zone cause many undesirables?"

"Yes; it would involve us in no end of trouble. It would also make the canal cost more. We want the cost of operating to be reduced to the minimum, and to that end we want nothing but the canal. If you have a

struction, operation, maintenance, sanitation and protection of the canal. That is the foundation upon which our right to it stands, and it should be kept so."

The Fortifications of the Canal.

"There are many of our people, Col. Goethals, who think the canal should not be fortified."

"That may be so," was the reply, "but I am not one of them. There is no question about the need and desirability of fortifications in my mind. Indeed, we are bound to fortify it by our treaty obligations, if for no other reason. By those treaties we have engaged to maintain the neutrality of the canal, to keep it free for all nations, and to prevent its being blockaded. To do that we must have fortifications."

"But that is outside the main question," Col. Goethals went on. "The chief thing is that we have built the canal as a military necessity, and that in order that it may benefit the United States we must be able to defend it against all possible attacks by sea and land."

"But can it be so defended?"

"It can be."

"How?"

"By sea it can be defended by seacoast batteries against bombardment and naval attacks. By land it must be defended by fortifications on land in the vicinity of the docks and dams. There must also be other defenses against landing parties."

"What do such defenses mean?" I asked.

"They mean forts on the islands and on the mainland at the Pacific terminus, and they mean fortifications at the entrances at the Atlantic. They also mean fortifications along the line of the canal at certain points. We have planned such fortifications and are already building them."

The Cost of Fortifying.

"But will not these defenses add greatly to the cost of the canal?"

"Nothing like as much as one would suppose," replied Col. Goethals. "One reason for this is that the character of the modern battleship is such that the number of guns on shore to keep off a fleet can be reduced to a minimum. No naval attack will be attempted on any fortified position until after the supremacy of the navy at sea has been settled. Moreover, the loss of a single battleship would destroy the balance of power and involve the risk of losing a fleet. Now, one of our shots could destroy a ship, and under such conditions the fleets would be very chary of coming near them. The navies realize this danger, and for that reason the Japanese fleet kept pretty well out from Port Arthur. Indeed, as it is now, the navies of the great powers are so evenly balanced that none would risk the destruction of a part of its force at sea by attacking fortifications on land, and assuming that one fleet had been destroyed, the enormous cost of a battleship would keep an enemy from risking it in an unequal fight with land defenses."

"What will our fortifications cost?"



Isthmian Canal Commission, Jan. 1912. Col. Goethals, in center with Col. Gaillard, Rodges and Gorqes on his left and Mr. Rousseau, Gov. Thatcher, Joseph Bucklin Bishop and Col. Sibert on his right.

about the character of our great canal, its slides, its locks and its dam. I gave you also his story as to how the costs on this job have been managed so as to be cut to a minimum, and gave his prophecy that the canal would be surely opened on time. The talk was held last Sunday afternoon, Col. Goethals and myself sitting the while on the porch of his home at Culebra and looking out upon the mountains through which the mighty cut has now been gouged to such a level that ships can pass through it.

The Zone as a Military Reservation.

Continuing our conversation, I asked the colonel to tell me how the canal zone should be managed and whether there should not be a live American population covering it from one end to the other.

"Not if I have my way," was the emphatic reply. "I would depopulate it as soon as the work is completed. We want nothing on the zone but the homes of the employees of the canal and the buildings of the military and naval establishments. We shall need dry docks at each of the terminals and should have the best of loading and unloading facilities. We should have coal stations and fuel oil stations, and it may be stores and warehouses for supplying the shipping with all things it may need. Further than that, we would be better without settlements. There is at least no need for them now, and if any necessity should develop they will be erected. Until that necessity arises I would like to see the strip kept for what it was originally intended, and that is for the creation, operation and maintenance of the canal."

"Would the zone be a desirable place for American residents?" I asked.

"I think not. The most productive parts of it are subject to inundation, and what remains is covered with a soil that, according to the Department of Agriculture, needs costly treatment to make it productive. There are practically no crops outside those of the tropics that could be expected to pay. During eight or nine months of the year we have a heavy rainfall, which will rot out everything else. Besides, the natives can raise tropical produce cheaper than we can, and that outside of the zone, so that the man on the zone would have the little end of it all around."

"It must be remembered," Col. Goethals continued, "that this canal is built mainly because it is a military necessity to the United States. Now, if you would have

civil population and develop the zone, the government will have to spend great sums for roads, for schools, for police protection, fire protection, sanitation and the other necessary adjuncts of a civilized community. The taxes for such things could not be borne by the people, and the money would have to come out of the government. In addition there is the human element which would involve complications not only with the canal authorities, but with the Panamanians."

"Then you do not think the lands of the zone should be open to settlement?"

"It would be a mistake to open them."

"Then just what should the zone be?"

"Nothing but a military reservation. Its only homes should be those of the canal employees and of the military. If it is made such it will unify the management and reduce the cost of operation. By the terms of the treaty the ten-mile strip was to be devoted to the con-



A Fourth of July audience at Panama.

"They will cost infinitely less than would have been spent had we tried to increase our fleet and depend upon it alone to defend the canal. Every additional battleship, of the type now needed, costs not less than \$10,000,000 to build, and there is in addition to that an ever-increasing maintenance charge. When all these seacoast defenses are completed and those of the land added the expense altogether will not equal that of two battleships, and the fortifications will be far more permanent than the ships. Those who opposed the fortifications claimed that the defense could be accomplished by the navy in case of necessity. In that event we should have had to have a standing fleet for this purpose alone."

The Permanent Force and the Cost.

"How many men will it take to run the canal after it is completed, Col. Goethals?"

"I estimate the number at 2500, but this does not

include the possible sanitation of the zone. It does not include the cost of the canal, and it is based on the zone will be depopulated."

"What will it cost to run the canal?"

"The total expenses of the canal, which belongs to the government, should not exceed \$4,000,000."

"But will the income be as large?"

"I think so," said Col. Goethals. "The proper tolls, I think we should be able to run the canal and still have plenty to run the canal and still have the shipping which will go through a few years ago by our engineers at least 7,000,000 tons per annum. make our toll \$1 per ton. This will pay all the expenses and still have a surplus."

"Then," Col. Goethals continued, "with the operation of the canal a commissary, cold storage and many the benefit of shipping; if we sell make repairs for ships, doing a business, at a fair profit, we ought surplus."

"The Canal Will Eventually Pay."

"But, colonel, in this estimate the original investment. The neighborhood of \$400,000,000. Is it dividends on that amount?"

"I do not think any should be repaid. The canal was constructed for speculation or investment. It was necessary. The United States had commerce and that of the world should be creation."

"But may it not eventually pay?"

"Canal pays well. Will ours not equal?"

"As to its having a traffic as great as that is a matter of speculation why it should not. If you will look at every new waterway that has developed a commerce far beyond what the French opened Suez they bitter opposition from Great Britain the ship-going nations. They were a failure and the canal was never with a sneer. No one could have a traffic that has actually run Suez. The canal was decided upon by the idea that it would have a traffic of 100,000 tons per annum. It will be more. Look where it is. It is on the great undeveloped lands of the vast tracts of South America and it will be the ocean highway from country to the other and the ocean highway. Besides, Asia is just awakening, and more of that continent will eventually goods to both sides of our hemisphere the distances between Asia and Europe Asia must do a great business with America. Indeed, the possibilities are

Now let us look at the question of Goethals. "Suppose we should eventually equal to that of Suez. I have looked at the Suez Canal for 1909. During that year 4000 vessels passed through it, and the toll was upward of 21,000,000. I have no that year, but in 1907, when the toll was less, the actual receipts were more than the toll like that would more than pay for the cost of the canal and leave a large operating expenses as well. The times past charged tolls of \$3 a ton, reduced them, until with the beginning charge will be \$1.25 per ton. They to meet our \$1 tolls, and that perhaps the world has been complaining of rates and suggesting that it may be reduced."

"How about the rates on passengers?"

"That is another question. If the toll on a passenger of a ship it should be per passenger as the passenger are a part of the cargo."

"This was the complaint made at Suez when they sent through their troops to pay for the gross tonnage and then a man. At one time the rate was \$2 per 100; troops would be \$10,000. This tax was one of the subjects of the Constantinople Convention, and it resulted in the present basis of tonnage at Suez. The tolls are now tonnage and the passengers are charged at so much per head. If we should charge in the same way I look for revenue, not only from the tourist trade but the great immigration which will probably come to South America in the near future. This will be a passenger route as well."

Should American Ships Go Free?

"But how about our American vessels? Would you charge them the same as foreign nations?"

"I think that American ships ought not by our treaty with England I don't discriminate in their favor as long as they are transcontinental commerce. Under the law we can discriminate in favor of our own all others are prohibited from such vessels."

"And then there is another question

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the possible sanitation and civil administration
of the zone. It does not include the military forces to
defend the canal, and it is based upon the supposition
that the zone will be depopulated."

"What will it cost to run the canal?"

"The total expenses of the canal proper, not includ-
ing its defense, which belongs to the military establish-
ment, should not exceed \$4,000,000 a year."

"But will the income be as large as that?"

"I think so," said Col. Goethals. "It will be if we fix
the proper tolls. I think we should fix them as high as
the traffic will bear, and if we do that we shall have
plenty to run the canal and still leave a surplus. As to
the shipping which will go through by estimates made
a few years ago by our engineers, there should be at
least 7,000,000 tons per annum. Now, we can safely
make our toll \$1 per ton. This would give sufficient to
pay all the expenses and still have a surplus."

"Then," Col. Goethals continued, "if in connection
with the operation of the canal we retain our present
ammunition, cold storage and manufacturing plants for
the benefit of shipping; if we sell them fuel, water and
make repairs for ships, doing a general ship chandlery
business, at a fair profit, we ought to have a still greater
surplus."

Do Canal Will Eventually Pay.

"But, colonel, in this estimate you do not consider
the original investment. The canal will cost in the
neighborhood of \$400,000,000. Is Uncle Sam to get no
return on that amount?"

"I do not think any should be expected," was the
reply. "The canal was constructed not as a financial
speculation or investment. It was created as a military
convenience. The United States had to have it, and our
commerce and that of the world should not be taxed for
its creation."

"But may it not eventually pay?" I asked. "The Suez
canal pays well. Will ours not equal it?"

"As to its having a traffic as great as that of the Suez
canal, that is a matter of speculation. But I do not see
why it should not. If you will look back you will find
that every new waterway that has been opened has de-
veloped a commerce far beyond what was anticipated.
When the French opened Suez they met with the most
stiff opposition from Great Britain and from others of
the ship-going nations. They were told that it would
be a failure and the canal was never spoken of except
with a sneer. No one could have anticipated the enor-
mous traffic that has actually resulted. When the
Suez Canal was decided upon no one had any idea that it would have a traffic of 40,000,000 or 50-
60,000,000 tons per annum. It will be the same with this
canal. Look where it is. It is on the frontier of the
great undeveloped lands of the future. I refer to
the vast tracts of South America and Central America.
It will be the ocean highway from one part of our
country to the other and the ocean highway for Europe.
Japan, Asia is just awakening, and the 800,000,000 and
more of that continent will eventually be sending their
goods to both sides of our hemisphere. As it is now
the distances between Asia and Europe favor Suez, but
as we must do a great business with North and South
America. Indeed, the possibilities are inestimable."

Is Canal Toll

"Now let us look at the question of tolls," said Col.
Goethals. "Suppose we should eventually have a traffic
equal to that of Suez. I have looked over the figures
of the Suez Canal for 1909. During that year more than
20,000,000 tons passed through it, and their gross tonnage
was upward of 21,000,000. I have not the receipts for
that year, but in 1907, when the tonnage was 1,000,000
less, the actual receipts were more than \$23,000,000. A
toll like that would more than pay 4 per cent. interest
on the cost of the canal and leave a large surplus above
the operating expenses as well. The Suez Canal has in
the past charged tolls of \$2 a ton. It has gradually
reduced them, until with the beginning of this year the
toll was \$1.25 per ton. They are getting ready
to meet our \$1 toll, and that perhaps because the ship-
ping of the world has been complaining of its exces-
sive rates and suggesting that it may favor Panama."

"How about the rates on passengers?"

"That is another question. If the toll is levied on the
gross tonnage of a ship it should perhaps take in the
passenger as the passenger are a part of the weight.
This was the complaint made at Suez by the British
when they sent through their troop ships. They had to
pay for the gross tonnage and then pay so much per
ton. At one time the rate was \$2 per head, and that on
the average would be \$10,000. This taxing the passengers
was one of the subjects of the Constantinople conven-
tion, and it resulted in the present basis of measurement
of tonnage at Suez. The tolls are now based on the net
tonnage and the passengers are charged for in addi-
tion of so much per head. If we should charge for pas-
sengers in the same way I look for a considerable
income, not only from the tourist travel, but also from
the great immigration which will probably come from
Europe to South America in the near future. I believe
that this will be a passenger route as well as a freight
route."

Will American Ships Go Free?

"But how about our American vessels, Col. Goethals?
Should you charge them the same rate as those of
other nations?"

"I think that American ships ought to be favored.
By our treaty with England I don't see how we can
discriminate in their favor as long as they are engaged
in international commerce. Under our coastwise
laws we can discriminate in favor of our own vessels,
but all others are prohibited from engaging in trade
between American ports. I would make a lower rate for
our vessels."

"And then there is another question that comes up

right here," said Col. Goethals, "and that is whether it
is fair to give such rates in justice to the interior of
the country. As it is now the coast cities are the favor-
ed ones as to the transcontinental railway haul. They
get proportionately lower rates than the towns of the
interior. If you cut the rate of tolls this will give those
places additional advantages. Another point is that the
coastwise shipping will make a rate just as high as the
traffic will stand, and any cut we may make in tolls on
its behalf will result in benefit to the shipping interests
and not to the merchants who ship nor to the ultimate
consumer."

"How about the intercontinental railways? Will the
canal seriously affect them?"

"It will to some extent, of course. There are certain
commodities that will always be handled by rail and
certain heavy, bulky and low-class freight which is sure
to go on the ships. The intermediate classes of com-
modities will be sought after by both railways and ships
and the question as to just what the tolls are will to
some extent determine the route."

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In Memoriam.

Once I had a meerschaum yellow;
Nevermore I'll know its fellow.
How one whiff of it would banish every care!
And its loss I still deplore,
But I'll never see it more,
For my wife has got it put away somewhere.

And my pair of slippers oldest
That I loved when nights were coldest,
When close to the cheery hearth I drew my chair,
Now from mortal eye are hid,
Like the gold of Captain Kidd,
For my wife has got them put away somewhere.

'Tis a rule that's ne'er unheeded
That what's sure to be most needed
She must hide away with skill beyond compare.
To the things that once we knew
We can find not e'en a clue
When my wife has got them put away somewhere.

Oh I've told her, "Burn it, break it,
Or to some poor family take it;
Let me know it's gone, and save me from despair;
But do not, I beg and pray,
Let me hunt till I am gray
For the thing I know you've put away somewhere."

When the sea gives up its dead,
When the Judgment Book is read,
When the last cold-storage chicken is laid bare:
Then perhaps we'll find some trace
Of the secret hiding-place
Of the things my wife has put away somewhere.

—[Walter G. Doty, in Puck.]

Burnaby's Bad Writing.

[Sir H. W. Lucy, in Cornhill Magazine:] It was
stated at the time of Col. Burnaby's death that he had
left behind him the manuscript of a novel, for which
there was considerable competition among the publish-
ers.

This is quite true. The manuscript, a bulky parcel,
was handed to me with discretionary power either to
publish it myself or to use it in connection with the
proposed biography.

Here a singular and, as it finally proved, a fatal ob-
stacle presented itself. Familiar for many years with
Burnaby's handwriting, I could not after diligent en-
deavor make out more than a sentence here and there
on the crowded page of manuscript.

Burnaby's writing was, possibly with the exception
of Dean Stanley's, the worst I ever saw. It looked as
if before sitting down to write a letter he had pulled
a twig out of the hedge, mixed a little blacking and
then gone ahead.

He wrote the whole of his "Ride to Khiva" and his
"Ride on Horseback Through Asia Minor" with his own
hand. But before they reached the printer they were
fairly written out by a copyist.

The hapless man used to make out as much as he
could, then leave blanks, for filling up which he had
to seek the assistance of the author. Sometimes there
were more blanks in a page than words.

Despairing of making anything of the manuscript of
the novel, it was submitted to a publisher, who turned
upon it his most skillful decipherist. Neither head
nor tail could be made of the manuscript and the in-
tention of publishing the novel was consequently aban-
doned.

German Court Balls.

[Giornale d'Italia:] In the German court balls not all
those who are invited are permitted to take part in the
dances which the Kaiser witnesses.

The Kaiser has no love for "the quick and slovenly."
Many months before the ball the selected couples re-
hearse the dances under the direction of Fraulein
Gasperini, mistress of the court ballet. The Kaiserin
criticises freely the ladies and gentlemen who show
any shortcomings. The ordinary rehearsals take place
in one of the chambers of the palace, but the final re-
hearsal is held on the eve of the ball at the residence of
one of the invited.

The princesses royal carry trains held by two pages,
but the other ladies have to manage their own. For
married ladies the length prescribed is about eleven
feet six inches, the trains of the other ladies being
rather more than half a yard less.

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Statesmen, Real and Near.

WASHINGTON (D. C.)—Chief Wilkie of the
United States Secret Service tells another of
Detective William J. Burns's practical jokes.

It seems that Burns was going from New York to
Boston by boat. He shared a stateroom with a young
man whose talk betrayed that he had never before trav-
eled by water. Burns prepared for bed and when he
had put on his pajamas reached casually for one of the
big circular life preservers that hung on the wall, and
slipped it over his head in a business-like, I-always-do-
this manner.

"Whatchu doin'?" Burns's bunkmate hastened to in-
quire.

"What am I doing?" repeated Burns. "Didn't you
hear those two bells a minute ago? That was the signal
for everybody to put on life preservers. It's going to
be a dark and stormy night, and it's already past the
regular time to put 'em on."

"You don't mean to say we have to put those things
on and keep 'em on all night?"

"Oh, no, you don't have to, of course," admitted
Burns. "There's no way of making you do it. But the
boat company's given you the signal to be prepared
for any emergency, and if anything happens now and
you haven't your life preserver on, they won't be re-
sponsible for you, that's all. Well, they'll find me
ready, you bet. Good-night."

And Burns crawled into his bunk with the big ring
around his shoulders. As soon as he was settled in
his berth, he took the thing off and went on to sleep.

The next morning Burns put the life preserver on,
leaped lightly from his berth, took the big ring off
again, and inquired breezily: "Well, how d'juh sleep?"

"Not a blamed wink," replied the other man sadly.

"Never put in such a night in my life. How could I
sleep with that big sawdust ring around my waist?"

"Oh, I plumb forgot to tell you," said Burns. "that
if you couldn't sleep, it's permissible to take 'em off
after midnight."

A workman called at the home of President Taft's
brother Charlie, in Cincinnati, to perform some odd job,
and he paused to note some of the priceless paintings
in Brother Charlie's private gallery. He was attracted
to a small original Van Dyck and moved up closer to
get a better look.

"Ah," he exclaimed. "I've got that same thing down
home. Yes, it's exactly like that. My wife got it
some place here in town. Are they worth much?"

"That one is worth \$35,000," he was told.

"Hum!" he murmured. "I guess I'll have ours
framed."

Dr. Frank E. Wilson, member of the House from
Brooklyn, came across a pair of last year's tan oxfords
the last time he was home, that seemed plenty good
enough to run half through another season, provided a
new pair of half-soles could be grafted on.

He took the shoes to a cobbler for expert opinion.
The cobbler looked them over, pointed out a couple of
breaks in the uppers that the doctor had overlooked,
and said that while he'd be glad to have the job, he
didn't think it would be worth while to put on the new
running gears. And the doctor agreed that he was
right.

"That'll be 75 cents," added the shoe fellow.

"Wh-wh-what's that?" says the doc. "Didn't I just agree
with you that they weren't worth fixing up?"

"Yes," said the proprietor of the little shoe garage,
"but didn't you give me a physical examination about a
year and a half or two years ago, and tell me there
wasn't anything wrong with me? And didn't you charge
me for telling me? Didn't you?"

It was the morning hour at the White House, when
visitors are permitted to pass through, single file, and
grasp the hand of the President for a fleeting second or
two apiece. A Montana visitor came out chuckling
quietly to himself, and rejoined Representative Pray,
whom he had accompanied to the executive offices.

"What is it that amuses you so highly?" inquired
Pray.

"Oh, I played a little joke on the President," said
the visitor. "When I shook hands with him the name
I gave him wasn't my real name."

One of the first law cases Oscar Underwood ever tried
was a divorce action. In which the husband, a colored
man, was accused of habitual drunkenness.

"How many drinks do you generally take in a day?"
the lawyer asked the defendant.

"How many does I gen'ly take, boss?" repeated the
witness, with a good-natured grin. "Well, sah, I's goin'
t' be bones 'bout it. Sometimes I gen'ly takes five o'
six in a day, and then again sometimes I gen'ly takes
'bout thulty o' foty."

To a Congressman who is also a bachelor the cost of
living proposition is practically a negligible quantity.
It shouldn't cost him much of anything to live. He can
rent a comfortable room where the landlady will give
him a simple breakfast for a nominal sum, eat a bowl
of milk and crackers at the House restaurant each
noon, and then catch up at dinner time. The demand
for unmarried Congressmen to "fill in" at fashionable
dinners is always several jumps behind the supply, and
such men as Catlin of Missouri, and Gillett of Mas-
sachusetts, for example, wouldn't really need to buy
more than one dinner a month.

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THE EAGLE has been profoundly pleased with the results of the Titanic disaster, which the same remark may seem strange and uncouth to the ears of you-all who are accustomed to attend my Sabbath-morning sessions. But I can explain myself. I am not pleased that there was

a disaster, but since there was one, why, it makes me feel good down into the middle of my bronze insides to know that men are still made of the right stuff, and that the proportion of cowards has not increased; and that soldiers and sailors, too, not to speak of just common, everyday land lubbers, who can meet death as the martyrs of old met it, with smiles on their faces, are still here a-plenty, studding the landscape and the seascape, tamblen.

BY GINGER! I would like to tear loose from my perch for the purpose of scattering a few flowers over the great waters there among the ice floes off the banks of Newfoundland, where John Jacob Astor went down to a brave man's death. There was a fellow that I, among others, took a fling at that time when he married his second wife and was hunting around the country trying to get a preacher to tie the knot. I jeered at him then, as you did. I joined the chorus of knockers who called him names. And now I am sorry. For, my dears, he has squared himself. And I don't think God will be hard on him when he faces the judgment and stands before Peter at the Jasper Gates.

Nor would I confine my floral tributes to Astor. There would be blossoms for Archie Butt and for Capt. Smith; and for Henry Harris, who tucked his wife in the lifeboat and said "Good-by, dear," as he turned to wait for Death. Ah, there were so many of them in

that fearful night who were so brave. Whatever their faults and their failings may have been on this earth, I am sure the angels of heaven came flocking to meet them when they appeared to report to the great God of the Ages.

THERE are a myriad ways in which death may be met, but it seems to me that when a man meets the dread reaper without warning, in the midst of happiness, and doesn't quail, we see a real man. Astor and Archie Butt and Henry Harris and the most of those fellows were in their full-dress clothes and in the fullness of contentment when Death stood like a specter and without warning before them. And it was as though they said: "Hello, old Reaper, you've come for us, have you? Well, we didn't look for you exactly like this, but it is all right. You were sure to come some time, and it might as well be now as later. Take us; we are ready."

WHEN you think of men like that, and then compare them with men who have lived long lives, yet who howl and wail and skulk and cower in their beds where they are about to die naturally, you will understand the full force of the remark I made at the opening of this discourse, which was to the effect, namely, that I am profoundly pleased with the results of the Titanic disaster.

OF COURSE, some one will be sure to say that these men were stoics. That they didn't believe in a hereafter, and that dying to them meant simply falling into a dreamless and an endless sleep. If this were the case, my admiration for them would still be great, because of the heroic manner in which they died; but such was not the case. There was not a man of them who had not a belief in a future existence—of a judgment and an accounting. It was easy enough for the stoic to die, but Jew and Gentile require a greater courage and bravery to take that awful leap in the dark which you-all, every one, must sooner or later take.

DEATH, to be sure, is as natural as birth, and yet it is strange how variously the summons to the grave is set to work. There are men who follow the wars, even as a profession, and there are other men constantly exposed to hazards and danger, but who still live long lives, nevertheless. On the other hand, other men are cut off in their prime and before it, by the merest accidents. Some die in childhood and others in youth. There are those who long for death, but still live on, while others who love life are robbed of it. Whenever I sit under the stars in the silent watches of the night, this is the greatest mystery of all to me—the inequality of the chance to live.

But he could not resist that everlasting allusion to Chinese feet. As the women of China cease to bind their dear little tootsies and let them expand indefinitely, we may expect a devastating wave of women's clubs all over the Chinese Empire, I suppose. Well, poor China certainly seems to be in for a prolonged national stomach-ache one way and another.

In the meantime, it is permitted for the prospective wooer to make interesting comparisons on his own account? There are two salient points for him to settle—first, whether the large-footed maidens of his acquaintance are really the most intellectual, and secondly, whether he has the necessary endurance for matrimony with an intellectual wife.

Matrimonial Bliss.

FOR after all, you know, an intellectual wife (with big feet) must be something of a responsibility. There are two classes of women I respect from the bottom of my heart—women writers and women lawyers—but you would not catch me marrying either of 'em under any circumstances, not me. Ye gods, fancy having to live with a woman lawyer! And Fate must indeed owe the man a grudge that is compelled to cohabit with a woman writer. The male of the species is bad enough, goodness knows, but as a domestic animal the woman writer is a horrible mistake.

What about large-footed men? The learned professor does not inform us whether men, too, may be judged by the size of their feet. It should be a great boon to employers of intellectual labor to have such a definite assurance. But I have it on the assurance of a number of wives that men with large feet certainly make the best husbands. Which would be very enlightening if we could be sure what constitutes a "best husband." From my own observation, I should describe the average "best husband" as an invertebrate sentimentalist, a hard-working, confiding, and pathetically ill-used worm.

Memories.

TURNING from these modern innovations, and these sad, bad days of bridge and auction bridge, it is certainly comforting to read a book of memoirs a century old. They of olden times, too, had their smart sets and their ultra-fashionables, and with a thrill we learn that society was going rapidly to the devil then in just the same way that it is now. Only then the all-absorbing card games were "commerce" and "all-fours."

And then, too, they were having their outcries against the new and disgusting fashions. It was in 1809 that the Duke of Wellington introduced trousers into England and feeling ran so high on the subject that the militia refused to march in the new, indecent garment!

Instead of aeroplanes, they were having society balloon ascensions, and the balloonists were regarded as regular devils, don't you know. And instead of our

SINCE, however, it all comes to the same thing in the end, and that life, at best, is no more than a short and fleeting dream; perhaps it doesn't matter whether a man die soon or late. Certainly the question is not for solution in either your hands or mine. You-all must be plugging along and thank God at night when you lie down to sleep after having escaped the numberless dangers of the day. But, even at that, you may "wake up dead," as the fellow said.

THE fact of the matter is that you-all are much the same in your plight as the insect that crosses your path. You may step on the poor thing or not, just as it happens. Death is abroad on his rounds ceaselessly. In his busy work he may take a notion to lay you low today, or he may take a notion to let you go until he meets you again some other time. As far as you are concerned, you have no say in the matter. On the deck of a doomed ship or as you lie quietly in bed, it doesn't matter—when Death comes with the summons, you must answer. And if you answer like a man it will be all the better.

SO, MY dears, seeing that the situation is as it is—that you may live another day only, or another year or many more, as the case may be, all that I can see for you to do is to take it in good part and make the most of it. Do not waste your time—little or much as it shall happen to be—by chasing false gods and iron deities. At least don't do that all the time. Don't hurt anybody's feelings; it is not worth while and it isn't necessary. Don't leave the scene of your earthly career with the thought on your soul that there are accounts you wish you could come back to pay. When the time comes for Death to bump you let it be that you have the same smile on your face that you had when death was the farthest thing of all from your thoughts.

I WOULD not say, however, that you should never think of death. Death is a fine thing to think of. If you are living right, it isn't a thought that you should dread. And to think of it, once in awhile, will help to keep you going right. You will then see that lots of things that worry you now are not worth the worry.

IN OTHER words, you should so live that when you come to die you will wrap your cloak around you and lie down as though to pleasant dreams, as the poet said, or words to that effect. And when you get ready—which you will—take it like a man, whether it be in the middle of a dance or stretched on a bed with the doctor taking your temperature while an anxious friend deepens his furrowed countenance.

THE EAGLE



SO THE Chicago Fashion Congress has passed a men. con. resolution in favor of electric light bulbs to be worn in the hair of fashionable society mondaines.

It seems perfectly reasonable to carry the present inclination to its logical conclusion and make the dear things lightheaded both inside and out.

And while Chicago was attending to the top end of the dear creatures, Mrs. Longworth, the now rather demode "Princess Alice," was turning her attention to their lower extremities. Shoes, Mrs. Longworth feels, are a much-neglected possibility for fashion atrocities. As far as I can make out she would like to see them worn a different shape every few weeks, diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs, for instance, and heavily studded with jewels or gold nuggets, or possibly handpainted miniatures.

But in any case, feet are to be more pronounced.

The Feet of Intellect.

WHEREFORE the very timely assertion made by one of those indefatigable German scientists with cough-and-gurgle names, that women with large feet are invariably more intelligent and intellectual than their small-footed sisters should bring comfort to many a female heart.

He points out with convincing argument that the progress of the higher education of women has coincided exactly with an increase of size in their feet—and he did it without making capital out of a great opportunity to make a pun on the feminine understanding!

[448]

Woman

OUR FATE

IT IS eminently proper that Adam as our father. The apostle said there was in our veins "Adam." When the Lord came to walk in the beautiful garden in the east and found the man He had made, and entered into a cross-fertilization, Adam did just as he was bidding, and took of the forbidden fruit, and ate it. He was a weak, cowardly progeny who was rather than petticoats in pointed to the poor affectionate and whined, "The woman gave us this how this vice persists in the when that princess among women failed to produce for her liege lord a son, Hagar, came to the rescue as a son Ishmael. Now mark the child of promise, Isaac, came to him was too cowardly to stand up to the mother and her child were of bread and a bottle of water to shift for themselves as best they could.

When the progenitors of the human race from the Garden of Eden the woman was "Thy desire shall be unto thee, and thou shalt rule over thee." My exegesis I will presume that by Eve's "desire" I meant that the woman's affection shall make her always unequal to her control. In other words that she should be privileged to do as she pleases. Anyhow this is through most of the long ages "saw" was set up "to keep the way" even among the Hebrews after the Egypt and the semi-republic had their form of government, under the of Moses, all Adam's son was required when he tired of her or to just write her out a "ticket of leave" as a bill of divorcement and turn even the crust of bread and bottle upon Hagar. Among the Romans to deal worse for the woman and her

Sayings

TO THE POINT

A BEAUTIFUL woman without is like a beautiful flower without

Never deride Hope. Without her we would never have courage to

Great inventions may be wrought, but great thoughts are always born

Youth is not nearly so defiant. Only an old man has the courage to

A good citizen is a man who sweeps clean; keeps his chickens—shut up neighbor's barking dog.

When a man says "he is willing to die," it is just as well to look into

There was never on earth a man who could not find a spot on the front of his shirt when he was half-way to church Sunday

To the end of time the mother will be a possible thing for her boy. She will be as he starts to school, and sigh to see him off and put it on again twenty steps

A boy gets more scoldings than any other, but his sister gets the least of it. Including his sister, will make her's falls from grace. But daughter's reason of her sex to be a little angry with so thanks for it.

Every once in a while a great man passes from lip to lip: "Who takes his place?" All living men are compared them with the memory of the month when the great man's name is asked: "Why, is he dead?"

Charity, simply attired in her white dress from duty at the hospital at 3 a.m. weary and bedraggled, homeward-bound. She wore Holland moccasins, Circassian, a Paris skirt, a Spanish bolero

Woman and Her Child. By George W. Burton.

OUR FATHER.

It is eminently proper that we should all look to Adam as our father. The apostle was right when he said there was in our veins a good deal of "old Adam." When the Lord came down from Heaven to walk in the beautiful garden in the cool of the day and found the man He had made hiding in the long grass, and entered into a cross-examination as to that apple, Adam did just as have done nearly all his cowardly progeny who have donned pantaloons rather than petticoats in place of the fig leaf, and entered into the poor affectionate companion by his side, and whined, "The woman gave unto me and I did eat." How this vice persists in the veins of mankind. When that princess among women of her day, Sarah, failed to produce for her liege lord a son and heir, the "handmaid," Hagar, came to the rescue, and gave Abraham a son Ishmael. Now mark. When later on "the child of promise," Isaac, came to life, the Princess Sarah was jealous of the offspring of the slave girl, and Abraham was too cowardly to stand up for his offspring, and the mother and her child were cast out with a crust of bread and a bottle of water as their sole heritage to shift for themselves as best they could in the wilderness.

When the progenitors of the human race were driven from the Garden of Eden the sentence passed upon the woman was "Thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." My exegesis may be false, but I will presume that by Eve's "desire" and Adam's "rule" is meant that the woman's affections for her liege lord shall make her always unequal to him in the contest for control. In other words that because she loves him she should be privileged to do with her and to her as he pleases. Anyhow this is what has happened through most of the long ages since the "flaming sword" was set up "to keep the way of the tree of life." Among the Hebrews after they had returned from Egypt and the semi-republic had been established as a form of government, under the generally wise laws of Moses, all Adam's son was required to do to Eve's daughter when he tired of her or got a grouse on, was to write her out a "ticket of leave," or, as the Bible says, "a bill of divorcement and turn her adrift without the crust of bread and bottle of water bestowed upon Hagar. Among the Romans the case was a good deal worse for the woman and her child, inasmuch as

the pater familias in the Eternal City had absolute power of life and death over his wife and children.

As late as fifty years ago, the late Ross Brown, a California traveler almost as noted in his time as Bayard Taylor, wrote letters to American newspapers in which he described conditions on the continent of Europe, where the woman, leaving her child to split its lungs with crying, was hitched up with the family cow and made to plow the cabbage patch. I remember a picture illustrating one of these letters of Brown, in which the poor woman, dressed in rags, with hobnailed shoes, trudged along the road pushing a cart heaped up with all sorts of farm truck, while Adam walked by her side smoking a pipe as big as a coffee pot, with a stem as long as a piece of garden hose, the while he chuckled Eve under the chin and said to her "Ach, du bist so schoen."

The case of the child was scarcely any better than that of its mother. Before the boy or girl could walk straight, it was sent as the sun rose into a factory to toll until after the cows came home. Until it reached the age of maturity it shared the servitude of its mother and was forbidden to touch a cent of its earnings any more than she might. I read a story the other day of a brutal father who horsewhipped his boy until he could not occupy a sitting posture because he spelled potatoes as the dictionary prescribes, and neglected to follow his father's ignorance and spell the word "taters." It was only a story, but if not true it had verisimilitude.

Well, the woman and her child are at last coming into their own. To be sure, this evolution has been going on from the beginning, but oh, how slowly things have moved for the mothers and children of humanity through all the long ages of oppression and suffering they have struggled through to reach the light of real civilization. All along the centuries if you would arrive at a right conception as to the degree of civilization that marked the epoch, do not bother to learn any more than concerning the status of the child and its mother. That will tell the whole story.

Well, where are we now? The other day in a local court a woman with two children appeared, complaining that her divorced husband was not paying her the alimony for her support and that of her children ordered paid by the court. In this case this worthy son of "old Adam" looked out of cold eyes at his former "helpmeet" at his own offspring, and with icy impudence set up the contention that his salary was only \$135 a month, and

that it was impossible for him to live on less than \$110 a month, and that therefore he was unable to pay his former wife for the support of her two children \$40 a month, but could afford to give her only \$20. Now there was the very spirit of Adam himself. But times are changed, and whether willingly or not, Adam's sons will have to change with them. The laws of California have reached a degree of progression where contempt of court in matters like these is not so easy to "get around." The apostle says "he who will not provide for his own, especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel." The laws of California at the present time are in accordance with the spirit of this apostolic declaration. The spirit of the law is that the man who will not provide for his own offspring and their mother is worse than a horse thief, and to jail he may go if only the court is presided over by a just judge.

The woman's son is coming into his own too. A catfish deposits its spawn on a sand bank, and when the eggs are hatched the young navigator can take care of himself. A calf learns to eat grass before it is a month old. Human offspring requires to be "mothered" until about twenty years old. The cat teaches its kittens to catch mice in a few weeks. Modern man requires a long course of education to enable him comfortably "to eat his bread in the sweat of his face." Schools in the past have assumed that all boys and girls could learn to catch mice with about the same facility as kittens. Up-to-date schools recognize the vast difference in the capacity and temperament of children, and education is differentiated as widely as these dispositions and capacities. The boy who has no taste or ability to acquire a definite knowledge of Greek roots or conic sections may have a voice like a mocking-bird and love music as naturally as a cat loves fish. Or the pupil who has a hard time in imitating the beauties of literary style displayed in Washington Irving's "Alhambra" may have an eye for form and color indicating an embryo Turner, Greuse or Paul Potter. Many a boy who hates books revels in the use of a square and compass, a plane and hammer.

Well, space forbids the carrying of these reflections much further. The Greek rustic failed to sell his house by showing a brick as an indication of what it was worth. These little bricks presented here from modern laws and modern schools do indicate pretty clearly the higher status to which the woman has attained, dragging her son up at her apron strings.

Sayings of Burdette, the Genial Philosopher.

TO THE POINT.

BEAUTIFUL woman without gracious courtesy is like a beautiful flower without perfume.

... ..

Never deride Hope. Without her smile and promise you would never have courage to face tomorrow.

... ..

Great inventions may be wrought out in the brain. Great thoughts are always born in the heart.

... ..

Truth is not nearly so defiant as it thinks itself. An old man has the courage to dress out of fashion.

... ..

A good citizen is a man who sweeps his own sidewalk; keeps his chickens shut up, and poisons his neighbor's barking dog.

... ..

When a man says "he is willing to be judged by the law," it is just as well to look into his past.

... ..

There was never on earth a man so neat that his shadow could not find a spot on the front of his coat when he was half-way to church Sunday morning.

... ..

To the end of time the mother will try to do one impossible thing for her boy. She will put his cap on for him as he starts to school, and sigh to see him take it off and put it on again twenty steps from the gate.

... ..

A boy gets more scoldings than anybody else in the world, but his sister gets the least appreciation. "Everybody," including his sister, will make excuses for a boy's falls from grace. But daughter is expected by reason of her sex to be a little angel of perfection, and no thanks for it.

... ..

Every once in a while a great man dies, and the world passes from lip to lip: "Who can we find to take his place?" All living men are dwarfs when we compare them with the memory of the dead. In about twenty years when the great man's name is mentioned, some one asks: "Why, is he dead?"

... ..

Charity, simply attired in her white gown, returned from duty at the hospital at 3 a.m. met the Ball, weary and bedraggled, homeward-bent from the festivities. She wore Holland moccasins, Circassian trousers, a Paris skirt, a Spanish bolero, an American

bosom, an Indian head-dress, Mexican ornaments, Japanese frippery, Turkish anklets, Russian jewelry and unlimited imagery. "I have been working for you," she said reproachfully. "I see you have," sighed Sweet Charity; "I will forget it, and take you home and put you to bed, sit beside you till you fall asleep, and tomorrow I will come round and nurse your headache." "I could bear up under the sufferings of the world," said the saint, an hour later, as the winner yielded to the second dose of bromide, "but its benevolent pleasures drain all the patience I have." O Charity, Charity, what crimes are committed in thy name!

... ..

Don't smile so much all day that the tired corners of your mouth droop with weariness when you come home at night. "Always leave them laughing," is the business axiom of a commercial traveler, who has no home. Laughter is a good servant. Don't overwork him, or he will sulk, and maybe, strike for shorter hours. Laughter is cheery, good-natured, willing, but wearies easily. He is a poor hand at day's work, and tires at a continuous job. But he "shines" at "piece work," with intervals of quiet meditation, sober reflection, tranquil introspection, earnest purpose, and a little minute of prayer. He is a thoroughbred and must be humored. You can't work him like a plow horse. Don't try to "smile" all the time, no matter what the cackling philosophers print on the cards of foolishness. A petrified smile has about as much life in it as the dead grin on the face of a skeleton.

... ..

When I was a boy there was a motto that made very ambitious music in my brain and heart: "What man has done man can do." But when I grew to manhood it did not take me long to learn that the demand of every new generation is not for repetition of old feats, but for a man who can do something no other man ever did. "What man has done man can do," of course. Anybody can stand an egg on end, since that was once done. It's the undone things the world wants to see attempted and accomplished. I met the World one day, in a little prairie town about the size of the Eighth Ward of Lordsburg, out in Western Kansas. "And what is all this chaos of litter on your desk?" I asked. "Oh, that?" said the World, wearily, "that is 'Unfinished Business' that has been accumulating for 8000 years." "Oh, well," I said, to comfort him, "never mind. Commencement season will be along next June and the Sweet Girl Graduates and the Boys with their brand-new A.B.'s will make short work of all this stuff." The World smiled grimly, and reaching into a pigeon hole fifty-one years deep, drew forth a folded

paper tied with a faded blue ribbon. When I had opened it I read the title of a commencement oration: "The Press and the Ballot Box," and recognized the labored handwriting of a boy about 17 years old. Five manuscript pages of sweet omniscience. "I will never again know so much as I did then," I said. "No," said the World, "but you will talk a great deal more about what little you think you know. That's what keeps that stack of unfinished business piling up every year." I offered 30 cents for the manuscript, but the World said that would be like stealing candy from a baby. Poor old World! If I had only kept my word with him, and had done all that I said I was going to do in that oration, how happy and how rested he would be today! But there was some flaw in the contract; I couldn't get the crushed rock; the price of labor went up; the mine stood still for lack of machinery or something, and the water—and whisky—questions are yet "unfinished business" in Pasadena.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

The Kipling Alphabet.

The London Bookman prints an "alphabet" which won first prize in a competition dealing with the personality and works of any well-known author.

A is an Author, and Kipling his name,
B is the Books that have brought him to fame.
C for the Critics who said many things,
D for the Ditties he skillfully sings.
E for the East with its smiles and its frowns;
F for the Fairies who people the Downs.
G, Gloriana who danced through her shoes,
H for the History which all schools should use.
I for India he has made known to the West,
J for the Jungle—the beasts know it best.
K for King-Emperor whom India has hailed,
L for the Light that so dimly failed.
M for the white Man whose burden is grave,
N for the Native who is not a slave.
O for the Oiler—the liner's going still,
P is for Puck who inhabits Pook's Hill.
Q is for Quetta and what Jack Barrett met;
R the Recessional—"Lest we forget—"
S is for Stalky and also for Slang,
T for the Tommies who laughed and who sang.
U is for Ung and the story he told,
V for Victoria, Empress of Gold.
W the Work that will meet us each day,
X for the hat passers, ready to pay.
Y the Yabu and equestrian pride,
Z the Zenanas and all that they hide.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

finding some better going, we got
past to a scene of wonderful beauty
to block all farther progress.
Hills of solid rock towered high to
save that from which we had
our base a vast pool was spread
fifty feet across and of great depth
fed from a cleft in the cliff the
beautiful waterfall some twenty-five
hikers had preceded us and
watched them cross the shallowest
climb up the very crude ladder
against the cliff and led to the top
needed to take them a long while to
the top of the ladder, and when
I did not wonder, as we found
a shelf of rock a foot in width,
a long leap must be made across
a sloping rock wall to land
I made it without falling in, and
got across, but slipped after so
as a result I found it expedient

Up the Big Santa Anita.

By Haven Charles Hurst.

THE HOUSE OF THE HERMIT.

IT WAS a glorious morning. The rains seemed to have turned their attentions elsewhere for the time being. All the mountains stood clear-cut against the blue, with tops whitened by snow; the foothills and the whole valley were wearing the new green mantle of spring.

We had taken the early car for Sierra Madre, a car always filled on "days off" with a merry collection of folk who love the wild and who yearn the week through for the higher places, the rocky canyons and the dashing streams, and for the racing blood, red cheeks and renewed energy that such retreats give to those who seek them.

Our objective point was the Big Santa Anita. Henry nor I had ever been in this canyon. We had seen its little sister many a time as we climbed up the Mt. Wilson trail, but there is always an added zest in the unknown, in not knowing what is ahead around the next corner in a new town, around the next bend in the trail, or what the next week, or month or year holds for us in that larger journey called Life. We mentioned our nearest fellow-passenger, a young fellow in complete corduroy suit and mountain boots who looked as though he had always climbed mountains. He had been clear through the Big Santa Anita, and there were some ticklish places in it, but we could make it all right. He himself was bound for the west end of the San Gabriel by way of Mt. Wilson.

I summed no time at all before we were stepping into the car in beautiful Sierra Madre, and before the train crew would have time to turn their trolley pole the whole crowd was streaming up the road toward the foot of "the everlasting hills." Most of these bearers of lunches and kodaks kept on to where the burros in their corrals watched with big, brown eyes at the foot of the Mt. Wilson trail. We turned to our right and followed a roadway which led down hill, across a dry creek, and up a long grade through groves of orange and lemon, with now and then a bungalow showing above the green leaves. The trees were loaded with fruit, and a man who did not look in the least like a grinch was carrying a large armful of sign-boards and planting them at frequent intervals along the edge of his golden acres, said boards threatening dire things to the person who dared do more than look at the yellow temptations on his trees.

The day continued crystal clear, but away to the west over the snowy crest of Old Baldy a large mass of smoky clouds hung, like reserves drawn up waiting for order to enter battle. We speculated on the chances of their skirmishing in our direction, and had known that they were the advance guard of one of the biggest rainstorms of the season we would not have turned back. Instead we cut through a orange grove and came out on a high mesa overlooking the wash and heard the roaring of the stream as it dashed over the large boulders as though deadly sure to meet with the San Gabriel River out there in the valley and compare notes on their respective ups and downs through the mountains.

A large party of boys and girls were scrambling down the bank when we arrived, and as they stopped to take a picture of the group we passed them and started up the canyon. We realized at once that it was a time of high water and that travel up through these narrow passes would be a vastly different affair than in midsummer when the streams are low. Indeed we kept dry from the start only by making almost impossible leaps from boulder to boulder, or by working our way along the walls of the cliff by precarious handholds.

"There weren't many of those girls in that wash back there go very far up this canyon today," observed Henry.

"Oh, the boys can help them along over the hard stuff," I said, pantingly, for I had just rounded an exceedingly difficult piece of the canyon wall. "But I'm glad we haven't any girls with us today, for we don't know what we are up against. We are not there yet, and we don't even know how far it is to the Hermit."

Finding some better going, we pressed on and came at last to a scene of wonderful beauty, but one which seemed to block all farther progress up the canyon. Walls of solid rock towered high in the air on every side save that from which we had approached. At their base a vast pool was spread like a lake, probably fifty feet across and of great depth, and into this pool from a cleft in the cliff the whole river, a beautiful waterfall some twenty-five feet in height, poured its waters had preceded us and we sat down and watched them cross the shallowest part of the pool and climb up the very crude ladder which leaned against the cliff and led to the top of the falls. It seemed to take them a long while to cross the stream at the top of the ladder, and when we followed them we did not wonder, as we found ourselves standing on a shelf of rock a foot in width, from which place a flying leap must be made across the stream with only a sloping rock wall to land upon. Some way Henry made it without falling in, and with his help I got across, but slipped after safety was reached, and as a result I found it expedient to climb up the

mountainside, which here sloped conveniently, and lie in the warm sun and dry out.

I had just finished this operation when shouts were heard down in the canyon. Climbing to the brink and peering over, we saw that the party we had passed at the head of the canyon had arrived. Only two of the girls were ready to try the ladder, which they negotiated successfully, and were then lifted bodily across the dangerous place at the top by their escorts, who stood in the middle of the mad water to perform their valorous feat.

And that is how it came about that six people continued on up the canyon and six and twenty lunched below the falls that day and returned the way they had come.

Henry had been as careful as a cat about keeping his feet dry, and the sun had taken away the part of the stream which had attached itself to me, so we were in good shape as we started on our way, and made good time and were soon ahead of the valiant four. But soon the canyon narrowed and where the creek rushed between the vertical walls we must needs wade the stream. Off came the shoes and stockings and in we went. It was a cold job; I'm sure that ice water would be only milk-warm in comparison to that little river.

Thus we went on, wading when necessary and resuming our shoes and walking when we could. As we were putting on those shoes for the eighth time and resting, the two couples passed us and continued on up the narrow defile, their mountain boots scattering the water in spray as they swished through the creek.

Later we sat by a big pool, churned by a plunging waterfall, and watched several trout as they darted about in their liquid home. And when we went on again, Henry, with his usual luck, passed this pool dry-shod, and I slipped down the smooth side of a rock big as a house and plumped into the sitting-room of the trout, no doubt giving them a great shock and perchance breaking up a congenial gathering about their dinner table. From this time on I was not so particular about taking off my shoes and stockings before entering the stream.

And now the wind rose and large white clouds went floating across the little patch of sky that showed between the high canyon walls; soon the clouds were gray, and massed closely together, and we feared rain. So when the canyon opened out a little and there was at last a trail through vines and trees and ferns high above the creek we hurried along and covered some miles in short time, only to be confronted by a wall across the canyon, down which leaped a large fall in three cascades of tumbling silver.

We saw the game was up in that direction, but were glad to find a trail leading up the side of the hill and over a divide; and standing at the top, we knew we were about to reach our goal, for below us the stream ran circling through a valley and several stone houses or huts were on its banks and from one smoke arose, blue and thin and trembling, only to be seized and carried swiftly away by that giant, the Wind.

Soon we were in the house of the Hermit, where the girls had already preceded us, and were drying out before the wood fire on the hearth. Outside, the river roared along under the naked trees, and the wind tore by the cabin, shrieking that a storm was coming. But little we cared as we undid our lunch and accepted at the hands of the Hermit tin cups of black and steaming coffee. It mattered not that it was poured from an ancient sprinkling can, or that the room was not up to good housewife standards of neatness. Poor Hermit! For ten years this room had been his library, granary, kitchen, wood-house and storeroom. But his heart was kind as his black beard was long, and when he found a silver dollar in one of the returned coffee cups, the presence of which none of us could account for, his protestations were long and sincere.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon we left our shelter, and bidding the Hermit good-by started up the steep trail to the top of the ridge. Soon we were above the noise of the stream, but the wind was louder than ever, and a rain started to fall, changing soon to sleet. However, it was only the edge of the storm that we were in; across the canyon and back on the farther ranges we could see the clouds dropping their burdens of moisture in great sheets, and saw soon, too, the slopes whiten under falling snow. As we came out on top of the divide snow was coming down upon us also, and through its filmy curtain we looked out and saw the San Gabriel Valley shining in the sun and the new green on the hills on the farther side appearing like great crinkly folds in a cloth of velvet, a rare and never-to-be-forgotten view.

We now took up our journey down the Sturdevant trail, which leads from back of Mt. Wilson clear down to Sierra Madre on the plain. All the way down we had such views as are undreamed of by those who have been in these mountains, so near to Los Angeles. We could now see rain dropping from the clouds at several places out over the valley, while from beneath a big black cloud in the west the sun peered and turned the long strip of ocean to molten gold. And behind us the storm gathered and wreathed the peaks in fog and cloud, and a light rain was falling over our own trail. Indeed it was a race between

ourselves and the storm as to which should reach the foot of the trail first, and when a little before dark we crossed the stream which runs through Carter's Camp the rain had set in to make a night of it.

On the porch of the restaurant which takes the place of a waiting-room at the car line we waited for the cars which were to bear us back to Los Angeles, in company with a large and motley company just returned from Mt. Wilson. It was a tired but happy crowd that swarmed into the two big cars when they pulled in, and that reviewed their adventures of the day just passed as the train sped homeward through the stormy night.

When we decamped at our destination it was pouring a steady rain; all night it rained, and all next day, and when just at sunset the clouds lifted, the entire change of mountains above resplendent in the heaviest snow of years. Bolder than we knew, we had penetrated into the mountain fastnesses on the very day that the Storm King had chosen to appear in force, and only his delayed arrival had allowed us a dry and successful termination of our venture.

George Meredith's Antecedents.

[London Daily Chronicle:] When George Meredith died, three years ago next month, the many obituaries of the great novelist told us practically nothing about his parentage and childhood except that he was born in Hampshire. The rest was mystery. He himself in the years of his celebrity preserved an impenetrable silence regarding his antecedents.

Now comes Mr. S. M. Ellis, his first cousin once removed, and gives in the current Fortnightly Review a detailed and documented account, parts of which will come as a surprise to most Meredithians. Meredith was the only son of respectable Portsmouth trades people, born February 12, 1833, in the High street, over his father's shop. The business was a tailor's and naval outfitters; it was founded by Meredith's grandfather, Melchizedek; it is mentioned in Marryat's "Peter Simple," and seems to have clothed Rodney, Nelson, Collingwood and many another naval hero in its time. Melchizedek Meredith is "The Great Mel," in "Evan Harrington" and his wife the "Mrs. Mel," of the same novel. Melchizedek was succeeded in the business (after an interregnum, when it was managed by the widowed "Mrs. Mel," much as in "Evan Harrington") by his son Augustus. This was the novelist's father, whom he once succinctly described to Edward Clodd as "a muddler and a fool."

Augustus Meredith muddled the business and eventually ruined it, but he took about twenty years to do so. Meantime he married Jane Macnamara, the orphan daughter of parents long established in Portsmouth, and the novelist was born of the marriage. His mother died when he was 5 years old, but it was not till he was 10 that his father gave up the shop and went out to South Africa, and the boy was put in charge of his maternal relatives, the trustees of his mother's property, who sent him first to school and then to Germany.

For the first ten years of his life, then, he lived at the Portsmouth shop. The ships, the garrison, the naval officers (not to mention the "shears") must have been daily impressions; but not so the country house life most characteristic of the novels.

Superstition.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] They were lunching together and the talk turned to superstition.

"When you made that boast just now," said one of the party, "you should have knocked on wood to drive away the evil spirits that are envious of human happiness."

"Is that what it's for?"

"Yes. It's an old German custom. You rap on wood three times. Say, that waiter of ours looks like a German. Rap three times and see if he doesn't understand it."

The other man rapped.

The waiter understood it.

He brought three beers.

Scotch Thrift.

[London Chronicle:] It was in the smoking compartment, and he turned to the man on his right with the question. "Hae ye a match?" The reply was a regretful negative. A similar inquiry addressed to the only other occupant of the carriage met with a similar response.

"Ah, weel," exclaimed the son of Scotland ruefully, "I must e'en use yin of my ain!"

Sunset on the Mountains.

Behind the crimson disc a shadow lies,
And brooding night has spread her pinions far;
The zenith holds the promise of a star,
And paling light diffuses far-off skies.

A holy calm portends serenest rest,
The pines unsundered are sentinels to say
Farewell with all who mourn expiring day,
And loose the faint glow on the mountain crest.

An opaque gloom pervades the canyon's scar;
The peaks grow dim; their pinnacle's far height
Is couched for its repose at last in night;
The curtain falls—'tis dark: above, the star.

CLIFFORD KANE STOUT.

Just Before Man Came on Earth.

By Rene Bache.

Our Predecessors.

QUEER CREATURES OF PRE-HISTORIC TIMES.

AMERICAN MUSEUM COMPLETING A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF MAMMALS THAT BECAME EXTINCT NOT LONG BEFORE MANKIND FIRST APPEARED—HORSES NO BIGGER THAN FOXES, AND CAMELS THE SIZE OF RABBITS.

NEW YORK, April 26.—The American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, which is the greatest scientific institution of its kind in the world, has brought near to completion a collection of

the bigness of a small rhinoceros, but unlike anything we know today, with short, clumsy legs and an abbreviated tail—named by science the coryphodon.

So great a length of time is not possible for the finite human mind to grasp. But a more vivid impression of it is conveyed by the statement that 3,000,000 years ago the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Himalayas had not as yet come into existence, but were level surfaces washed by the sea. In America, since the close of that epoch, the region of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado has been elevated 11,000 feet, and the river has cut its way through solid rock to a depth of nearly a mile and a quarter.

appeared, and were succeeded by new forms of life—that is to say, by mammals of primitive types. But it should by no means be supposed that these were the first mammals. Already there had been mammals on the earth for a long time, and probably for at least a million years; but they were small and of minor importance in the scheme of creation. Many of them were rodents; others were insect eaters. They were nature's first experiments in the development of mammalian types.

With the opening of the age of mammals began a rapid evolution of creatures of this class. Contemporary with the little horses and tapirs in North America

Illustrated W

ops (distantly related to the bigness of a small rhinoceros). One of the most remarkable of the prehistoric animals, the brontotherium, approached a type of horse, came the dominant mammal, accompanying them, and were carnivores as big as the giant cats—both of families later on. There were giant deer, and the first true dogs.

It is now that the rhinoceros developed a great variety of time on until comparatively great importance, both in the Some have long legs, and some are aquatic, and of Giant pigs on stilted legs, and in Africa become the notheres, of nearly the but mous sharp-pointed, forward snout and a smaller pair of able creature, short-necked, habit, seems to be confined which as yet has no land Asia.

Some Later Arrivals.

Meanwhile the ancestors developing in Africa. Many some short-faced and other horses graze in herds in the The browsing, sluggish animals everywhere, and are replaced swifter of foot. Camels arrived—some of them small and delicate are huge and bulky. It is the extinction of the titanotheres, mainly by this great multiplicity of their food and starved the

We know that horses originated became extinct on this continent from Europe by the Spaniards ago. It was much the same 500,000 years ago were the most animals of the Great Plains herds over vast areas destined to be replaced by the buffalo. The were no bigger than cotton-tails, gaining in size, the largest of the modern camels in these, the "giraffe-camel," high.

The history of the development of America may be plainly read in its representatives in all stages. They started with five toes, terminating in a small, sharp toe, were merged in one sole over shifting sands. Around in Oregon are plentifully found of camels, one of them about deer. And although these are extinct on this continent, they still survive in South America the alpacas, and the vicuñas.

Advent of the Camel Here.

It was from America that the to the Old World, by way of the needed this continent with America recently times. Across the opposite direction came the Asiatic animal—to browse on the interior of this country. The what now is Bering Strait times, and there were many mammalian types between the New

Meanwhile there has developed a creature, related to modern a land animal, has become known to science as the length of sixty-five feet; and and fierce. Were it to survive the chase of it would probably be a perilous and exciting of sports. been exceedingly numerous, quantities of its bones found and Gulf States.

Africa Welcomed to Europe.

At length, thanks to a mighty is united with Europe, and the developed in the Dark Continent northward. Later on they reached the land bridge already mentioned come our first rhinoceroses, roses, though very short in the and eventually extends its range. Ida. Contemporaneously the deer tribe appear in various parts in Europe the first man-like apes.

Giraffes in great number and Old World—one type resembling surviving okapi of the Congo of modern sheep begin to develop huge bearlike dogs. Again a geological sense), and the chimpanzee appear. Probably also the gorilla evidence of the fact has not been. More important, however, is the man—represented by flint implements on this point, the human its first start on earth much more ago.



The Coryphodon.



The Palaeosyops.



Sculpturing the head of a Titanotherium.



The Brontatherium.



Horse of today compared in size with the three-toed horse of long ago.

Primitive pigs as big as small rhinoceroses.

the strange mammals, nearly all of them now extinct, that inhabited the earth during the period immediately preceding the first appearance of man. Some of them, however, were undoubtedly contemporary with the earliest human beings—which fact does by no means render them less interesting.

The age of mammals appears to have begun about 3,000,000 years ago. It was then that the earliest known horses, no larger than modern foxes, roamed over the plains of North America. Of these there were no fewer than eleven species—graceful, light-limbed creatures, with brains noticeably large in relation to their size, indicating a high degree of intelligence. There were also tapirs, not much bigger; many kinds of cats (one as large as a puma, and another approaching the jaguar,) and a queer-looking animal of

Great Geologic Changes.

The disappearance of the great reptilian dynasties at the close of the epoch known to geologists as the Mesozoic was coincident with the uplifting of the mighty chain (previously represented by a string of more or less scattered islands,) which today we know as the Rocky Mountains. Other tremendous geologic changes occurred at that period, and resulting modifications of climate and terrestrial conditions may have had much to do with the wiping out of the amazing and widely differentiated order of the Dinosaurs. But doubtless their wholesale destruction was attributable largely, if not mainly, to volcanoes, which distributed their ashes over vast areas to a depth of thousands of feet.

Whatever the causes involved, the giant reptiles dis-

appeared, and were succeeded by new forms of life—that is to say, by mammals of primitive types. But it should by no means be supposed that these were the first mammals. Already there had been mammals on the earth for a long time, and probably for at least a million years; but they were small and of minor importance in the scheme of creation. Many of them were rodents; others were insect eaters. They were nature's first experiments in the development of mammalian types.

Immense in Size.

Finding conditions favorable to their development, with an unlimited food supply, some of the animals of that epoch attained huge size. Those of them that were vegetable feeders, browsing on the foliage of trees and shrubs, were clumsy and heavy-limbed—as, for example, the untatherium, nearly as big as a modern rhinoceros, with four horns. Like the coryphodon, already mentioned, it has no representatives in the world today, and the same may be said of the palaeo-

one (distantly related to the rhinoceros,) which was of the bigness of a small pony.

One of the most remarkable of the titanotheres was the brottherium, approaching an elephant in size, and representing a type of horned creatures which soon became the dominant mammals of Western America. Accompanying them, and doubtless preying upon them, were carnivores as big as modern Kodiak bears, and giant cats—both of families destined to extinction later on. There were giant pigs, and during this period appeared the first true dogs.

It is now that the rhinoceroses begin to appear and to develop a great variety of species. In fact, from this time on until comparatively recent days they assume great importance, both in the New World and the Old. Some have long legs, and others surprisingly short legs; some are aquatic, and others yet are dwarfs in size. Giant pigs on stilted legs appear in Europe and Asia, and in Africa become conspicuous the mighty arctotheres, of nearly the bulk of an elephant, with enormous sharp-pointed, forward-projecting horns over the snout and a smaller pair above the eyes. This remarkable creature, short-necked, long-legged and of grazing habit, seems to be confined to the Dark Continent, which as yet has no land connection with Europe or Asia.

Some Later Arrivals.

Meanwhile the ancestors of all the elephants are developing in Africa. Many new kinds of dogs appear, some short-faced and others long-faced. Diminutive horses graze in herds in South Dakota and Nebraska. The browsing, sluggish animals diminish in numbers everywhere, and are replaced by grazing mammals swifter of foot. Camels arrive on the scene in America—some of them small and delicate-limbed, while others are huge and bulky. It is a serious question whether the extinction of the titanotheres was not brought about mainly by this great multiplication of herbivores, which ate their food and starved them out.

We know that horses originated in America, later became extinct on this continent, and were reintroduced from Europe by the Spaniards less than four centuries ago. It was much the same way with camels, which, 100,000 years ago, were the most conspicuous and numerous animals of the Great Plains, browsing in countless herds over vast areas destined in later times to be occupied by the buffalo. The very early camels, however, were no bigger than cottontail rabbits; but, steadily gaining in size, the largest species came greatly to exceed the modern camels in bulk and stature, one of these, the "giraffe camel," standing over twelve feet high.

The history of the development of the camel tribe in America may be plainly read in the rocks, out of which its representatives in all stages of evolution have been dug. They started with five toes on each foot, each toe terminating in a small, sharp hoof. But later on the toes were merged in one soft, elastic pad for walking over shifting sands. Around the edge of a small lake in Oregon are plentifully found the bones of four species of camels, one of them about the size of a Virginia deer. And although these creatures eventually became extinct on this continent, they left descendants which still survive in South America—the llama, the guanaco, the alpaca, and the vicuña.

Ahead of the Camel Here.

It was from America that the camels made their way to the Old World, by way of a land bridge which connected this continent with Asia up to within comparatively recent times. Across the same bridge, from the opposite direction came the buffalo—originally an Asiatic animal—to browse on the grassy plains of the latter of this country. The climate of the region of what now is Bering Strait was temperate in those times, and there were many such interchanges of mammalian types between the New World and the Old.

Meanwhile there has developed a very extraordinary creature, related to modern whales, which, originally a land animal, has become wholly aquatic. Destined to be known to science as the Zeuglodon, it attains a length of sixty-five feet, and is frightfully carnivorous and ferocious. Were it to survive at the present time, the chase of it would probably be regarded as the most perilous and exciting of sports. Its species must have been exceedingly numerous, judging from the great quantities of its bones found in the South Atlantic and Gulf States.

Man Walked to Europe.

At length, thanks to a mighty geologic uplift, Africa is united with Europe, and the mastodons, originally developed in the Dark Continent, extend their range northward. Later on they reach North America by the land bridge already mentioned, over which likewise came our first rhinoceroses. One of these rhinoceroses, though very short in the legs, is a great traveler, and eventually extends its range as far south as Florida. Contemporaneously the early ancestors of the deer tribe appear in various parts of the world, and in Europe the first man-like apes.

Giraffes in great number and variety arrive in the Old World—one type resembling the primitive and still surviving okapi of the Congo forests. The ancestors of modern sheep begin to develop, and in Europe roam like bearlike dogs. Again a little time passes (in a geologic sense), and the chimpanzee and orang-outang appear. Probably also the gorilla (in Africa), though evidence of the fact has not been discovered as yet. More important, however, is the first trace of primitive man—represented by flint implements. If there is no mistake on this point, the human race must have made its first start on earth much more than 1,000,000 years ago.

Indeed, this is a very modest estimate—unless it be supposed that some pre-human animal, capable of shaping stone tools, arrived on the earth and disappeared therefrom at so ancient an epoch. The presumption is that the creature concerned was none other than man, that he still preserved a not distant likeness to his relatives, the anthropoid apes, and that, like them, he lived in trees. Contemporary with him were the mastodon still surviving and the mammoth. The first true cattle had by this time appeared, as well as true horses. Hippopotami had become distributed all the way from Southern Asia to Southern Europe and Northern Africa, but where they came from is a puzzle.

"Giant Sloths."

All over what is now the United States were distributed those remarkable creatures known as "giant sloths," many species of them. Some of them were as big as a good-sized elephant. In Texas and Florida (as well as in Central and South America) were the huge glyptodons, which, though mammals, bore rather the aspect of tortoises, with massive tails. They were, as a matter of fact, predecessors of the modern armadillos.

This brings us to the close of what geologists call the Tertiary epoch, and to the beginning of "recent" time, which may have been half a million years ago, possibly somewhat less. Here we find the actual bones of early human beings, who were undoubtedly contemporary with the mammoth, the mastodon, the cave lion (of massive build, and bigger than any modern lion,) the woolly rhinoceros, and a strange and gigantic beast called the elasmodon, with a skull over a yard in length, an enormous horn on its forehead, and rather long legs—a herbivore.

This, be it observed, is in the Old World. The human remains above mentioned are more or less apelike. In Switzerland might be mentioned in this connection the famous Kesslerloch Cave, on the edge of a valley, which contained the bones of pigmy men not more than four feet high, mixed up with those of several extinct species of mammals, including the woolly rhinoceros.

The Mammoth.

In North America by this time was an array of proboscideans more varied and quite as majestic as those of the Old World. The imperial mammoth, ranging from Nebraska to the City of Mexico, stood thirteen and one-half feet high at the shoulder, or two feet higher than the largest African elephant of today. The Columbian mammoth attained a stature of eleven feet, and was found all the way from the latitude of the City of Mexico to that of Washington, D.C. The Northern, or hairy, mammoth ranged from Alaska to Washington.

In those days herds of camels and llamas and enormous troops of horses browsed on the plains of the interior of this country. Reindeer were widely distributed in the Middle States, and in the forests there were tapirs. Of bison there were many species. Giant sloths were still conspicuously numerous; likewise the armored glyptodons of the south, saber-toothed tigers and other cats rivaling the modern lion and tiger in size, led the list of the carnivores.

Work of Volcanoes.

It is difficult for us to realize how important a part in the development of our own country, zoologically, as well as geographically, has been played by volcanoes. In earlier days their plutonic activities were manifested on an enormous scale over vast areas, the ashes accumulating in beds (which are still to be seen and studied) of astonishing thickness. Recent observation of the eruptive performances of Mount Pelee has shown in a very striking way how ashes may be carried high in the air by explosive discharges of steam and gas and scattered far and wide by the wind. One such wind-distributed deposit in Alaska covers 52,280 square miles, and is 100 feet deep in places!

Where in the earlier history of the earth volcanic outbursts were often repeated over the same areas immense accumulation of ashes resulted, and in parts of the West such deposits have reached a depth of nearly a mile and a half. Whole landscapes were built up in this way, and it is not surprising that incidentally there should have been a wholesale destruction of animal life, resulting in the wiping out of entire genera. Very likely it was owing largely to happenings of this kind that many of the types of creatures here discussed left no modern descendants or near representatives. But if, on the one hand, their departure from the earth was due to such a cause, the beds of volcanic ashes, on the other hand, have served most admirably to preserve their bones, which, often in skeletons wonderfully complete and uninjured, are dug out of these deposits today for the instruction and edification of mankind.

The Man's Prayer.

When all is still within these walls
And Thy sweet sleep through darkness falls
On little hearts that trust in me,
However bitter toll may be,
For length of days, O Lord! on Thee
My spirit calls.

Their daily need by day enthalls
My hand and brain, but when night falls
And leaves the questioning spirit free
To brood upon the days to be,
For time and strength, O Lord! on Thee
My spirit calls.

—[T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

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George Horace Lorimer.

STORY OF THE CAREER OF A SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE EDITOR.

[New York Sun:] George Horace Lorimer, author of the "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son," and "Old Grogan Graham," and now editor of the Saturday Evening Post, has the reputation among magazine men of having the best eye for new things in fiction of anybody in the field, as he had the best eye for salesmen when he was head of the glue department in the packing-house of Armour & Co. years ago.

At that Mr. Lorimer is not so very old; just in the prime of his life, he says. Forty-four years ago he was born in Louisville, Ky., where his father, the late Rev. George C. Lorimer, had charge of a small parish. When George Horace Lorimer was still in school he used to help his father write sermons, while his father coached him in prosody. Now the editor of the Saturday Evening Post handles more manuscripts perhaps than any other man in the world. He practically lives on manuscripts. Every Saturday afternoon he loads his arms with them and takes them to his home in Wyncote, where he spends nearly every Sunday reading those that he had not time for during the week.

Thousands upon thousands of manuscripts, many of them bad, some mediocre and some good, pass through Mr. Lorimer's hands every month, and he says it is a case of separating the chaff from the wheat.

"But it really isn't work," says Mr. Lorimer. "It is all the recreation I get, and I like recreation."

Mr. Lorimer, as has been said, didn't start right in editing. After completing the grammar and high-school course that Louisville offered he obtained a position, a very small one, in the packing-house of Armour & Co., at Chicago. He was a hard worker and in course of time became head of the glue department, a position that carried with it a good salary.

But the young Mr. Lorimer wanted to write, and one day, when he was 24 years old, he informed Mr. Armour that he intended to resign his \$5000 position and try his luck with the pen. Mr. Armour urged him to stay with the packing company, but a literary career looked better to Mr. Lorimer than the glue business, and he went on his way.

He entered Colby University, at Waterville, Me., where he took a course in English literature. Then he went to Boston, where he worked on the Post and other daily papers for a few years. It was while in that city that a friend urged him to apply for a position on the Saturday Evening Post. Cyrus Curtis, the publisher, assured himself of Mr. Lorimer's ability and engaged him.

When William George Jordan resigned as editor of the publication Mr. Lorimer was placed temporarily in charge. He had made so much improvement in the paper during the first few weeks that Mr. Curtis made him editor.

The Commonplace Girl.

A little brown slip of a girl,
With not a dimple or a curl,
Her gown is plain, so is her face;
Her very name is commonplace.

Her fingers do not move with ease
Upon the smooth piano keys;
The gift of song has passed her by,
Though she can hum a lullaby.

But she can mend her father's socks,
And build wee Boy a house of blocks,
And though she cannot make good fudge,
Of bread and biscuit she's a judge.

And she can cheer up dismal folks
With merry laugh; and she can coax
Dear grandma from her fireside chair,
And lead her out to take the air.

So though in stately Hall of Fame
They may not write her simple name,
Within our hearts we'll give it space:
Our Lady of the Commonplace!

—[Pauline Frances Camp, in Youth's Companion.

Palm Sunday in Switzerland.

[Wide World:] On Palm Sunday morning in Switzerland, the country children carry to church decorated poles, called "palms" for courtesy, for the purpose of receiving the blessing of the priests. The "palms" are made of young pines stripped to their branches and tastefully decorated with colored paper and flying ribbons. Rings of apples strung on wires, and bouquets of box, holly, and other decorative shrubs, are also added. Almost every village has a different type of palm, and the best specimens are to be seen in the northern districts of the country.

Lively Work on a Dining Car.

[Railway Age Gazette:] A party of tourists which recently traveled over the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada continuously for five days was served during that time, on the dining cars, with 660 meals daily or 3300 meals in all. This was done on two standard dining cars, each having a seating capacity of thirty persons and managed by one conductor, four cooks and five waiters. At this rate each waiter served at each meal an average of twenty-two persons, and each chair would be used an average of three and two-thirds times at each meal.

Recent Cartoons.



Columbus Dispatch.



New York Herald.



Philadelphia Record



New York Tribune



Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Chicago Record-Herald.

In Court Name Manufacturers.

A T A dinner in New York the advertising expert, scored a young couple," he began, "the advent of a little son, and the evening, said: "What shall we name our darling?" "Jim wrinkled his brow and replied, "Well, I submit Calida, Firstborn name, Our own, Our ownson—" "But at this point his wife shut her course, have kept on indefinitely. of those advertisement writers who for breakfast foods, tinned soups and

A Difference. GEORGE ADE, at a dinner in a subtle use of words. "Use words with delicate care," all their subtle distinctions. Never instance, "when 'sight' is what you "There's no difference between "interrupted an editor. "No!" said Mr. Ade. "And yet, I passed each other on Broadway the girl I was with was a vision, who was a sight."

Slow but sure, is a good proverb. "Slow but sure," said Senator K. of the reform movements he is steadily advancing. "I believe in hitting the nail on the party, rather than hitting with the on the finger once."

The Queen of English Clubs. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT New York, was talking about the "There is something very triste, ve said, "about the really fashionable R. James's street and Piccadilly. The number quietude of these clubs, gets served. "An American visitor to White's of the place seemed to him to sug by dead upstairs."

The Coming Shock. WILLIAM M. CHASE, at the recen tures in New York, said to a rep "Yes, these are all good things, th great care. You can't comment on the one commented on the pupil's drawi "I draw what I see," the pupil said "Well, the shock will come," the when you see what you have drawn."

A Curious Proposition. LADY WARWICK, at a dinner at York, said, apropos of art: "Art is the pursuit of beauty." She smiled and added: "And from what they tell me of the Great White Way here, the pursuit of art with some people."

The President. WILLARD S. STRAIGHT, of the house, said in a recent letter from "The things that puzzle and perplex become, on closer knowledge, simple, do we perplex and puzzle the Chiname know us better. "It is like a mandarin from the far in with me the other evening. In his house very Chinese. One course consisted of quite whole, yet within them was a mushrooms, lettuce, nuts and mustard. "It puzzles me," I said to the man these things are put inside a whole egg "My guest took up an uncut magasi "But it puzzles me still more," he tress the leaves, "how you manage to here!"

The Spratts. MY NOLAND and Germany, spending armaments remind one of Mr. and The speaker was Mayor Esterbrooke He continued, with a smile: "England and Germany will arm the point of bankruptcy, to the point of im in a case of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt all over "Mr. Spratt, you know, once told his would attend a certain 'smoker,' and her's very firmly that he wouldn't. V clean acquaintance, the evening of the then, dropped in at the Spratts' to see w "The visitor found Spratt and his wife

Good Short Stories.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered from Many Sources.

Compiled for The Times.

Advertisement Manufacturers.

At a dinner in New York William Ray Gardiner, the advertising expert, scored neatly off an advertisement that had been late been rather overdone. A young couple," he began, "had been blessed with a great deal of a little son, and the wife, at dinner one day, said:

"What shall we name our darling, Jim?"
The wrinkled his brow and replied:
"Well, I submit Childa, Firstbornio, Theboi, Allourf, Ouroun, Ourounson—"
At this point his wife shut him up. He could, of course, have kept on indefinitely. You see, he was one of those advertisement writers who invent new names for breakfast foods, tinned soups and patent medicines."

At a dinner in New York, urged a further use of words.
"The words with delicate care," he said. "Observe their subtle distinctions. Never write 'vision'; for 'vision' is what you mean."
"There's no difference between 'sight' and 'vision,'" interrupted an editor.
"No," said Mr. Ade. "And yet, Billy, when you and I were each other on Broadway yesterday afternoon, I was with a vision, while the one with you was a sight."

"Slow but sure," is a good proverb, and so is "Make haste slowly," said Senator Kern, apropos of one of the reform movements he is steadily and conservatively advancing.
"I believe in hitting the nail on the head a lot of times every Saturday afternoon, and she would give him a piece of coconut layer cake. But one Saturday, as she expected company for tea, she decided not to cut the cake, and therefore none was offered to the urchin."

English Clubs.

At a dinner in New York, was talking about English clubs.
"There is something very triste, very depressing," he said, "about the really fashionable clubs of Pall Mall, Grosvenor street and Piccadilly. The stiff dignity, the quietude of these clubs, gets on an American's nerves."

An American visitor to White's once said that the place seemed to him to suggest that the King had been upstairs."

Teacher's Pupil.

At the recent sale of his pictures in New York, said to a reporter:
"These are all good things, things collected with care. You can't comment on them as the teacher commented on the pupil's drawing."
"You see what I see," the pupil said complacently.
"Well, the shock will come," the teacher answered, "when you see what you have drawn."

Conversation.

At a dinner at Sherry's in New York, said, apropos of art:
"It is the pursuit of beauty."
He smiled and added:
"And from what they tell me of the goings-on in your White Way here, the pursuit of beauty is also an art for some people."

At a recent letter from Peking:
"The things that puzzle and perplex us in the Chinese mind, on closer knowledge, simple, and so, no doubt, to perplex and puzzle the Chinaman till he gets to be better."

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chairs at the dining-room table. Spratt, you see, had put sleeping-powder in Mrs. Spratt's coffee so that he might slip away, and she had put sleeping-powder in his to prevent him from doing so."

The Laconic Laconians.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Yale's brilliant professor of English literature, was discussing, at a dinner in New Haven, the significance of words.

"Some words," he said, "have a history, and a knowledge of their history gives them a richer meaning. Take, for example, the word 'laconic.'"

"Philip of Macedon was threatening the Laconians. 'If I enter your city,' he said, 'I will level it to the dust!'"

"If," was the Laconians' reply.
"And the pointed brevity of that reply is imbedded in our word 'laconic' like a fly in amber."

For a Front.

DAVID BELASCO, at a dinner in New York, sat beside the wife of a distinguished diplomat.

"In Japan," the lady said, "we make our houses out of paper."

Mr. Belasco smiled.
"Ah, so do we, sometimes," he answered.

Took the Cake.

SENATOR SIMMONS was talking about a boom.

"I congratulated him on his boom," said the Senator, laughing, "and he appeared astonished that I knew anything of it. But I told him I had a keen nose for booms, even for little ones. I explained that I was like the New Bern urchin."

"A New Bern urchin used to call on a certain old lady every Saturday afternoon, and she would give him a piece of coconut layer cake. But one Saturday, as she expected company for tea, she decided not to cut the cake, and therefore none was offered to the urchin."

"He said plaintively, as the time came for him to go: 'I believe I smell coconut layer cake.'"

"The old lady laughed, went to the cupboard, and cut him a very tiny slice. When she gave it to him, he thanked her and said:

"But it seems strange that I could smell such a little piece, doesn't it?"

Modern Success.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, apropos of a very rich promoter whose latest company had just gone into the hands of a receiver, said with a laugh:

"Well, after all, nothing succeeds like failure."

A Different Cause.

LOUIS DISBROW, the noted automobile racer, said the other day in New York:

"Don't blame everything on the scorching automobilist. A man, one morning, was carried down Broadway on a stretcher."

"Poor fellow!" said an old lady. "Run into by one of those taxicabs, I suppose?"

"No, madam," said L. "No, madam, not this time."

"What did run into him, then?" she asked.

"Well, madam," I replied, "as near as I can judge, it was about thirty-nine glasses of mixed ale."

The Future Woman.

"WOMAN is today a parasite. But the woman of the future will work."

The speaker, Lady Warwick, was narrating her views of the suffrage question to a New York reporter. She continued:

"The parasitical woman will be extinct in a generation or two. Then a certain witticism of Lord Saye and Sele's will be unintelligible."

"Lord Saye and Sele attended recently a book dinner. At this dinner everybody had to represent some book title. Well, Lord Saye and Sele just carried on his arm a petticoat."

"He was representing, you see, Kipling's 'Life's Handicap.'"

Honest, N Uncomplimentary.

MAYOR THOMPSON of Chattanooga was condemning, at a banquet, a political faction of which he disapproved.

"They won't accomplish much," he said. "Too many interior dissensions are going on among them."

"They remind me, indeed, of the Scotch, of whom Dr. Johnson once said:

"The Scotch are very honest people, for they never say any good about one another."

It Makes Them Talk.

"ANOTHER fact against intemperance," said Dr. H. Leyton Braye, the noted physiologist, in a recent lecture in Memphis—"another fact against intemperance is the way it makes men talk."

"I was walking down the street the other afternoon when a shabby man accosted me."

"Guess you don't know me, Dr. Braye—hic!" he said.

"No," said I, coldly, "I don't know you."

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"Well," he continued, laying his paw on my shoulder, "I'm your washwoman's husband, that's who I am."

"Are you?" I said, and I shook off his too familiar paw. "Are you, indeed?"

"Yes, I am," said he, frowning. "You see, doc, you don't know everything."

"No?" said I. "What don't I know?"

"Well," he said, with a leer, "you don't know, for instance, that I've got on one of your new pink suits of spring underwear—hic."

The Probable Breadwinner.

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY of Texas was talking, at a dinner in Washington, about an impecunious nobleman.

"He is engaged to a Chicago girl," said Mr. Henry. "The girl's mother was boasting about the match at a tea."

"May," she said, "will occupy a very remarkable social position now. I am endeavoring to educate her up to it."

"Oh, I see," said a friend. "You are teaching her, I suppose, to wash and iron, to do plain sewing, address envelopes, or something of that sort?"

A Killing Joke.

MAYOR GAYNOR, at a dinner in New York, praised the humor of W. D. Howells.

"Mr. Howells's humor is always kind," he said. "We Americans are perhaps too prone to cruel humor—if, indeed, cruelty can be dignified with such a name."

"But when I think of our typical American humor, with its cruel flavor, I always remember the fireman's practical joke."

"The funniest thing about that there fire," the fireman chuckled, "was our joke on Mike. Mike stood on the roof of the burning building, waving his arms and yelling down for help, and we yelled up to him, 'Jump, Mike, jump! We'll catch you in the net!' And Mike jumped, and—ha, ha, ha!—we didn't have no net!"

Rather Absurd.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, a few days after his regrettable resignation, was talking to a Washington correspondent about an adulterated food.

"But the manufacturer says he can prove the adulteration does no harm," the correspondent ventured.

"Well," answered Dr. Wiley, with a smile, "if he tries to prove that, he'll involve himself as absurdly as the man who declared in triumph:

"Nobody can have two birthdays but a twin."

The King and the Cold Bath.

ALFONSO of Spain has written himself down in modern history as eminently athletic, so that one scarcely thinks of him as objecting to baths. Also he has proven himself so masterful that one hesitates to accept the thought that a woman's tears could move him. Yet an extract in the unpublished journals of an American physician, present at the Madrid court during the earliest weeks of the present monarch's life, shows both these things to have been then the fact.

It was the first time the attendants had tried to bathe His Majesty-to-be in cold water, and there was a scene over it. They tried to insist; he declined to put so much as his small, pink toe out of the covers of his gilded crib. At last it was thought best to appeal directly to the Queen-mother herself.

"Come, baby," said she, "if I tell you to do so, will you not take your bath?"

An obdurate silence. Not a move in relaxation of the determined little body.

"Very well, then," she continued, "I shall not compel you to do it. But I shall go to my room and cry because you will not do as I wish you to."

She turned as if to put her threat into execution, when the chubby legs came dangling over the crib's edge, while an urgent voice piped out in infantile Spanish an equivalent for: "I'll bave, I'll bave! Don't kwy, muvver."

W. J. P.

Tipping a Governor.

THE other day, as the express from Harrisburg, Pa., east-bound for Philadelphia, was making its brief stop at Coatesville, an elderly man hurried over to a porter standing by the steps of one of the Pullman coaches and offered him a letter which he wanted mailed in the Quaker City.

"Sorry I can't blige ye," came his answer. "It's agin the company rules."

"I'll mail it," said a tallish man, standing on the platform above, and the missive was handed up, with a "Thank you very much, young man"—and a quarter.

As the pleased sender turned to seek the street again a bystander touched his elbow with a smiling: "Know who it was helped you out?"

"Of course not," said the other.

"Only Gov. Tener," came the information. And the elderly gentleman is still wondering what the Chief Executive of the Keystone commonwealth did with the 25 cents.

W. J. P.

VISIONS AT VARIOUS VENUSIAN



Truly, water hath charms all of them are wet

T VARI VENUSIAN VENICE.

April 27, 1912.] 17



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Heart of Gold:

A Pen-pictured Pageant of a Californian Century.

A Story of Early Days and of Recent Times. By Myra Nye.

IV—(Continued.)

ONE monster rattler was sunning himself on a rock and four smaller snakes coiled themselves near. All were level with the saddle, on the inner side of the trail. The horse swerved. There was no room for a turn, and Joseph pulled with all his strength to the outside. Here the barrier was a precipice. The ominous sounds continued. He saw quick collings for action. He drew his gun. He fired. At the same instant the horse leaped forward. Rattle! Sting! He felt a sharp prick in his leg just above his high boot! Yet his shot had taken effect. He had hit the large snake. While he saw its torn head, he dimly perceived a smaller one slip down his boot, then glide over the edge of the precipice.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "I am stung."

The horse slipped, scrambled, slipped again. They were over the trail. The horse with his mountain training, the rider with a horseman's instinct, managed to keep upright. They fell in the loose shale, now sideways, now forward, the full length of the slope; then they reached the floor of the canyon. A forward leap had saved them from instant death. Thus they had escaped the perpendicular cliff. Once on the level the horse broke into a swift run. Joseph, though bitten and half-fainting, continued to cling to the saddle. Suddenly all grew black. He felt himself slipping. The horse continued madly to gallop down the canyon.

Only a moment he swooned, and when he opened his eyes, to his almost delighted amazement, he found himself in a rude camp. The embers of the fire were still glowing. Weakly, yet persisting, he cut from his wound the clothing. At first he endeavored to suck it. He found himself again fainting. With one last effort he dragged himself to the fire. His eyes were starting with pain. His lips were as bloodless as the gray rocks around. But here was aid, cruel aid. He did not hesitate; he inflicted self-torture. With trembling hands, yet skillfully, he buried a hot brand in his flesh. The tiny marks of the snakes' fangs became brown, blackened; a little wreath of smoke curled into the air. The odor of burnt flesh rose with it. Joseph fell backward groaning.

"Hie there, stranger! Friend or foe, hands up!"

Two trappers cracked their way through the brush of the canyon.

"Hunky-dory-do, but it is Doc Carew! I swan, he's asleep by our camp fire," said the first one as he strode forward.

"Asleep, you ninny, not much! He needs his own medicine, if I ain't badly mistaken." Jim Harris was down on his knees beside Joseph.

"You Buckles, you git busy! Hand me that there flask, quick meter."

This universal medicine soon restored Joseph.

"My, but I am lucky to strike your camp, boys. Thank you," as Buckles helped him to a sitting position.

"Well, I guess yes, or sure you'd be a goner. What bowed you, pard?"

Joseph proceeded at first weakly, then with growing strength, to tell of his encounter; putting no stress upon it. Indeed it was nothing in those days of endless danger and adventure.

"And to think you are just the man we was fetching a present for, something you said once you wanted most mightily. Hum, but it's a beautiful present."

"Thanks, boys, I am just about out of provision."

"Well, if you like the flavor of this you are welcome. Don't make a feast for us, though. We ain't fond of the carcass." Buckles chortled with glee.

"I tell you, boys, there is one thing I want more than meat just now. I want to get to my shack. I am not quite up to a night in the canyon, let alone a feast of your planning."

"All right, Doc, we can break camp now as well as tomorrow."

Carew felt little curiosity for the strange-shaped burden Jim and Buckles packed on the mule. His thoughts were taken somewhat with his pain, but more by his rescue, both from temptation and the serpent. He was sure the cauterization was effectual, and he was equally certain that the low plain of life would never appeal so strongly again.

When he had been refreshed by a supper of tortillas, jerky and coffee, his wound and bruises troubled him less. After many promptings from Jim and Buckles, he turned his attention to the gift.

"Put all your candles to burning, Doc, and git a good look at the bag." Jim grinned broadly and winked at Buckles.

"I tell you it was no easy job bagging this game. Mebbe some wouldn't think it worth the bagging; but when I saw it, I just ses to myself, ses I: 'That's just what Doc Carew has hankered after, Buckles. I'll go you to git it; and we got it.'"

While they were talking, the two men dragged a bench to the middle of the room where the best rays of light fell; and then they began to unwrap the coarse sacks that enveloped the bundle. Joseph felt no curiosity till Buckles exclaimed:

"By gosh! but this sure is spooky."

There disclosed to view, wrapped in a dirty old blanket, was outlined a corpse!

Joseph started.

"Boys, what is it?"

"A cadaver, sure—a birthday present with our compa. It's just what you have been wanting."

Joseph came nearer. He pulled down the blanket. He exposed to their gaze the face of John Harbin.

"Boys, why that is—my patient, a sick miner over by the desert. I had just come from there when you found me."

"Cheer up, old man. You needn't wonder he's dead: the rest of your trade is great on the killing."

In spite of his joking Buckles also was wondering.

"I see now. We must have cut in ahead of you when we struck the trail at Red Gulch. We'd just come in from the desert. We found this here geezer; buried. O yes; but the wind had blown the sand till he would be ripe for the buzzards. So we plucked him first, and here we are. Go to it, Doc, and let's see how you carve them."

A hundred thoughts chased each other in quick succession through Joseph's mind.

"All right; you will be surprised how I carve them. All is mine that I find. Is that a go?" He answered with no perceptible hesitation.

"Sure. Didn't I say we was doing the honors?"

The instruments they brought from the saddlebags, which the horse in his wild galloping had still brought safely home, would seem crude today. To the men looking on they were full of strange mystery.

"Buckles, you stand ready to help. Jim, you take the hand on that side; I will stay here. Do as I do. Follow me closely."

Jim gingerly held it.

"It is the circulatory system that I am studying. Maybe you will learn something of veins and what they contain."

Both men kept quiet, half-fearing, half-curious. The body was still dressed as Joseph had prepared it for burial. Hurriedly but skillfully he removed the flannel blouse. While Jim held the right hand he began at the left.

Yes, there they were! His own incisions, commencing in front of the elbow joint, were clearly discernible. The three heads bent nearer. Jim felt along the course of the cephalic vein as Joseph directed. The incisions could be traced up the arms, across the shoulder, down to the heart where careful post-mortem work had been done three days before by Joseph himself. Then he had worked slowly, painstakingly. Now he began excitedly with no anatomical skill. He inhaled deeply. Within the collapsed vein his finger searched out a tiny lump. He dipped it in a basin of water. There it lay in his palm—A BIT OF GLISTENING GOLD! He did not heed his spectators. He worked in eager abandon. At intervals he found the nuggets which became larger and larger to suit the size of the veins. At last he came to the end of its course. He found in very truth A HEART OF GOLD. Nothing but the walls remained. Four magnificent nuggets occupied the space of the auricles and ventricles. Within the pericardium, overflowing to the pleural cavity, was the remainder of the miser's hoard. Joseph secured it in the same breathless fashion. The three men gazed at one another with varying emotions.

The flickering javellins of light cast by the candles danced weirdly. All was silence, save in the distance the yapping of coyotes made more marked the men's deep breathing.

Joseph Carew did not know all his own feelings: but of one thing he was sure, he had no illusion. The gold was his own; at least till he should find his mother. He smiled oddly as he thought how the miser had exacted the promise, how now his cupidity was foiled.

He heard again, "Bury it with me, Joe; hide it, put it inside me—anywhere, so these idiots won't find it."

Then at the end, when Joseph had tried to wrest from him some decent message, his only thought of love had been for gold—this gold. With him, the miser, it had been venous, impure. The heart now had made it arterial and Joseph was determined it should be for enrichment and joy. He enjoyed his own curious metaphor; but he had little realization of its strange paralleled fulfillment. He made certain at once a reward for his helpers. He made it worth their while to plan that very night a trip to the pueblo de Los Angeles.

V.

A NEW TRAIL.

Between that valley, which now is Imperial, and Los Angeles, there was an Indian trail never blazed by Americans until Joseph Carew, Jim Harris and Buckles, some ninety years ago, started with their Indian ponies and horses one of those clear, clean mornings of early March. The nearest approach to rain in the coast region had been the ocean fogs. They did not touch the hem of the desert's dun garment of sand.

"It is just the weather for a start, boys; let's make it," Joseph said. "The rivers will be low for fording."

"Huh! Lots of rivers you'll for in this country,"

said Buckles with a shrug and a bent elbow, pointing where the eternal sweep of the sand was broken only by the mesquite and the cactus.

"We are not going East; we go westward, and I have a notion there will be rivers," Joseph persisted.

"All right, Dr. Joe, but what do we-all take?"

"Well, first of all, you won't leave those valuable furs and hides behind. It will pay you to buy ponies of the Indians and pack them all. Down by San Diego they throw the hides over the cliffs to the small boats and they are shipped around the Horn. Good money is made, too, and why not the same near this pueblo Los Angeles?"

"Sure, pard, nothin' begun, nothin' done. After trackin' miles across that God-forsaken country and escapin' the Apaches with our scalps still on our own, why we just reckon to make our pile in this easy country. The Injuns are meeker than lambs here. We'll have to take some of them for guides. I only hope that none of the Apache lions will come to lie down with them. My, but those Apaches are vampires of man blood!"

"I think there is little danger. There is only one pass where they can get through, and the Indians tell me the Apaches are not often on the warpath here, especially in the winter months."

"They'd fly across the Colorado or the Gila, either, if they smelt us; and their noses are long enough to reach from Dan to Beer-Sheba. Don't think I'll back out, though—not me—nor Jim neither. After comin' through their own land, there ain't nothin' left to be scared of. Come on, let's get busy."

They did "get busy." In three days all was ready. They were to make their start from a point near the camp of John Harbin. The old quilt under which he had died, and the high boots above which Joseph had felt the fangs of the rattler, were two of the few tangible reminders the young New Englander had of home. Both had come around the Horn, and both had seen their best days. Still Joseph clung to the best tops and made new feet of deer skin. As for the quilt, now become Persian in effect by use and soil, it was the one incongruous note in the tan and brown color-symphony of their outfit.

A picturesque figure was Joseph, dressed now in buckskin, like the trappers, and distinguished from them only by those boots and the strong grace of his body. In the friendly Cahulla village these three had been the sole aliens. Now Buckles and Jim were as anxious to push forward as was Joseph, who felt sure that in this pueblo he would rejoice to find his mother. How chary John Harbin had been of his knowledge! He was as much a miser of information as of gold, and as sordid as his life was his dying.

Joseph sat easily in his saddle gazing into the distance where huge boulders reared themselves to stem the tide of desolation from the desert. When he saw the miners' huts a strong revulsion of feeling overcame him. He was glad to be on the trail, leaving forever behind those scenes of unlovely revelation of a most unlovely character. His thought returned to his treasure, which he had with him on the saddle. He had made it secure in bags he himself had fashioned of deer skin. When he had tanned it he had no thought of its ultimate purpose; but now he felt pride in its workmanship and strength.

Buckles chose to carry his share in a bag of skunk skin. He had much to say in its making; but, as usual, Jim had been silent. With little ado upon their departure, he had pooled his treasure with Joseph's.

"I ain't no sewer of bags," he remarked simply.

With their pack animals setting the gait, Joseph estimated that at least ten days would be consumed in their journey. They had arranged most wisely for their food supply, packing jerked venison, quantities of acorn-meal cakes and tortillas. These latter were made by an old squaw who in her youth had been at the Mission San Diego. Those faraway missions were as pebbles dropped into a waiting pool. The ripples of their influence ever widened till they touched the desert.

Strange and curious was this outfit that thus started. Today its advent into Los Angeles would awaken more interest than a fiesta or a Shriner's parade. There were twelve ponies, nine of them absurdly pinto, the other three yellow like khaki. Their packs were not in cracker boxes nor even in saddlebags; but the hides were piled high, and held on securely by strips of rawhide. There were wonderful Indian baskets carelessly crammed with provisions. As for the men, most of their garments were fashioned by themselves from skins of animals.

Like a gray ribbon the trail slipped away behind them, its edge made picot by the Spanish bayonet. Always the implacable sun, always the immense, smooth silence, always the sand and the sagebrush. This terrible monotony as of long, unpunctuated sentences made the trail hard after a time. The travelers were glad for the periods of water. The infrequent water holes were the only relief in the dry, gray page of the desert. The second night found the water brackish, like the sweat of a miner's forehead; but they must drink and their water bottles must needs be replenished from the salty, disagreeable

spring. The next night they were growing where they named it at once. The growing, and still does the

The third day found the desert's aspect became these men drew closer together. Once in the fierce banner of dust hung against it, but they kept still. The rocks they passed at a few rocks. An Apache can so become, like the lizard and the landscape. He may, and distance as one of them.

That night, however, they reaching two springs instead. Joseph was ahead and had then when Juan called to him the poison.

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The next night it was better. Two palms were growing where they camped; and "Dos Palmas" they named it at once. Today the palms are still growing, and still does the spring bear that name.

The third day found them trail-hardened, habituated. The desert's aspect became malevolently vindictive; so these men drew closer together as against a common enemy. Once in the fierce heat of mid-afternoon, a banner of dust hung against the horizon. The men saw it, but they kept silent, and an hour later the rocks they passed at a few yards distant were human backs. An Apache can so conceal his swart body as to become, like the lizard and horned toad, a very part of the landscape. He may, among the yucca, appear at a distance as one of them.

That night, however, they made their camp in safety, reaching two springs instead of one as hitherto. Joseph was ahead and had thrown himself down to drink when Juan called to him that one of the springs was poison.

"Which one?" and Joseph's thirsty lips waited. A shake of Juan's head was his only answer. "You don't know?" Joseph rose from his prone position and led his horse from the spring. Returning, he said: "I'll try this one, anyway." He was thirsty enough to be indifferent.

"Let's drink together." It was Jim, whose lips were already at the water of the other spring.

"Now the rest of you will have to wait till the one of us keels," and Joseph laughed heartily. But the horses were wild for water and could not long be restrained. So by midnight all, man and beast, had assuaged their thirst. They all slept the dreamless sleep of healthy weariness; and ever after, in the Los Angeles district, Joseph and Jim were able to disprove the Indian legend of the poison spring.

Toward the close of the sixth day cactus and boulders were no longer the predominating features of the landscape. They had left the mountain passes where dignified peaks towered all about them, Taquitz and Juchita, all ages old, but many still waiting their christening. Then there was a prelude pianissimo of gentle beauties to come. The high yuccas lifted their cream cups and, inverted, they poured to the ground the bright wine of the cardinal flower. An occasional Indian lifted its wire stem from the base of a rock, while here and there the memulous grew golden.

The pack animals had ceased to go as readily as before. Jim showed weariness for the first time, and the guides' Indian file was broken and lagging. Buckles' loquaciousness was intermittent.

"Well, boys, there is no water in sight," said Joseph. "But I think we will camp right here."

"I'm agreed. We might get into trouble if we took time to reach water," Buckles looked speculative.

"What trouble? The trail was easier today."

"Yet we ain't made the miles we made yesterday."

"Why?"

"Well, there's something in the air that makes me well."

"Makes you—go on." Joseph was loosening the pack from his horse and his head was down as he slipped the rawhide strip from its leathern buckle; but his tone was insistent.

"Oh, I don't know; sometimes differ'n't, that's all," was Buckles' only explanation.

Joseph continued his task. His forebodings were confirmed. Even Buckles had felt the intangible danger in the two Indians who had walked that day through the passes instead of riding. It was the danger of automatic leadership to abject fear, which, wistfully enough, lessened their stupidity. Their fear could be felt as a presence as felt in the darkness. Joseph had seen Pablo pick from the sagebrush a warty object which was not the fruit of any vine or indigent to any soil. He made the swift resolution that he would make them tell their fears, make them talk, if that was possible.

"Jim, do you think the animals could be any way comfortable with their packs left on this one night?"

"If you say so."

"I think it is best. Loosen their girths a little, make your riding animals comfortable; then we will do something to eat and we will feel all right."

"Who says we ain't all right?" Buckles bridled.

"No one; but I want to have a talk presently with Jim and Pablo. Help me, won't you? to make them understand. But first let's get something into our stomachs."

So, contrary to the custom even of their noonings, they merely munched some tortillas and ate jerked venison uncooked. Game now was abundant, but they had no thought for its capture. The coals brought from their last camp had not been sufficiently covered; so Buckles began to gather sticks for a new fire, and Jim began to work the rubbing sticks. As he skillfully continued the correct motion and a spark was about to ignite a dry twig, a grunt from one of the Indians made him pause.

"What is it, Pablo?" asked Joseph in the patois which he had mastered in the months he had been in their village.

"No fire," was the answer.

"No fire?" Joseph repeated questioningly. "Pablo, tell me, what is it you found on the trail just after we started this noon?"

Slowly, impressively, solemnly, the Indian drew from his belt a scalp lock. He held it up so that all could see it in the day's waning light. It was small and pointed red underneath. Jim, who could recognize many different ones, the large head trophies, those of the Sioux which included the ears of the victim, knew at once this was the smallest he had ever seen. It was peculiar to the Apache, who will not touch a dead body, but takes his trophy from his victim alive.

"Well, what of it?" asked Joseph.

"Apache!"

"Apache!" Buckles repeated. Even taciturn Jim made a startled movement. They knew what "Apache" meant.

VI.

THE APACHES.

There are Indians and Indians; but the Apache is the acme of terror. Even the name means "every man's enemy." From the day of this story and long before, down to Geronimo; the Apache's malignant ferocity, physical endurance, relentless vindictiveness and unparalleled cunning is graven deep in the annals of southwestern history. Other tribes have climbed high the ladder of treachery, but the top-most round is reached only by the Apache.

"Buckles, how many go out on the warpath?"

"Two hundred, mebbly more. Most likely these are just raiders after our ponies and furs, but they don't never strike out with much less than fifty."

"Fifty to five; that's not so bad. My gun is good for fifteen, and I have a pistol, too. What's yours good for, Buckles?"

"Fifteen," was the prompt reply. Thus they boasted of guns that today would only grace a museum.

"That's thirty. Now, Jim, what will that horse pistol of yours do?"

"Well," drawled Jim, "I don't reckon you can count on more than seven and a half for me."

Joseph could have shouted that this reply showed that Jim was no more afraid than he, and for himself, he felt his blood coursing with excitement and exhilaration even before his bravery was challenged.

"I sorter think we can count on the two Indians for their share even if they ain't got no gun," said Buckles. "Apaches be hanged! They'd better look out for THEIR scalps."

Surely the tortillas were already making red corpuscles of courage.

"This is what we will do: we'll wait till it is altogether dark, then change our camp, deploy, get settled, make our plans and in the morning start—forward or backward? What do you say, boys?"

"Forward of course," Buckles was spokesman, but the other three characteristically showed hearty approval.

An hour later they were over a mile distant, their going covered by the darkness now fallen. Against an overhanging cliff they piled their most necessary equipment, spreading their bear robes in the dry bed of the arroyo, with Joseph's mare, Princess, within the semicircle with the man, and the other mounts near. The pintos, divested now of their packs, formed the unstable walls of the fort.

"Not that we will git a night attack, most likely," said Buckles, "but it's best to be ready. Their scouts seen us make our first camp. They'll signal their hand, but we'll fool them a trip, ways I."

"I hope so," said Joseph.

The myriad noises of the night were beginning. The whip-poor-will's plaintive importuning was followed by the quail's whistle. Once in the distance they heard rocks rolling, set in motion by a bear's lumbering tread. The stars burned white, and, as always in this Southland, glowed so near, it seemed one had but to reach up to pluck them from their dark meadows.

All in the camp was quiet at last. The first excitement was lessening, and Joseph was just falling to sleep when Buckles pulled his arm.

"Look! What did I tell you?" He pointed eastward. There high against the sky, pointing lance-like upward, was the peculiar signal fire of the Apache. The two Indians half-rose, and crept close within the circle.

"Ugh!" they grunted.

Joseph turned to Jim, who had not even moved.

"What do you think?"

"When they git together, they'll come on us." The answer was laconic but explicit.

"Do you think they can track us here in the dark?"

"They ain't nothin' they can't do in the trackin' and the killin' line."

"That settles it. How much time do you think before they 'git together'?"

"Mebby two hours, mebbly more."

"In one hour we will be out of here. Boys, you'll have to give up your goods."

"You mean the ponies and their loads?" Buckles asked.

"I see no other way. We've got to travel like lightning; we must leave every hindrance."

"Took me a year to git all those," Buckles's disappointment was keen.

"Well, our only hope of safety is in fast going and in keeping together."

"Let 'em go," said Buckles.

Speedily they set to work. Already a horse's whinny had emphasized the hopelessness of hiding. Joseph explained to the Indians, who hastily dug and dug deeply. In the cache they placed all the hides, the furs, and the Indian baskets. They even left most of their food. When all was covered they trampled the earth, drove the horses across, hoping thus to obliterate all traces of their work.

"Buckles, do you think you could find this place in the daytime?"

"Sure."

"A year from now?"

"Sure."

"Could you, Jim?"

"Yes."

"Good; you see that big tree over there against the sky. I'm going to bury my gold there, right at its

base. If that is what they are after, they won't get it."

"Tain't what they're after: it's the horses and us. But bury it."

"All right, we've got enough to be heavy. It can never be found except by us three. We will come back when these Apaches are back to their camps. And if—well, if it isn't mine, boys, it is yours to divide. Just you print that spot on your brains."

So while the Indians finished their task, unknown to them another cache was made. The aliso tree wrote in the purple of the sky with the ink of its branches the secret.

A much-depleted trail-train it was that went on, unincumbered by weight save of muskets, horizontal before them, pistols in holsters, bullet pouches, powder horns and a knife in each belt. Thus going, even in the night, they made through the starlight more miles than in the two previous days. They sped from the terror by night toward the arrow that flieth by noonday, never stopping till the very first rays of dawn revealed ahead of them a long stretch which seemed to be without water. As with one accord they filled their vase-like bottles of raffa, remounted, and set out at greater speed, unhindered by darkness. By full daylight they were as racers in an open valley. They were filed always by mountains to the northward. Now trailing they ran; now neck to neck, five horses bunched close. The calico ponies of the Indians showed good mettle, keeping up with the horses lately broken by Buckles and Jim. This was native country to them, and they showed that they loved it. Joseph's magnificent mare outdid them all in the ease of her running.

On they pressed, stopping neither to reconnoiter nor to eat. They reached rolling hill land that was like an ocean of gold, billowing with fairy-like blossoms, the wild mustard. It rose to their stirrups. In more rainy winters the Indians could have told of its tide rising head-high and even higher. Now no one of them had eyes for its beauty, and its hindrance fretted them, for they were as in a net.

It was mid-forenoon, and the valley had narrowed. Suddenly as if from the sky came a shower of arrows. In the cleft hill above the rocks seemed moving. Each one concealed an enemy.

"It's an ambush!" shouted Buckles.

"Break for the open," Joseph responded.

Not waiting to fire they tore through the mustard, and always about them fell arrows. Once free of the mustard, the horses like mad dashed onward, only Joseph holding back his mare; he would not outrun or desert them. Suddenly he saw Buckles sway on his horse.

"Hold steady, old man," he yelled above the wild tramping; and then came the fierce demoniacal cries of the Apaches. Joseph came abreast and repeated, with fierce insistence. "Hold steady!"

Buckles turned his head toward Joseph. His face was ashen gray in the sunlight and straight between his shoulders as though to cleave them, was buried an arrow. Joseph slowed his gallop and leaning far out of the saddle, taking the bridle from Buckles' limp fingers suited his pace to his stricken companion's. He glanced back. The Apaches were still "stringing" their bows, but the men were out of the range of the storm, and only an occasional arrow whizzed past them.

Buckles was right, it was an ambushade. What there was ahead in numbers, they could only conjecture. There was no turning back.

"Take it out!" he gasped chokingly.

But Joseph refused his assistance, giving all his attention to managing the two horses. And meantime Jim and the two Indians were lengthening the distance between the two groups. Buckles saw it and groaned.

Just then Jim looked back. Deliberately turning face to the enemy, he rode back as fast as he had fled. There was need of him; for Buckles was fainting. Only a gesture from Joseph and Jim understood. He was instantly on the other side; together they supported Buckles and kept him to his saddle. Meantime the enemy at the rear had changed position. Again came the whirl of the arrows.

"Can you hold him alone a moment?" asked Joseph.

Jim nodded and Joseph turned in his saddle. His gun was ready. He took steady aim and fired. Above the mustard, straight to the high rocks sped the bullet, ricocheted—what strange chance brought it home to a hidden victim? Joseph waited only to see an Apache tumble forward to mingle a crimson stain with the green and the gold. His swart body gleamed for a moment in the sunlight, then lay buried beneath the yellow blossoms; then Joseph turned forward.

"Just to let them know," he said. He hung the temporarily useless musket on the pommel and took his pistol from the holster. Directly he gave his attention to Buckles, who showed some signs of reviving.

Ahead of them, growing less, in the distance, they saw the two Cahuillas gallop on. As with one mind Jim and Joseph directed their course away from the easy open. With relentless spurs they forced their horses up the slopes of the hills which lay to the south of the valley. Soon they reached the recess of a small canyon where bubbled a tiny spring purling through a low fern growth. Buckles's groans again became audible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Elisberry Democrat:] A gander pulling was held at Rhineland in Montgomery county last week. The game originated in Germany.

The gander's head and neck are slicked with soap, and he is suspended between two poles, with his head down. The participants ride under at full speed, and the man who pulls down the gander gets him.

Convicts at Large Without Guards.

By Haldane George.

GOV. WEST'S WAY.

THE only honor lacking in the average criminal is that which is wrenched from him by incivility, distrust and inhumanity. Extend to a convict the courtesy, confidence and trust due him as a man and he will respond with more honor than the average person who has never seen the bars, the dungeon or the dismal gray walls of a penitentiary.

Basing his action on this bit of philosophy, Gov. Oswald West of Oregon recently threw open the barred doors of the Oregon State penitentiary and turned more than 200 convicts out into the inviting forests and fields to serve the remainder of their terms without guards, stripes, chains or stockades.

With one sweep the dungeon, the dark cell, the striped suits, the ball and chain and the gallows were wiped out as unnecessary parts of the institution and in their stead was established a unique and revolutionary honor system. Since the first wholesale liberation convicts have been added to the list as they have proven eligible, until the total number today is about 500. Honor is the only guard over fifteen convict camps which are maintained permanently in various parts of the State, in some cases many miles from the dingy walls of the prison and in all cases in the forests where the only effort required to make an escape is to leisurely disappear.

On every side are hiding places where detection by the officers would be difficult if they learned of the escape before the convict had time to reach any of the cities of the Northwest where chances for permanent escape would be good.

Out of the fifteen convict camps in which are now

records. Out of 500 convicts who have been trusted with their liberty in this way in the last fourteen months, only fifteen have broken their pledges. Of this number three have been recaptured, three are still at large and nine have returned to the prison con-



Gov. West of Oregon.

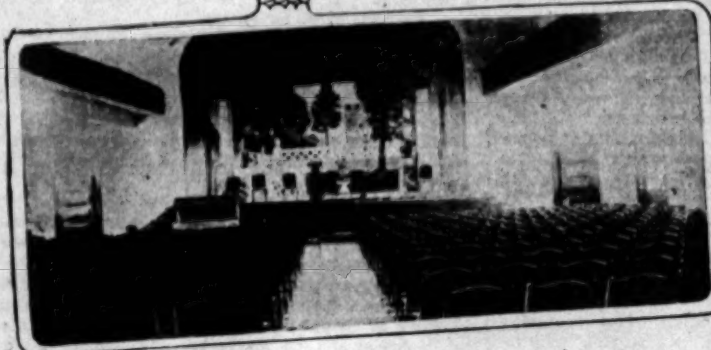
"No, you won't," answered the Governor. "Put him on the car and send him up alone. Tell him to get at the Capitol and come to my office." "But, Governor, he's one of the worst men we've got. He's a lifer. I wouldn't dare trust him out," said the warden. "I'll take the responsibility," answered the Governor.

A Bad Man's First Outing.

A short time later a tall prisoner walked out of the shoe shop where he had worked every day for eight years and proceeded doggedly to the warden's office. He was given car fare and told to go to the Governor's office. "But I'm not going alone, am I?" asked the astounded convict? "That's the Governor's orders," said the warden. Trembling with surprise, Convict No. 162 walked from the prison into the front yard, where for the first time in eight years he saw the surrounding world. He took the car and went to the Governor's office. The Governor eyed him up and down a minute, then said: "You've had a pretty hard time of it in the last eight years, haven't you?" The convict answered in the affirmative. "You have tried several times to escape, haven't you?" Again the convict nodded his head curiously. "Why didn't you escape today between the prison and here?"

The convict hesitated a minute, then said: "I'll tell you, sir. I've tried it before, but it was under different conditions. I've heard that your heart is in the right place regarding convicts, and I couldn't throw you down."

The Governor talked to him a while, then told him to go downtown and take in the sights for an hour or two and return to the prison. Two or three hours later the convict was back at the prison. Several days later he was again called to the Governor's office and



Motion-picture theater in Oregon penitentiary.



Farmers and wives giving banquet to convicts.



Unguarded convicts operating rock crusher.



Convicts in unguarded camp in forests.

about 300 men one-half are so far from the State prison that the convicts are not required to report in at night. In some cases the entire camp could desert and the officials would not know about it for two or three days. But Gov. West has too much confidence in yeggmen, burglars, holdup men, murderers and sneak thieves to believe that they would break the pledges which they make before being liberated.

The men are engaged in building roads, operating rock quarries and clearing land. For their services they are paid 25 cents a day by the State. This money can be used as the convicts see fit. At each camp one convict is hired as cook and another is appointed superintendent with the duty of requiring the other men to work and live up to their pledges. It is the duty of the superintendent to report to the prison officials any escapes. He is not, however, provided with a gun or with any authority to attempt to use force to prevent any of the convicts from escaping. There are no bars, no lockups, no stripes and no rifles at any of the camps. The men live in bunk houses and cabins the same as men in construction or mining camps.

But can such a system be successful and practical? Ask Gov. West this and he will point with pride at the

science-stricken. Gov. West says the three absent convicts will return in time. Upon these remarkable figures Gov. West bases his assertion that his "honor system," although not in conformity with modern prison ideas, is absolutely successful.

Oregon's Chief Executive introduced his system a short time after taking oath of office. At 6 o'clock one morning he appeared at the prison and requested to have breakfast with the prisoners. He said nothing, but did a great deal of observing. The convicts did not know but that he was one of them, although he wore no stripes. He went to the prison on other occasions, always taking the officials by surprise. Finally the convicts learned that the stranger was their friend the Governor.

One day the telephone bell in the warden's office rang and the warden answered. "West speaking," said the voice at the other end. "Send Convict No. 162 up to the Capitol right away, will you?" "Haven't got a guard right now, Governor," answered the warden, "but will send him up as soon as one of the boys drops in."

told that he had been chosen to go down to Portland and select machinery to enlarge the shoe shop at the prison. "The State will pay your expenses," said the Governor.

That was the beginning of the making of a man, according to Gov. West. Convict 162 selected machinery and installed an excellent factory at the prison. Later he was paroled from the prison, and is now preaching on the streets the doctrine of the Golden Rule.

Takes Them With His Confidence.

This is only one of many peculiar things which have been done at the Oregon penitentiary. Gov. West takes the convicts into his confidence. He talks to them as man to man and deals with such care that when they are liberated on their honor it means a great deal to them. They are not confronted with threats of punishment if they break their promises. The only solemnity of the promise is that made under the stress of a heart-to-heart talk with the Governor of the State. Members of a brickyard gang working under guard within the walls of the prison were recently asked to

Illustrated We

the Governor if they thought without guards. The convict decided that they could not. "I formed and the guards remain that the sole reason for the one of the guards over the paying off a mortgage on his thrown out of a position if the guards. The Governor arranged other position, and the convict decided they could be trusted. I maintained true to the promise.

A man with a long prison Gov. West than the rank and sown yeggmen find it as easy their honor as the commonest the "honor gangs" are some of crooks in the country. The Governor making good.

Approved by Oregonians.

That the West prison system favor by residents of Oregon courteous treatment of the most interesting example of the ago at Sublimity, Or., where building a road. In celebration of the Governor's birthday, the Governor's wives and daughters pre the trees and, besides inviting of the neighborhood, invited together at the same table with the women served. It was farmers showed that they were fellow-guests by posing for a picture.

Occasionally the Governor d camps and spends a few hours ing them if they are well cared doing this, confidence and trust reasonable request of a convict is tionable it is talked over can shown that he is wrong. No d by the Governor.

Some of the convicts are as tions of the State to act as a kind at the insane asylum, the minded and the old folks' home is largely made up of convicts right to select or refuse this work the Governor allowing them to quarry gangs if that work is more

Contraries to Probationers.

Within the prison walls the probation terms are extended even Within the walls a motion-picture installed and performances are The convicts raise money to rent Gov. West declares his prison is general use in the United States He says it has practically paid stage in Oregon.

"It has been demonstrated that work wonders in a prison," he never a man who has not a sense in his makeup. All it requires treatment to bring it to the surface the ordinary prison is hounded spurned, confined from the world sunshine, browbeaten and striped. When he is thrust out upon a chance he has a hard battle to have a chance ordinarily to make exceptional man. It is easy to crime. Such a system hurts rather.

"In the Oregon State penitentiary men, and not merely inflicting punishment. This can be done only by abolition of punishment. The average criminal the outside world by the police and where there is the piercing eye of a policeman at him at every turn. He is; it overthrows the man part of in the prison can have no worse display of distrust which he in world.

"Every prisoner has to serve a the walls of the prison under a serve a probation term of from years, all depending upon the length and his behavior. At the end of the to my office and I talk the 'honor' him as a man to a man, not as a He makes his solemn pledge that, vantage of his liberty if he is trusted.

"At the expiration of the convict vided with a job somewhere. I have system of giving a convict \$5 and turning him out into a world which for years. That is an infamous more to defeat the purpose of probation in the whole of the old system is provided with work when he is ally will make good. I have estimated per cent. will make good citizens if rid out."

Hazardous Work.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] "Poor total poet, is down with pneumonia can't recover."

"That's too bad. How did he get. I believe the doctors have decided exposure he suffered while he was getting inspiration and local color."

The Governor if they thought they could be trusted without guards. The convicts held a meeting and decided that they could not. The Governor was so informed and the guards remained. It was later learned that the sole reason for the action was the fact that one of the guards over the gang, an aged man, was paying off a mortgage on his home and would have been thrown out of a position if the convicts had abolished guards. The Governor arranged to give this man another position, and the convicts at another meeting decided they could be trusted. Every member has remained true to the promise.

A man with a long prison record looks no worse to Gov. West than the rankest amateur. The most renowned rogues find it as easy to get a chance to show their honor as the commonest of sneak thieves. On the "honor gangs" are some of the most widely-known crooks in the country. The Governor declares they are making good.

Continued by Oregonians.

That the West prison system is looked upon with honor by residents of Oregon is apparent from the courteous treatment of the convicts at the camps. A most interesting example of this occurred a short time ago at Sublimity, Or., where a gang of convicts was building a road. In celebration of the event the farmers' wives and daughters prepared a banquet under the trees and, besides inviting all the male inhabitants of the neighborhood, invited the convicts. All sat together at the same table with Gov. West at the head and the women served. It was a joyous affair. The farmers showed that they were not ashamed of their fellow-citizens by posing for a picture.

Occasionally the Governor drops in on the convict camps and spends a few hours talking to the men, asking them if they are well cared for and are happy. In doing this, confidence and trust are renewed. No reasonable request of a convict is denied. If it is questionable it is talked over carefully and the convict shows that he is wrong. No demand is flatly refused by the Governor.

Some of the convicts are assigned to other institutions of the State to act as attendants. Help of this kind at the insane asylum, the home for the feeble-minded and the old folks' home and other institutions is largely made up of convicts. The men have the right to select or refuse this sort of work as they desire, the Governor allowing them to join one of the road or quarry gangs if that work is more desirable.

Continued by Oregonians.

Within the prison walls the men who are serving probation terms are extended every courtesy possible. Within the walls a motion-picture theater has been installed and performances are given occasionally. The convicts raise money to rent picture films.

Gov. West declares his prison system will be in more general use in the United States within a few years. He says it has practically passed the experimental stage in Oregon.

It has been demonstrated that honor and trust will work wonders in a prison," he declares. "There is now a man who has not a sense of honor somewhere in his makeup. All it requires is the proper sort of treatment to bring it to the surface. The convict in the ordinary prison is hounded, abused, distrustful, scorned, confined from the world and the fresh air and sunshine, browbeaten and stripped of his manhood. When he is thrust out upon society after such punishment he has a hard battle to fight. He does not have a chance ordinarily to make good unless he is an exceptional man. It is easy for him to return to crime. Such a system hurts rather than benefits society."

In the Oregon State penitentiary we are making use, not merely inflicting punishment for crime. This can be done only by abolishing the old systems of punishment. The average criminal is hounded in the outside world by the police and detectives. Everywhere there is the piercing eye of the law glaring suspiciously at him at every turn. It makes him desperate; it overthrows the man part of him. The dungeon in the prison can have no worse horror to him than the display of distrust which he meets in the outside world.

Every prisoner has to serve a certain term behind the walls of the prison under my system. He must serve a probation term of from six months to two years, all depending upon the length of his sentence and his behavior. At the end of that term he is called to my office and I talk the honor proposition over to him as a man to a man, not as an officer to a felon. He makes his solemn pledge that he will not take advantage of his liberty if he is trusted.

At the expiration of the convict's term he is provided with a job somewhere. I have abolished the old system of giving a convict \$5 and a suit of clothes and turning him out into a world which he has not seen for years. That is an infamous practice, and does not serve to defeat the purpose of prisons than anything else in the whole of the old system. When a convict is provided with work when he is liberated he generally will make good. I have estimated that at least 85 per cent. will make good citizens if this system is carried out."

Hazardous Work.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] "Poor Bardsley, the passenger, is down with pneumonia and it is feared he won't recover." "That's too bad. How did he get it, I wonder?" "I believe the doctors have decided that it is due to exposure he suffered while he was out in a pasture during inspiration and local color."

"THE TIMID DON'T ATTAIN THE TOP." By Herbert Kaufman.

[Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kaufman.]

Most plans fail because they are not fought out as hard as they are thought out. Weak knees discount strong brains. The timid do not attain the top. The day will never dawn when efficiency and doubt will produce the same results as industry and daring. No form of government can guarantee to the individual more than he pledges to himself. Equality, except among those who equally persist, is a ridiculous and futile concept. A system cannot be devised to reduce humanity to a common denominator. Even with all roads open to all goals and every man privileged to rise without hindrance and without handicap, the ambitious, the eager, the dogged and the dauntless today, as in every yesterday, continue to outdistance the careless, the bigoted, the hesitating and the lazy. Demagogues may outbellow the thunder—sophists stage the most adept illusions—fools bray themselves hoarse, but this truth is invulnerable, this fact remains unalterable; superiority ever asserts itself.

Progress without a definite and traceable cause is incomprehensible.

Investigation inevitably develops a competent and logical reason for growth.

A rare prank of circumstance occasionally violates without invalidating some fixed rule of life, but 999 times in 1000 instances the man constantly at the foot of the ladder lacks the sand or the sense to mount it.

The prospect of the betterment without striving is a mirage—a dream that can't come true.

Your welfare is a personal obligation. You and you alone must be the guide, guardian and champion of your interests.

The instant you relax, the moment you

tire, the second you compromise with your ideals, somebody more determined to have what you have, or have in view, will wreck you or check you.

Yes, there are thieves and they do prey—but theft is impossible in the face of vigilance.

Of course there are swindlers—but tricksters can't deceive those who investigate before they invest.

Wrong cannot possibly flourish where it is not given a chance.

With caution, courage, self-respect, industry and will as allies who or what can withstand you?

"But," you cry, "I am physically inferior." Then seek inspiration from the examples set by blind Milton and puny Alexander Stephens, and deaf, dumb, sightless Helen Keller.

"But," you plead, "I am not educated."

Neither were Lincoln and Johnson, who tutored themselves into the White House. Nor was Franklin, the chandler's son, nor was Edison, the train butcher.

But you whine, "I lack capital." The good workman demands but tools, and you are equipped. Your mind and your hands are unimpaired. Laboring and thinking created all the capital on earth.

Figure it any way you like—you can't dodge this—you are responsible for your failures.

Search for the weak spots in your make-up and you will see fewer flaws in the scheme of creation.

Criticism, like charity, should begin at home. Depend on it, if you have deluded yourself with the idea that the world is wrong, it is only because the world found you wrong first.

Telepathist Puzzles Berlin.

[New York Sun:] A Spanish telepathist, who recalls Stuart Cumberland, a wonder worker of twenty-five years ago, is causing a sensation in Berlin. His name is Jose de Labero, he is 28, and only recently did he develop the talent which is making him famous.

He first came to notice by winning a wager with a Berlin lawyer, Herr Paul Roske, who laid long odds that Labero could not find a ring concealed somewhere in Berlin, and do this solely by the help of telepathic sensitiveness. The trial was made at 11 in the forenoon in the presence of two doctors attached to Berlin hospitals and Count Bubna, a representative of the Psychological Institute in Paris.

A committee met in Cafe Bourse and each member wrote a suggestion for the concealment of the ring and put it in a sealed envelope. One of the envelopes was then chosen by lot, and it was found that it suggested that the ring should be hidden in the Cafe Continental buffet, left-hand drawer, under a coffee cup.

Shortly after two members of the committee had left to conceal the ring Labero set out in an auto on the hunt, taking his seat beside the chauffeur, while two other members of the committee occupied the inside seats. A thin gold chain attached to Labero's wrist was held at the other end by one of the two committee-men.

The journey was quick, though interrupted at intervals by Labero's apparently losing touch with the thoughts of the committeeman who had instructions to concentrate his mind as earnestly as he could on the route to be taken and the place where the ring was concealed. After two or three false directions had been taken, presumably owing to Labero's losing contact with the thoughts of the committeeman, the Cafe Continental was reached and passed. Only for a few yards, however, for Labero called out "Wrong!" and the auto turned round and stopped it before the cafe.

Here he seemed to have no difficulty at all. He hurried into the cafe, which at this time of day was empty, made straight for the buffet, pulled out the drawer and found the ring under the coffee cup.

A second experiment was made on the return journey to the Cafe Bourse, where Labero's task was to hang the ring on the hook of the telephone receiver. This mental suggestion he carried out with such speed that the two journeys together did not take more than thirty-five minutes.

Swat the Flies.

Whether you are black or white,
Swat the flies;
Whether you are stout or slight,
Swat the flies.
Whether you are young or old,
Whether you are hot or cold,
Even if you're shy or bold,
Swat the flies.
Swat the flies where'er you go,
Swat 'em high and swat 'em low,
Give each one a stinging blow
Twixt the eyes.
Don't let one escape your aim,
Get right in the swatting game,
Swat, oh, swat, in heaven's name,
Swat the flies.

Whether you are short or tall,
Swat the flies;
Whether you are big or small,
Swat the flies.
Whether you're abroad, at home,
On the feath'ry crested foam,
Anywhere you chance to roam,
Swat the flies.
Swat the fly with all your might,
Swat him left and swat him right,
Swat him day and swat him night
Till he dies.
Kill him when he's on the run,
Shoot him with your deadly gun,
When you've killed him, ev'ry one,
There'll be flies.

—[Joe Cone, in New York Sun.]

Royal Horse Decorations.

[Pall Mall Gazette:] The King, who last season inaugurated the custom of riding in Hyde Park of a morning, which no sovereign has done since early Victorian days, is, unlike most sailors, a very good horseman. The horses of the royal family are usually distinguished by scarlet forehead bands, and it is on record that his late Majesty was greatly amazed on noticing one morning that a certain financier and his daughters had adorned their horses' heads with the royal scarlet. The very next day it was seen that the Prince and his daughters had replaced the scarlet forehead bands by plain black leather.

Running Down the Moonshiners.

By Carolyn Cross.

UNCLE SAM "ON THE JOB."

THE making of spurious currency is not the only form of counterfeiting for which that astute old gentleman, Uncle Sam, has his "eye peeled" day and night. Through his Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington he is ever on the alert to detect fraud in the manufacture and selling of butter and oleomargarine, playing cards, tobacco and whisky, and to stamp out completely the illicit use of opium. Over 4000 agents of this bureau, scattered all over the country, find it no small portion of their daily duties to run down this twentieth century "moonshining" of the above mentioned articles.

With headquarters in the Treasury Department at Washington Royal E. Cabell, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, directs his forces in their regular task of collecting the revenue tax from breweries and dis-

"mash," while through vents and tubes to the outer air there are carried the sharp, penetrating odors of rye, bourbon and fruit brandies. The "still" itself is large enough to be rated as of "commercial size" and is capable of turning out more high grade whisky or brandy than are many of the "moonshine" stills of the South. It is complete, with mash tubs, drainers and "worms" and is in use practically all the time.

Following the frequently expressed desire of the bureau to put the inspection and regulation of distilleries all over the country on a strictly scientific basis, the "still" was installed. Co-operating with the large and reputable distilleries, the government distillers work out formulas used by the former, for the purpose of ascertaining exactly what sort of whisky or spirits should be produced under similar circumstances anywhere.

If, for example, it is suspected that a certain distillery is not making its product according to the law

liquors made in this country are obtained are kept on hand and very nearly any sort of liquor can be made on short notice.

Studies Their Tricks.

Occasionally Uncle Sam perpetrates, for his own enlightenment, some of the "tricks" that others attempt to deceive him with. One of them—common but interesting—is that of artificially "aging" liquors in a few minutes. Legitimately "aged," a whisky must stand in wood for a number of years; thus does it obtain its rich color and "tang." In the experiment, fixed proportions of raw alcohol and water are mixed to form a strong whisky. To this is added a tiny bit of caramel coloring, practically the same as the burnt-sugar caramel used to color and flavor cakes, soups and gravies. The transformation is wonderful.

Instead of the perfectly colorless alcohol and water there is now a perfectly colored whisky, the depth of the coloring, or the "age," depending upon the amount of "color" used. This is the method generally in vogue for making the far-famed "squirrel" whisky, two drunks of which are guaranteed to make a man climb trees.

"Sometimes, unusual letters of complaint reach the bureau," said Commissioner Cabell. "Only the other day a cowboy in the Southwest wrote an indignant letter stating that, although he had always heretofore found a certain well-known brand of whisky fully capable of producing the desired results, he had just returned from a little jamboree during which the above said fuel had failed to start the usual conflagration, despite numerous and faithful plyings of the bottle. The whisky did not have its customary 'tang,' he stated, so he examined the bottle to see if the contents had been tampered with. Sure enough, there was a ring in the bottom where someone had cut out the glass, refilled the bottle with cheap stuff and then cemented the bottom together again!

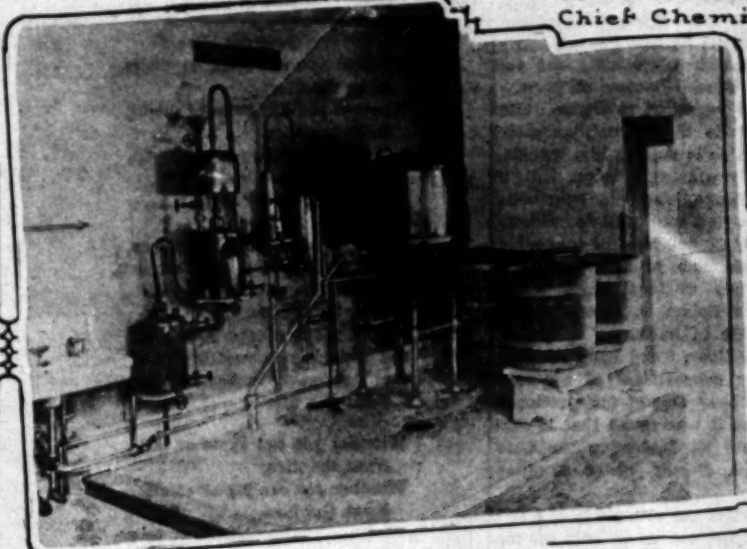
"He asked that a stop be put to such practices and offered to forward the bottle to Washington so that we might see for ourselves. But he is not the only one to imagine that the circle in the glass of the bottom of the average whisky bottle used for 'bottled in bond' spirits is put there by unscrupulous dealers who hope thereby to cheat the government out of revenue and the purchaser out of the brand he thinks he's buying. Many bottles have been forwarded to us as evidence that the 'bonded' contents have been removed and cheaper liquor substituted without breaking the revenue stamp. That such a practice would not be advantageous—even though the cutting and re-fitting of the glass could be done perfectly—is quite evident after a moment's reflection.



Royall E. Cabell.



A. B. Adams,
for thirteen years
Chief Chemist.



Experimental distilling in Treasury Dept.



A "moon shine" still and revenue officers who seized it.

tilleries and, through them, also reaches out to crush those who attempt to evade the payment of that tax. Some idea of the scope and value of the work of the bureau may be gained from the fact that the regular collections for the past fiscal year amounted to over \$322,500,000. And every now and then items in the daily papers tell of the arrest and conviction of people who thought they could successfully make and dispose of "process" butter, playing cards and "moonshine" whisky or sell opium to unfortunates who seek solace in its stupefying fumes.

The better to deal with the largest phase of the work Uncle Sam has installed in the Treasury building a "still" and has gone in for "moonshining" himself. There, too, are chemical laboratories in which efficient government employees work diligently on the various problems of fermentation and distilling. They are studying the problems of the liquor manufacturer from his own standpoint and also to be prepared for the presumptuous distiller who may labor under the delusion that he can "fool the government." Experts in the scientific making of all kinds of liquors, they work out their chemical tests surrounded by a wilderness of tubes, pipettes and bottles.

Here there simmers in large tubs every form of

which governs it, regarding its "proof" etc., the report of the inspector at the distillery is taken and the exact kind of liquor which should be made from the "mash" used there is duplicated at the laboratory in Washington. The result of the distillation in the suspected distillery is then watched. If it does not conform to that made in Uncle Sam's "still," the product is seized, for either the distillation is improperly done or the distiller is "crooked." Perhaps he is employing some means to raise his "proof" without giving the government the proportionate revenue. In this way watch is kept upon every distillery in the country and the work of any distiller is liable to be checked up at any time.

The man directly in charge of this important work is Arthur B. Adams, chief chemist of the laboratory, who has, perhaps, as wide a knowledge of fermentation as any man in the country. He has been identified with every move in the advancement of the work of the laboratory which is now regarded as one of the most valuable of any run by the government. In addition to this larger "still" there are two smaller ones which are used for experimental purposes. Quantities of every kind of grain and fruit from which distilled

After the genuine bonded liquor has been removed from the bottle in that fashion, the recreant can gain nothing for, granting that he can refill the bottle with cheap whisky and put the bottom back in—he still has the original quart of whisky! And to sell this he must again pay the regular revenue tax upon it! In other words, for every quart of cheap whisky he sells in that way, he finds himself with a corresponding quantity of good liquor on his hands—and it isn't easy to find one willing to take a chance on buying unlabeled whisky. So, it seems, about all left for him to do is to drink it himself!

Dangerous Work.

The most picturesque and dangerous part of the work of the revenue officers is the breaking up of "moonshine" stills in the mountains of such States as Alabama, North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. But it is scarcely the most important, especially, for even the combined output of all these "stills" is far, far less than that of even a few of the large distilleries should they "run crooked" for a short time—this, of course, in terms of revenue loss.

Illustrated

The majority of the than a coffee-pot or a k. Four hours to turn out their product is called. located along waterco they all burn wood. In materially in running tected, the "moonshiner though a decade ago had in the mountainous tucky.

Occasionally, very la so very long ago one w seized in the North Car Virginia line. Its own licensed distillery that mends task of hauling tain roads—in such a w exciting in the extreme.

Once a "still" is raid it completely. The "et pierced with a thousand sible. The "worm"—the water as to condense the is backed and broken b the most difficult of all. The "still" itself is sold turned into the treasury partly distilled stock is e the "moonshiners" them year 24.1 "moonshine at only 923 registered dist prevalence of the practice at least. The majority upon "coffee-pot stills" of the total output of liquor large.

Butter Frauds.

The so-called adulterat Uncle Sam's conservator trouble. According to the ing of "process" butter, must not run more than 1 thrifty "process" butter be as heavy as possible, material; so, in many c weight by treating it in a huge quantity of milk adulterated butter are test Treasury, and not a few these violations.

Lately, the "moonshin come decidedly common. one-fourth of 1 per cent, pe or uncolored, also. Upon colored with a harmless make it resemble the rich of 10 cents per pound is b ence in the revenue tax—a simple vegetable oil to "moonshining." The reven a large quantity of the plain of course. Then he took room, or cellar, was carefu know what his left hand do mized up the "butter." Th and the absence of expensive addi'tion to the material pre caused much of it to be d.

The revenue agents found difficult to root out these o frankly admit that the "oleo frequently violated than any. Contrary to the habits of the "oleo moonshiner" flourish raids made in several of the splinter their way through and this, too, in respectab moonshiner" cunningly cho better to conceal his work.

The method of selling the simple as it is difficult to dealer buys a few tubs or fir orded oleo and takes out a oleomargarine. He sells fr fills it discreetly, from time has colored himself—and th turbing the original revenue has been held that so long tub it is not "empty," the deal in the act of re-filling to b agents in the field have fou obtain evidence sufficiently conviction.

Revenue inspectors in var are continually sending sam garine to the laboratories in order to determine wheth they were obtained while "moonshiner." Mr. Cabell, e pteatedly recommended that so that a more nominal levy rate, be made for all grades of temptation to "moonshine" t

Caught in a Trick.

"Recently, while on a trip Dr. A. B. Adams, the chief ch a large market near a butter A typical boarding-house land and inquired the price of b genuine butter that day—so He quoted the artificially col pound higher than the uncol reached beneath his counter an

The majority of these illicit "stills" are no larger than a coffee-pot or a kettle and require a full twenty-four hours to turn out a gallon of raw "white mule," as their product is called. Practically all of them must be located along watercourses in order to operate; and they all burn wood. Both these facts aid the officers materially in running them down. Nowadays, once detected, the "moonshiner" offers little if any resistance, though a decade ago many desperate encounters were had in the mountainous regions of Tennessee and Kentucky.

Occasionally, very large "stills" are captured. Not so very long ago one with a capacity of 500 gallons was seized in the North Carolina mountains near the West Virginia line. Its owner had purchased it from a licensed distillery that went out of business. The tremendous task of hauling the huge affair up the mountain roads—in such a way as to avoid suspicion—was exciting in the extreme.

Once a "still" is raided, the revenue officers demolish it completely. The "kettle" is chopped with axes and pierced with a thousand holes so that repair is impossible. The "worm"—the coiled tube so set in cold water as to condense the vapor that passes through it—is hacked and broken beyond all recognition, for it is the most difficult of all parts of the "still" to obtain. The "still" itself is sold as old copper and the proceeds turned into the treasury. Of course the "mash" and partly distilled stock is emptied out on the ground and the "moonshiners" themselves arrested. During the past year 24,1 "moonshine stills" were raided. There are only 923 registered distilleries in the country, so the prevalence of the practice is obvious in point of numbers at least. The majority of these raids, however, were upon "coffee-pot stills" of very indifferent capacity, so the total output of liquor from them could not have been large.

Butter Frauds.

The so-called adulterations of butter have also given Uncle Sam's conservators in the bureau considerable trouble. According to the statutes governing the making of "process" butter, the percentage of moisture must not run more than 13 per cent. of its weight. The thrifty "process" butter maker desires that his product be as heavy as possible, without the addition of more material; so, in many cases, he tries to increase its weight by treating it in such a manner that it absorbs a huge quantity of milk or water. Many samples of adulterated butter are tested in the laboratories in the Treasury, and not a few arrests and fines have followed these violations.

Lately, the "moonshining" of oleomargarine has become decidedly common. According to law, a tax of one-fourth of 1 per cent. per pound is levied upon white, or uncolored, oleo. Upon that which has been slightly colored with a harmless vegetable coloring matter to make it resemble the rich yellow of real butter, a tax of 10 cents per pound is levied. This enormous difference in the revenue tax—all because of the addition of a simple vegetable oil to the oleo—promptly led to "moonshining." The revenue dodger simply purchased a large quantity of the plain oleo, paying the smaller tax of course. Then he took it to the privacy of his own room, or cellar, was careful to let not his right hand know what his left hand doeth, poured in the color and mixed up the "butter." The simplicity of this process and the absence of expensive and tell-tale apparatus, in addition to the material profits to be had by such work caused much of it to be done.

The revenue agents found, and still find, it extremely difficult to root out these offenders and many of them frankly admit that the "oleomargarine laws" are more frequently violated than any which the bureau enforces. Contrary to the habits of the whisky "moonshiner," the "oleo moonshiner" flourishes in the large cities. In raids made in several of them the officers have had to splinter their way through barred doors and windows; and this, too, in respectable localities, for the "oleo moonshiner" cunningly chose such surroundings the better to conceal his work.

The method of selling this "moonshine oleo" is as simple as it is difficult to detect. The so-disposed dealer buys a few tubs or firkins of the artificially colored oleo and takes out a license to deal in colored oleomargarine. He sells from one of the tubs but refills it discreetly, from time to time, with oleo that he has colored himself—and this, mind you, without disturbing the original revenue stamp on the tub! Since it has been held that so long as there is any oleo in the tub it is not "empty," the dealer must be actually caught in the act of re-filling to be apprehended. And the agents in the field have found it extremely difficult to obtain evidence sufficiently conclusive to obtain a conviction.

Revenue inspectors in various parts of the country are continually sending samples of suspected oleomargarine to the laboratories in Washington for testing, in order to determine whether the dealer from whom they were obtained shall be watched as a possible "moonshiner." Mr. Cabell, the commissioner, has repeatedly recommended that the present tax be revised so that a more nominal levy of 2 cents per pound, flat rate, be made for all grades of oleo, thus minimizing the temptation to "moonshine" the coloring matter into it.

Caught in a Trick.

"Recently, while on a trip through the South," said Dr. A. B. Adams, the chief chemist, "I was standing in a large market near a butter and oleomargarine stand. A typical boarding-house landlady approached the dealer and inquired the price of butter. It was high—on genuine butter that day—so she soon turned to oleo. He quoted the artificially colored oleo at 10 cents per pound higher than the uncolored, of course. Then he reached beneath his counter and brought to light a small

bottle of some sort of oil. Lowering his voice, he told her she could buy the plain oleo and color it herself.

"Though he spoke very low I was able to follow the progress he described to her. Presently she bought several pounds of white oleo, and I saw him put a small bottle of the coloring matter in the package he handed her. And as he rang up the sale I noticed that he had charged her a few cents additional for the coloring. If the woman used the color and then placed the oleo upon her table she is no doubt guilty of a technical violation of the law. Needless to state, that dealer is being carefully watched and, in all probability, he will eventually be caught in the act of coloring oleomargarine.

"Concerning the adulteration of butter," continued Dr. Adams, "I recall a dealer in New York who paid a lawyer a handsome fee for an opinion as to whether he could be held for putting more than the 15.99 per cent. of water in creamery butter. The barrister gave the matter due thought and told him he could not. So the dealer then bought up about 5000 pounds of butter that already contained 5 per cent. more water than was legal. He added certain chemicals—which every druggist knows will cause a fat to absorb a vast amount of water—and "re-worked" the butter at a certain temperature in water and milk.

"By careful manipulation, he induced the butter to take on 40 per cent. of its weight in water and then put it on the market. The fraud was not discovered until the shifty dealer had disposed of most of his renovated wares. Then several of our inspectors secured a sample, sent it to the laboratory here for analysis, received our report and arrested the dealer. His little trick cost him \$1000 in penalties.

"If more than 15.99 per cent. of water is found in butter it is legally known as 'adulterated butter' and, to escape punishment, the maker or dealer must label the butter as such—and pay a tax of 10 cents per pound upon it. If people wish to purchase it then, of course, there is no way to prevent them from doing so. In one case a while ago the percentage of water in the butter seized for examination ran as high as 65 per cent. of its gross weight. It seemed then a serious question as to whether the mass should be labeled 'adulterated butter' or 'adulterated water.'"

Tobacco Product.

The laws regarding the making of tobacco products are so well enforced that but few violations have been reported in a long time. The inspectors, however, are always on the alert and, from time to time, minor offenders are caught. The same may be said of the illicit mansions on Fifth avenue. Frequently, it is smeared on since practically all of them are made in a few large establishments where the operations are under control. But few attempts are made to put cards on the market without paying the revenue tax of 2 cents per pack. There are, however, some unusual form of cards submitted to the law division of the bureau for opinions as to their taxability.

The insidious importation of opium is one of the most difficult violations of law with which the Internal Revenue Bureau has to deal. The lengths to which the victims of the opium habit will go to satisfy their craving is exemplified by the many attempts to import clandestinely and so avoid the prohibition upon it. In a small safe in the Treasury Department, guarded almost as though it were pure gold, is a collection of thousands of dollars worth of the drug that has been seized in the peculiar boxes in which it is smuggled into the country to be smoked.

Prepared opium is of the consistency of thick molasses, or heavy tar, and is dark brown in color, like the former. It comes in tin boxes weighing about a pound, and is so expensive in this country that enough for "a pipe," smeared on the back of a playing card, costs 50 cents. Even this small quantity of the poison is sufficient to put the victim to building castles in Spain and mansions on Fifth avenue. Frequently, it is smeared on the back of a card, and offered for sale in the attempt to distribute it to those who crave it.

The "Pipe Sort."

The greater bulk of the opium imported into the country gets by the customs authorities as a compound of the juice of the poppy to be used "for medicinal or scientific purposes." Many of these compounds so closely resemble that used for opium smoking that they require only a very simple chemical treatment to change them into the "pipe" sort. The real weakness in the opium laws is to be found, many in authority claim, in the fact that there are no means at present provided by which opium, once past the custom houses, may be traced and its final disposition ascertained. The bureau has, however, made a number of seizures of complete plants where operations upon legally imported opium derivatives to change them to the smoking kind have been in full blast.

The customary form in which the drug is lawfully imported is the raw opium gum, which is the dried poppy juice, just as it is collected from the plant, leaves and dirt often being found in it. Sometimes large pellets of clay are pressed into it to increase its weight. To make smoking opium from this, the gum is soaked in water until it is dissolved, leaving the residue of dirt. Then the water is allowed to evaporate until the sticky, evil-smelling, smoking opium is left. The process is very simple and practically no outfit is required. Only the other week the revenue agents ran down an opium plant in a large eastern city where, it was found, the Chinamen were using an ordinary tea kettle on a kitchen range in a back room to dry the opium down to the proper thickness. The opium makers are not even fair to their poor customers, for they nearly always use the cleanings from the opium pipes, moistened and mixed in with the new opium and offered for sale again. The saving here is evident when it is recalled

that the price of the raw gum is \$3 per pound, duty paid.

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Forest Waste in China.

[Chicago Tribune:] "China's life-sapping famine, in which millions are suffering, is largely traceable to the wasting of the forests. One of the most horrible tragedies of the world might have been prevented by the careful use of these resources," said President John T. Proctor of the Baptist College at Shanghai in explaining the causes for the great famine in China.

"China's hills and mountains are deforested. This is particularly true in the hilly country drained by the Yangtze River, whose valley comprises the stricken district. The river brings the soil down with it. That is the reason why we have the Yellow Sea. For 300 miles out from land the ocean is discolored by the silt brought down by the Yangtze. The hills are washed bare of soil. There is some hunting in these hills, but the animals live among the brush. For want of better fuel the natives burn this brush.

"Last August the Yangtze overflowed and flooded about 40,000 acres of densely populated territory. This flood placed a population of 3,000,000 in want. In fifty years there has not been such another flood. Some of the victims have been drowned out for two consecutive years, some three years, some four years. They not only have lost food, they have lost hope.

"Much of the land that was inundated is at sea level. It is drained by the most intricate system of canals in the world. I know of one city of 30,000 which is surrounded by canals. There are no roads to it, because a road could not go half a mile without touching a canal. There are not even footpaths. The people make their way to and from the city in boats. This is their only means of communication.

"Lack of transportation facilities is another cause of the famine. It costs too much to carry food on men's shoulders. I know a province where rice costs twice as much in the West of it as in the East. But the cost of transportation between the two points made up the difference.

"Chicago can ship food to the famine district quicker and cheaper than the food can be transported from Western China. Chicago is actually nearer the district than a great many places in the empire."

A Sculptor's Mistake.

[London Globe:] A sculptor's adventure during the taxi strike is told by a Paris contemporary. The artist is renowned for his resourcefulness and his humor. Overtaken by a downpour of rain near dinner time, he took refuge in a doorway.

There was no taxi to be obtained, the flaccid that passed were full, and there was no prospect of the rain abating. At the moment a gentleman passed, well dressed and carrying a large umbrella. The sculptor saw his opportunity, shook hands with the stranger and installed himself under the umbrella. It was a coincidence that they should have met; he had been looking out for his acquaintance for the past fortnight. He talked incessantly about a hypothetical family and other matters until they reached the studio.

Then the sculptor discovered his mistake and apologized. The apology was accepted coldly so the man with the umbrella was invited to inspect the studio. He declined and bade "au revoir." The sculptor entertained his family with the ruse. The member remarked that his tie was disordered. He put up his hand. His pin was missing. So were his watch and his purse.

The Band.

On the corner, close at hand,
Hark! the little German band.

What it is they seek to play
I am not prepared to say.

Is it some quite modern tune,
Or an ancient, far-off rune?

What the melody may be
Makes no difference to me.

Tout ensemble seemed so raw,
Thought I to invoke the law—

That which makes it to combine
Trustfully, an act malign.

But when tuba and trombone
Went their several ways alone,

When the cornet and the bass
Spurred sedately through the race,

I with much reluctance saw
They were quite outside the law!

Uncombined, combined they stood,
Trustless, though a brotherhood!

Toot on, my Teutonic friends,
While the welkin frays and bends.

Sip th' inevitable stein;
Next oblige with "Wacht am Rhein."

Then, your duty fully done,
Follow the retreating sun.

Reckless not you leave me—ah!
Peace—and shattered tympani!

—[Maurice Morris, in New York Sun.]

When a Man Elopes.

By G. A. Denmen.

The Very Unusual Love Story of Nicholas Herrick.

NICHOLAS HERRICK was one of the few men who know how to take a vacation. One reason was that vacations did not come to him very often. After college days were over he had thrown himself into the breach to save his father's business, for the old man's gradually weakening mind was getting things into a sad tangle. The clouded mind finally went out in darkness, and behold Nick, at the buoyant age of twenty-seven, harnessed and blitted to the making of high grade wrapping papers. He did not like it, not a bit, except for a wholesome joy in work. Deep down in his heart he cherished a secret longing for big spaces, open skies and the buffeting of wind and weather. In the distance—surely every day's work was bringing it nearer—there was a moment when his name on a check below a row of four figures would mean a thousand acres, a herd of lean, long-horned cattle.

This dream added zest to each day's output of high-grade papers. Nick worked, when he worked, with a whole-hearted, happy zeal which brought a ready response from the men under him. And how he could play when he played. Of late it had been long between play times, and he hailed Mr. Jack Werner's invitation for the week end, after he had made sure he could accept it, with more than his customary enthusiasm. As he threw a few things into a suit case he had only two regrets in life; one was his name, a perpetual grievance; the other was that his sandy hair would curl about his forehead, in spite of determined daily sessions with soap, water and military brushes.

The train was panting impatiently on its appointed track as Nick, suit case in hand, hurried down the platform to the ticket office. A dozen petty interruptions had conspired to detain him, but he forgot them all as he caught up the ticket and sprinted across the track. The colored porter helped him up the steps of the last car and grinned sympathetically.

"Pretty close thing, sah," he said with the professional good-nature that marks the beginning of a run. "You-all come mighty nigh to takin' the next train."

Nick laughed the laugh of a happy boy. With his foot at last on the moving train, he had plunged fathoms deep into his holiday mood. "It's a mighty good thing I didn't miss this train, porter," he said joyously.

The porter, seeing the light in his face, felt an unaccountable lift of his own spirits. He, too, was glad that this jolly young gentleman had caught his train. His pockets felt suddenly warm and full, as if bulging with generous tips. It was just these holiday moods that helped to fill them.

"Yes," said Nick again, impressively, "it's mighty good for me that I DIDN'T MISS THIS TRAIN!"

He emphasized the words with his knuckles in the region of the porter's buttons. The porter immediately doubled up in a most undignified fashion and gurgled: "Yes, sah."

Nick looked at him earnestly, and because this was the first fellow-being he had talked with since his holiday began, he could not resist the impulse to make him a safety valve for the overflowing joy that possessed his soul. To go into the car and sit down quietly in a seat was at that moment impossible to him.

"Porter," he said with a solemnity that would have warned any one who knew him, "this is a very important—I may say, the all-important hour of my life."

"Yes, sah," answered the porter, the natural cavity which was his mouth opening to receive this information.

"Yes," went on Nick, fairly started, "this is the all-important hour of my life because—because—" Again he emphasized the words with his knuckles.

"Yes, sah," gasped the porter.

"Because"—Nick was well under way now—"there is somebody going to catch this train at One Hundred and Fifty-third street whom I wouldn't miss for my life—not for my life, porter."

"Oh, sah," The natural cavity expanded into an interested grin. "A lady, sah."

"A lady, certainly," The suggestion impressed Nick as a good one. He began to be interested himself. "She has light hair and brown eyes—ah, porter, just the right kind of eyes, all dreamy and soft, you know."

"Yes, sah," said the porter reminiscently. "I know."

"Porter, suppose—just suppose I had missed this train?"

"Oh, sah!" murmured the porter, aghast at such a thought.

"You see," Nick went on in huge enjoyment, "it's like this; her folks don't know she's coming."

The porter's eyes rolled until only the whites showed. He put a finger against his lips. "Sh-sh-sh!" he said. "Is you-all gwine ter elope?" he breathed.

Nick nodded in a delight that robbed him of speech. He put a finger against his lips. "Sh-sh-sh!" he said solemnly.

The porter glanced carefully around and imitated Nick's gesture. "You can trust this nigger, sah. Nobody ain't goin' to know about nothin' from me."

Nick turned to the door. He was feeling better, much better. The first violent joy of liberty, a joy so keen that it was pain, had been worked off on the unsuspecting dandy. He felt that he could now go in and

sit down. He turned for a backward glance. The porter was gazing after him in admiration; his teeth showed in a smile of alarming proportions. It was plain that he regarded Nick in the light of a hero. Nick could not resist a finishing touch.

"Any little attention you could show the lady, porter," he said, thrusting his hand into his pocket. "She'll be alone, you know, and perhaps a bit frightened. I'm not to join her until the end of the trip."

"Yes, sah, suttently, sah." The porter's hand advanced with a gentle motion.

"Remember, then—light hair and those dreamy brown eyes—"

The quick transfer of coin from one hand to the other completed the sentence. Nick put his finger to his lips once more, and favored the porter with a knowing wink. The black man's fingers closed over the coins, his left eyelid drooped in imitation of Nick's. Then Nick stepped into the car and closed the door.

The train stopped only a moment at One Hundred and Fifty-third street, and the three or four passengers who were waiting for it scrambled on with haste.

Edith Lambert clutched at the rail as the quick forward pull of the engine was communicated from car to car. Then she felt a supporting hand slipped under her arm and an unctuous voice, full of the South, spoke into her ear.

"This way, Miss. I knows where there's just the right seat for you—kinder quiet-like, where folks won't notice much."

She glanced up. The porter stood beside her, cap in hand. His teeth gleamed in a smile of utmost friendliness, there was something soothing and protecting in his manner which was grateful to her tired nerves. She wondered a little as she followed him down the aisle to the secluded seat of his promise. She watched him place her suit case beside her, adjust her window, and produce a soft cushion from somewhere. What an unusual specimen of his kind, she thought, and how did he know she wanted a secluded nook to hide her weedy self and meditate on the unpromising future? Then she ceased to question as she sank back against the cushion and closed her eyes.

When she opened them again the train was leaving the city streets behind and running out into the open country. The porter stood beside her again. It was his coming that had aroused her. In his hand he held a long box, unmistakably a florist's box, and he beamed down at her like a dusky guardian spirit.

"These was brought on at the last station, Miss," he said, "and I knowed of course that they was meant for you."

The girl took the box wonderingly, and exclaimed with delight as she lifted the cover and inhaled the perfume of the American Beauty roses that lay inside.

"For me?" she asked in astonishment. Then she took up the wrapper. "Why, this says Miss Katharine Gorman. There's some mistake. My name is—"

A warning sound issued from the porter's lips. "They ain't no use of names, Miss. He knows it's wiser not to say nothin' 'bout names. Miss Katharine Gorman! He, he, he's a clever one, he is. The roses is for you all right, Miss." Then leaning over in a pretense of removing the string and paper he said close to her ear: "He's here, Miss, car nine, just ahead."

The girl drew away from him in some alarm. "What do you mean?" she demanded. But he gathered up the paper and string and started down the aisle. A deep inward chuckle shook his shoulders.

"You'd best leave it to him, Miss. He's a powerful clever gent he is." Still chuckling he reached the door.

She looked after him in bewilderment and some alarm. Was the man crazy? Her fingers touched the cool petals of the roses, and she looked down at them. Their fragrance and beauty enthralled her senses with a subtle suggestion of romance and poetry. Her life had been singularly barren of both; she was going now to face hard, new realities. Perhaps that was why the touch of the velvet petals seemed to lie cool and soft against her heart, with an appeal that she could not resist. A sudden feeling swept over her of warmth and protection. She ceased to wonder how they came there, her eyes dreamed, her lips smiled.

"For you, Miss."

The porter's unctuous voice spoke again at her elbow.

She looked up with a start to find him standing once more beside her with another box of different size. She realized that the train was pulling out of a second station. This box was smaller in shape, and the silver cord that tied it gave promise of some kind of choice confectionery.

She took it from his hand with growing bewilderment and a vague excitement. Her lifted glance encountered that of a motherly looking woman in the opposite seat. The woman smiled at her; it was an interested and knowing smile. Her daughter, a girl of 15, leaned forward to stare curiously.

Miss Lambert, fingering at the cord, stopped suddenly as she caught sight of a card tucked under it. "Miss Katharine Gorman, car ten," she read. She turned to the porter. "Porter, there is some mistake," she said decidedly. "This box is for some one else. I cannot take it."

She held it out to him, but he backed away, a

rumble of laughter showing the intensity of his enjoyment.

"Law, Miss, don't you be afraid to take it. He suttently is a joker, Miss—a born joker. That there box is yours, all right."

Her ineffectual protest died away as he disappeared down the aisle. Bewilderment overpowered her. Was it a dream that in her lap lay beautiful velvet roses, and a box of choice confections, lavished upon her by some unknown giver of gifts, about whom everybody but herself seemed well informed? She looked up to find herself the focus of a dozen curious glances. She shrank back, feeling as if the pitiful little dream in which she had indulged herself for a moment must have been mirrored in her face for all the world to see. She turned quickly away toward the window, staring out into the gray afternoon. Something slipped from the bunch of roses and fell at her feet. She stooped and picked it up. It was a note. Hardly conscious of her act, and quite forgetting that the name on the florist's box had not been her own, she opened it and read:

"Dearest:—If the flowers tell you that I am thinking of you, they speak nothing but truth. You are in my thoughts day and night. Only an hour or two now, and I shall tell you in person all that the roses have tried to express. Yours always."

The girl slipped the note back into its envelope. Then she turned and stared out of the window with eyes that saw nothing.

In a seat at the further end of the car another girl, whose initials on her elaborate traveling bag were K. G., watched the door of the car impatiently. Her face flushed and her foot tapped the floor as she waited after station glided by and that for which she waited did not arrive.

Nick sat at ease in the smoking-room. He had eaten lunch, he was enjoying a good cigar. His overflowing enthusiasm had settled down into a comfortable sense of extreme well-being. All at once he was aware that the porter stood beside him.

"Well, well, here's my old friend again," Nick said, removing his eyes from the sunset.

The fellow's grin took on an intensity of meaning.

"I thought, sah," he murmured with head bent close, "as how you might like to know she's gettin' on all right, sah. I'm takin' the finest kind o' keer o' her."

"What?" questioned Nick.

"The lady, sah, with them dreamy eyes, sah."

"What?" said Nick, sitting up.

The dandy's face wrinkled into a spasm of mirth. "Lord, sah, you's a great joker, you suttently is. You ain't forgot about that young lady what was to get on at One Hundred and Fifty-third street, sah?"

Nick sprang to his feet. "Why, you black idiot, you don't mean to say—"

The porters' frame shook with a renewed spasm. "Lord, sah, you-all don't need ter be afraid of me. That's what I told the young lady, sah. I put her in seat seven, car ten, I brung her the roses and the candy all straight. I suttently had took good keer o' her, sah."

His eye grew wistful, his glance wandered toward Nick's pocket.

Nick grasped at the back of his seat; he seemed bereft of speech.

Somebody called the porter from outside. He leaned close for a farewell word. "Excuse me, sah, but you suttently does know how to pick 'em. Them brown eyes is sure dreamy. She's a powerful good looker, sah."

He hurried away to answer the call.

Nick sank back in his seat, his mind a chaos of her rifying impressions. A young lady had apparently boarded the train at One Hundred and Fifty-third street. The officious dandy had apparently taken Nick's wild statements for truth, and approached her—Nick groaned aloud. Confound his senseless tongue that must babble idiotic rot just because he felt happy! Some innocent girl was at that moment in car ten, seat seven, the object of mystifying and unwelcome attentions, the center of curious gossip, for the porter's name was calculated to spread the fiction broadcast.

Nick felt his forehead grow wet, he had a sick, agonized sensation at his stomach. One thing was certain, he must go to car ten, seat seven, and offer some sort of explanation.

He struggled to his unwilling feet, then stopped. A new thought had come to him. "Roses—candy—" he murmured. Were there other complications worse than those of which he knew? He put his hand to his bewildered head for a moment, then summoned all his resolution and walked quickly out of the smoker.

He was crossing the swaying platform of car nine when the porter's last vaguely remembered words suddenly took on meaning. "She suttently is a good looker, sah." Nick would not have been a man if his heart had not given a quick extra beat.

Miss Lambert was still looking out of the window. Her cheeks were still flushed with a delicate excitement she would not have acknowledged even to her own heart. She had such a few chance moments for dream among the insistent commonplace of her life—and this dream had begun with roses, velvety red roses.

"I beg your pardon," said a halting voice beside her. Miss Lambert turned with a start. She saw a tall

tellow standing by her side, fell on his face and blundered in a sort of halo, which is bewildering way to see a man.

"You don't know me, of—but—may I sit down beside you?" There was a frank quality instinctively trusted. She moved at him, and he sat down.

"Those are the yes, sure almost caught himself saying had described to the porter in his fancy, riding beside him beneath the open sky. Look found it in his heart to say. He moved to interpose his hand and the frankly curious glances. She still waiting for upward, trusting glance he

"Hang my stupidity!" he hate to tell you what a fool

Without stopping to take growing panic at his heart—the whole story. When it watched her changing face her equally swift resentment, thing that hurt him cruelly from her face, leaving it very small, tired sigh, like a girl him to a helpless pause and tion.

"I don't suppose you can said, moving restlessly because repentance.

A laugh interrupted him, as as a bird call on a sunny morning in astonishment.

"After all, how—how delicate Nick's lips twitched in a double dared to indulge in mirth, before his restraint flew to the winds, with and overflowed hers.

"How you must have felt was she said.

"I did!" he exclaimed. His a paean for the gracious fullness of the shut-in, get-rich-quick.

"You see, by force of circumstance of the shut-in, get-rich-quick.

A little holiday it goes to my The brown eyes were looking expression that took his breath homesick longing that made up don't like that—the shut-in part

Two

TESTED BY

"I WON'T admit," the color there is a test ready made who claims he can do a what he is not. Sometimes I think I don't know; but, anyway, I can't two men were put to that was a man could face.

"Back in the years when I was son on his ranch in the Dakota friends come from the East to see him. And in order to get right that two men, Shepard and a name Wedstrom, and, of course, were in the party. She was one friendly sort of girls that every some day for a wife, and might have, too.

"Lamson told me to look out could, and you can bet that I was in a jiffy just how the land lay Wedstrom were dead in love with point where in the old days they out to the finish. She seemed to and I got mighty interested to see in the end.

"They came and went. Some with her, sometimes another. And began to be troubled. It is no small up in such a case. The rest of course, knew what was up, and out of bothering her. But I couldn't like it; and one day she thought it wasn't right to have fun

"Once in a while she used to know I enjoyed those rides as much though, of course, I was not in it. But she seemed to find it sort of along with me, and I gathered that hand you may be sure.

"Once she said to me: 'Merton, I hard time deciding something that fluence your whole life, and you there didn't seem to be any way do—what would you do?'

"I can see her now, looking out from with the rims cut off so that the her hair up. Her eyes were big and

yellow standing by her seat. The yellow sunset light fell on his face and blinded her, so that she saw him in a sort of halo, which is a very unusual and rather bewildering way to see a man.

"You don't know me, of course," went on the voice, "but may I sit down beside you for a moment?"

There was a frank quality in the voice that she instinctively trusted. She moved over a little, looking up at him, and he sat down.

"These are the yes, sure enough," thought Nick. He almost caught himself saying it aloud. The face he had described to the porter was the face he had seen in his fancy, riding beside him over the broad spaces, beneath the open sky. Looking down at this girl he found it in his heart to excuse the porter's mistake. He moved to interpose his broad shoulders between her and the frankly curious glances of his fellow-passengers. She still waiting for him to speak. Before that upward, trusting glance he found no words.

"Hang my stupidity!" he broke out at last. "I do hate to tell you what a fool I've been."

Without stopping to take breath or to let the growing panic at his heart master him, he poured out the whole story. When it was all told and he had watched her changing face mirror her swift surprise, her equally swift resentment, there had followed something that hurt him cruelly. The color had faded from her face, leaving it very white, and she gave a small, tired sigh, like a grieved child. This brought him to a helpless pause and a very agony of contrition.

"I don't suppose you can possibly forgive me," he said, moving restlessly because of the keenness of his repentance.

A laugh interrupted him, a laugh as clear and merry as a bird call on a sunny morning. He looked at her in astonishment.

"After all, how—how deliciously funny!" she gasped. Nick's lips twitched in a doubtful smile, as if he hardly dared to indulge in mirth, being still unforgiven. Then his restraint flew to the winds, and his laughter mingled with and overflowed hers.

"How you must have felt when you discovered me!" she said.

"I did!" he exclaimed. His heart was singing her a psalm for the gracious fullness of her understanding. "You see, by force of circumstances I have to be one of the shut-in, get-rich-quickers. When I'm let loose for a little holiday it goes to my head."

The brown eyes were looking at him now with an expression that took his breath. They spoke all the homesick longing that made up his daily battle. "You don't like that—the shut-in part. I can understand."

A swift momentary vision came to Nick. She was galloping beside him over the windy plain—their horses were running neck and neck. Just ahead were the lights of home. He knew that his visions of wide horizons would hereafter embrace two.

The train was coming to a stop. The conductor hurried through the car, a whistle blew, a bell rang. Nick woke up.

"Ordway Junction! Why, this is where I make myself scarce." Then he turned to her in comical dismay. "Why—this doesn't mean that I lose you, does it? I must see you again!"

"Considering that our acquaintance is only an hour old—"

"What does time matter? I have known you always—"

Her face had lost its brightness; it wore now an expression he felt sure was no stranger to it, a worn, patient look. He felt a swift pang to see it there, a wish to drive it away forever.

"I get off here, too," she said quietly.

His spirits gave a swift bound. "You do!" he exclaimed joyously. "There can't be any such stupendous luck as that you are one of Mrs. Werner's house party."

"No," she said, "I'm not one of the house party."

"At any rate, I'll see you," he persisted.

She shook her head. "Hardly, I think. I have come here to be governess in one of the Junction families."

"So that's it," thought Nick. "I'll see you all the same, unless you forbid it," he said decidedly—"and I'm sure you won't be so cruel as that."

"Ordway Junction," called the conductor, thrusting his head in at the door.

Nick jumped to his feet. "Are these your things?" he asked, gathering up the roses. "They'll send a carriage for you, of course. I'll see you to it."

She looked at the box of roses hesitatingly. "Oh, those—" she began. Then she shut her lips firmly over some swift emotion, and followed him from the car.

A young fellow with a dark eager face brushed by them and hurried up the aisle to the further end. He held out his hands to the tall girl who had risen to her feet.

"Katharine!" he exclaimed. Then in a lower tone: "I hope you forgave the flowers and candy. It was kiddish, I know, but I wanted to make you think of me."

The young lady's rather aloof expression changed. "Flowers—candy?" she repeated. They were advancing down the aisle now. As she spoke her glance fell

upon a box in seat seven—a box tied with silver cord. Underneath the cord was a card, and it said in unmistakable characters: "Miss Katherine Gorman." She caught a glimpse through the window of Nick piloting Miss Lambert through an interested crowd of fellow-passengers, the center of the group being the grinning porter.

Nick took his place in the motor car in the highest spirits. He found Miss Gorman and the dark young man in the seat beside him, and expressed his pleasure at learning that she was to be one of the house party. He had always admired her in the distant, respectful way her beauty seemed to demand. He quite failed to notice the added frigidity of her manner to him as the car conveyed them to the Werner home. He was not too absorbed in joyous thoughts, however, to notice a runabout drawn up in the shadow of the steps. Out of it was descending a slight figure at sight of which his heart fell to beating a lively tattoo. He leaped from the car as it slowed up, and ran across to her. "It's the Werner kids she is to teach," he said to himself. "Poor little girl."

Mrs. Werner was standing at the door as they ascended the steps. Beside her stood Miss Gorman, and in the midst of Nick's murmured words to the shrinking girl, they heard her voice distinctly.

"The young woman with Mr. Herrick—your new governess! Oh, my dear, are you quite sure what you are doing? Everybody thought them eloping—I believe he said as much—my roses and candy in her seat."

Mrs. Werner stepped forward quickly.

"Nick, what have you done!" she exclaimed to him in consternation. Then she turned to the girl. "I am sorry, Miss Lambert, but on reflection I find that must have my children under the charge of an older woman. William will take you to the hotel for the night. Of course I will pay your fare back to the city and all other expenses."

Nick stepped forward. His head was up, his hand found and firmly clasped that of the shrinking girl beside him.

"There is some mistake here," he said brusquely. "Miss Lambert is the young lady I am going to marry. I will take her to the hotel."

"Coming events cast their shadows before," said Nick an hour later in the hotel parlor. "We were in the hand of Fate. What use to try to escape what is written in the stars?"

Though her lips gave him no promise, he laughed joyously, for in the dreamy brown eyes was the light he had waiting to see.

Two Men and an Uncertain Maid.

By Arthur W. Peach.

TESTED BY FIRE.

"I WON'T admit," the colonel was saying, "that there is a test ready somewhere for every man who claims he can do a thing or pretends to be what he is not. Sometimes I think there is, sometimes I don't know; but, anyway, I can tell you of a test that two men were put to that was the last and final thing a man could face."

"Back in the years when I was working for old Lamson on his ranch in the Dakotas he had a party of friends come from the East to spend a few months with him. And in order to get right into the story, I'll say that two men, Shepard and a kind of foreign chap by the name Wedstrom, and, of course, a girl—Gladys Gregg—were in the party. She was one of those bright-haired, blondest sort of girls that every man dreams of having one day for a wife, and mighty few get—lucky, perhaps, too."

"Lamson told me to look out for her as far as I could, and you can bet that I was willing. Well, I saw a jiffy just how the land lay. Both Shepard and Wedstrom were dead in love with her—almost to the point where in the old days they would have fought it out to the finish. She seemed to have no preference, and I got mighty interested to see who was to win out in the end."

"They came and went. Sometimes one would be with her, sometimes another. And I could see that she was to be troubled. It is no small trick to even things up in such a case. The rest of the eastern folks, of course, knew what was up, and they got a lot of fun out of bothering her. But I could see, too, that she didn't like it; and one day she said to me that she thought it wasn't right to have fun over such things."

"Once in a while she used to slide away with me. I know I enjoyed those rides as much as a man could, though, of course, I was not in the game with them. But she seemed to find it sort of comforting to talk along with me, and I gathered the whole lay of the land you may be sure."

"Once she said to me: 'Merton, if you were having a hard time deciding something that you knew would influence your whole life, and you were not sure, and there didn't seem to be any way to tell just what to do—what would you do?'"

"I can see her now, looking out from under the Stetson with the rims cut off so that the wind wouldn't blow her hair up. Her eyes were big and serious with ques-

tion. And you can see it was a mighty hard question to answer."

"Well," said I, "I should wait and be sure—wait until something turned up to make me sure."

"It wasn't an answer that was very hefty with wisdom, but she saw what I was driving at, I guess, for she rode along thoughtful for some distance, then said: 'Well, I will wait and see if something doesn't turn up.'"

"Then things went on. I knew she was holding them both off in order to be sure. One day there was a mix-up in the matter of dates. They had been in the habit of going out with her certain afternoons, and this afternoon there was some sort of a change that made them both claim that day. They were down to the corral getting their ponies, and I certainly thought there would be a duel there, but she appeared on the scene and settled immediate hostilities by asking them both to go with her. They rode off in the direction of the big flats."

"The rest of the story I gathered later on, but I won't tell you from whom yet."

"Their idea was to ride down to the old creek, which had been dry for a good many years, then switch around and cut wide for home again."

"They made the creek, then turned out on the big flats for home. They hadn't gone many miles, and were taking the long slope down to the ranch in the bottom, when their horses began to act funny. They had never been on the plains enough to know what was up until they caught the smoke and the roar. Then they knew a prairie fire was on their track."

"Shepard galloped back to the ridge in order to look back; and when he returned his face was all they needed. The first word was 'Ride!' And ride they did as best they knew how. But a plain fire backed by a breeze doing the many-mile-a-minute racket is a good chaser. Shepard rode beside her, and Wedstrom a little way off on the other side. As things were going, they had a fair chance to make the old creek bottom."

"But here was where fate took a hand in the game. They were sweeping down the slope as fast as they could ride; the fire mounted the ridge and swept down after them. There is no way of describing it, and a man who hasn't been within earshot of a big one doesn't know what it is."

"The flats at the lower end of the slope were full of dog holes, and they went into them. Her horse went over in that kind of caving-in way that a horseman knows, and the girl went into the dirt. Luckily it was soft, and she got up. But there was the question: three people and two horses."

"Shepard saw that there was no chance the way the fire was coming for two to ride one of the horses, for

they were pretty well pumped. So he said that she was to ride one of theirs, and one of them would have to stay—and—"

"The girl was dazed, but she must have known what was going on—I know she did. Wedstrom never peeped, but edged off and glanced back at the fire, and started."

"It was up to Shepard. She wouldn't mount the horse, but Shepard lifted her bodily to the saddle. It was a mighty funny place, but she leaned over and kissed him. He hit the horse, and away she went."

The colonel fingered the cold bowl of his pipe. "It was a hell of a place for a man to die. Imagine yourself there—if you can. It—"

One of his listeners spoke up. "Come, colonel, wasn't there any way—how'd it end?"

The colonel smiled. "Well, old Lamson had sent me out to find them; he got word that a big fire was traveling this way. I met them on their way to the bottom. She begged me as only a woman in agony can beg that I save him. I had White Star, a big gray, with me. I had picked him up where we had tethered him in a good stretch of grass near the creek bottom. So I decided to take one—big—chance."

"When I reached Shepard in that little time the fire was almost on him. I found him sitting beside the horse, which he had shot—smoking a cigarette."

"Time? Say! that big gray and my Rex were the fastest in the corral, and they were given wings by fright, but that flame burned every hair off Rex's tail and scorched my back so that I didn't wear a shirt for weeks. But we got out."

"How did it end? Easy guessing. She signs her name: Snepard, not Wedstrom. 'There isn't a bigger test in the world than the one Shepard took. I can see him yet, quietly smoking. Yes, I reckon he won in the final test—which was sure a fiery one.'"

A Polyglot Playwright.

[Le Cri de Paris:] M. Dario Niccodemi is a citizen of the world. He was born in Italy. He was reared in the Argentine Republic, where he was initiated in Spanish culture. He wrote his first play in the language of Cervantes. It was produced at Buenos Ayres and was called "La Duda" (The Doubt).

Soon after that an Italian actress in South America offered a prize for an acceptable play in her mother tongue. M. Niccodemi took the prize with his play "Per la Vita." He soon afterward wrote "L'Hirondelle" (The Swallow) in French and it is played at Brussels. At Paris he began his work by translating and adapting the English play "Raffles."

The City and the House Beautiful. Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

By Ernest Branton.

Growing Tulips.

METHODS THAT HAVE PROVED SUCCESSFUL IN LOS ANGELES.

HORTICULTURISTS visiting Holland bring back tales of how "Dutch bulbs" are grown for the world in the land reclaimed from the Zuyder Zee. The soil is sandy, superb in drainage and naturally poor, but proper handling has made it a rich one. After reading of the Holland methods, the writer has this year produced tulips that are second to none, some being more than two feet in height and very robust with large flowers. The method of care is herein given in the hope that some who have given up hope may be able to grow these beautiful flowers to a satisfying degree of excellence. Many other lots have been visited that are very fine, where the care and culture has been very similar to that followed by the writer.

The two strong points in growing good tulips are deep planting and plenty of water. To provide good drainage (a supposed essential) the writer dug out a bed to the depth of eighteen inches, mixing the soil with some sand and one-fourth horse manure that contained a large per cent. of planing-mill shavings, used for bedding. This was replaced and trodden down until within six inches of the surface. Then a mixture was made of one-half good garden loam, one-fourth sand, and one-fourth pulverized sheep manure. The soil was smoothed on the bottom of the bed, one inch of this special soil placed evenly over the surface, the tulip bulbs placed upon it and the balance of the special soil placed on top.

Southern California for some years past and he is therefore in a position to speak authoritatively. When the population of the place is considered it must have been evident to all visitors that this late flower show has not been surpassed in excellence by any held in this section of the State. The one held in Pasadena just a week previously was the best ever held there, also; but Pasadena had far more and far richer gardens to draw material from. May each year bring greater success to both events.

Desert Lawns and Streets.

ON DESERT lands within the State of California there is no better lawn cover obtainable than Lippia repens. It makes a close, thick cover that will stand more abuse than any other lawn tried in California. When in bloom it is not more handsome than the foliage stage, for the flowers are of a poor shade of pink. Though this plant roots at every node or joint, it is a surface rooting plant and makes no underground runners. It is not, therefore, hard to eradicate, consequently it does not become a serious pest as is the case with Bermuda grass.

Up to the present time the favorite shade tree for desert regions is the cottonwood. These are grown from cuttings from male or staminate trees, as the female or pistillate trees bear the "cotton" which makes such a litter at times. Many streets and roadsides are planted by setting or driving live posts of cottonwood. After being cut to proper lengths the posts are placed in a reservoir of water and allowed to float about until roots start, when they are planted, well-watered and in



UNDER THE GIANT OAK AT GRIFFITH PARK.

After being wetted down it was about six inches from the surface to bottom of tulip bulbs. A little ridge of earth was placed around the bed so that when given a liberal watering the water could stand two inches deep before soaking down, which latter it did very rapidly. Then three inches of fresh stable manure was placed on top for a mulch and the bed was heavily watered, when no rain fell, twice each week. The tulips so produced were second to none in local gardens. They were all singles, of the Gesneriana type. Those in one bed inspected that were especially fine were placed the same depth as herein noted, in almost pure adobe, covered with four inches of manure and kept well watered. Lack of drainage did not seem to affect them adversely. To sum up, the two chief points are deep planting and heavy watering.

Eastern Ideas in Western Gardens.

EVERY year hundreds of dollars are lost to residents of Los Angeles through sending East for plants and seeds unsuited to our climate. The loss from eastern gardening in western gardens is still greater. Aside from the fact that ours is the most pleasant climate in all the world and many things grow prodigiously here, Southern California is really a hard climate to garden in up to a high standard. While our winter climate is damp, our summers are very dry and garden requirements must be lived up to very strictly. If we are to get as good flowers of many sorts as are produced in Eastern States with a minimum of care. South African and Australian plants should be chosen in preference to those native to our Eastern States or to Europe.

A Splendid Exhibit.

THE second annual flower and plant exhibit held by the Sierra Madre Woman's Club a couple of weeks ago, assisted by all the citizens of that charming little city, discounted the fondest dreams of the most expectant. It has been the writer's pleasure and privilege to act as a judge at nearly all the flower shows held in

a short time become a living fence, providing shady roads and lanes in sections where shade in summer has an unusually heavy value. Planted by itself, in a deep, loose, damp soil the cottonwood finally grows to a large and handsome tree. Where a deciduous tree of rapid growth is needed it has no superior.

"A Yosemite Flora."

THE above title belongs to a little book that really fills that much-mooted "long-felt want," one that every visitor to the Yosemite Valley should carry if he be a nature-lover; also if he is not, for he will rapidly develop into one after entering this great natural wonderland.

The title page of this useful little volume tells the whole story of its use and field: "A descriptive account of the ferns and flowering plants, including the trees,



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of the Yosemite National Park their identification; designed the Sierra Madre Mountains, assistant professor of botany in California, and Carotta Case Hall, plates and 170 figures in the publishers, San Francisco. 1912

The richness of the Yosemite species described and to this the grasses, rushes and sedges the book. The name of the author of the value and interest of the book. The name of the author of the value and interest of the book. The name of the author of the value and interest of the book.

is a author of several limited and cultivated plants, being garden plants of any botanist therefore takes up the task of pathetic appreciation of the plant book heretofore published in California and scientific will meet widespread approval than this which will be carried into the lands.

Liquid Fertilizer.

WHERE one has room in a house, a small, old-fashioned liquid fertilizer, nothing better. Fill a barrel with water, put in a sack of manure, or even well-rotted horse manure, and in a few days it will be ready for use. It is used, again fill with water, need no dilution. Still a third and the sack of manure given a

stout stick. The contents of the splendid mulch, or a "soil-opener" or close soils. Be careful to use (or weak) and often. Such fine cover are now in use that not much by is applied, but for some purposes flowers—it is still unsurpassed.

Propagating Carnations.

THE propagation of carnations for the amateur, the wait for the discouraging phase. A box of clean foundation needed, and if this little trouble will be found. The plants are best. Those on the stems being poor in comparison. Earlier that are taken from plants blossoming process. It would be next lot of young plants if those are taken be not allowed to bloom. Cuttings at least three inches long, with stem. The cuttings should be made with a dry cloth; you will quickly get the best of this latter precaution.

Orchard Windbreaks.

AN. W. WISHES the writer's opinion material for a tall windbreak in orchard and garden; one that will reach distance into the orchard.

Among orange growers the eucalyptus but wholly by reason of their rapidity effectiveness without soil robbery no found than the Monterey cypress; no requires so little of the orchard plan some also it is most effective of all

of the Yosemite National Park; with simple keys for identification; designed to be useful throughout the Sierra Madre Mountains, by Harvey Monroe Hall, assistant professor of botany in the University of California, and Carlotta Case Hall. Illustrated with eleven plates and 176 figures in the text. Paul Elder & Co., publishers, San Francisco. 1912.

The richness of the Yosemite flora is indicated by 950 species described and to this number must be added the grasses, rushes and sedges which are omitted from the book. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee of the value and interest of this flora. The writer enjoys a personal acquaintance with him and has found him a true nature-lover, not merely a scientific plant collector and botanist. He has covered every part of California and knows our native plants as few know them. He is the author of several illustrated works on both native and cultivated plants, being the best posted on our garden plants of any botanist the writer has met. He therefore takes up the task of writing with a sympathetic appreciation of the plant student's needs. No book heretofore published in California at once practical and scientific will meet with a more popular and widespread approval than this pocket field botany, which will be carried into the Yosemite by the thousands.

WHERE one has room in the garden some distance from the house, he may still use the good, old-fashioned liquid fertilizer, than which there is nothing better. Fill a barrel nearly up to the top with water, put in a sack filled with cow or sheep manure, or even well-rotted horse manure. In a few days it will be ready for use—well diluted. When all is used, again fill with water and this time it may need no dilution. Still a third time it may be filled and the sack of manure given a good churning with a

the force of the wind and may easily be pruned to take up little space above.

Budding Avocado.

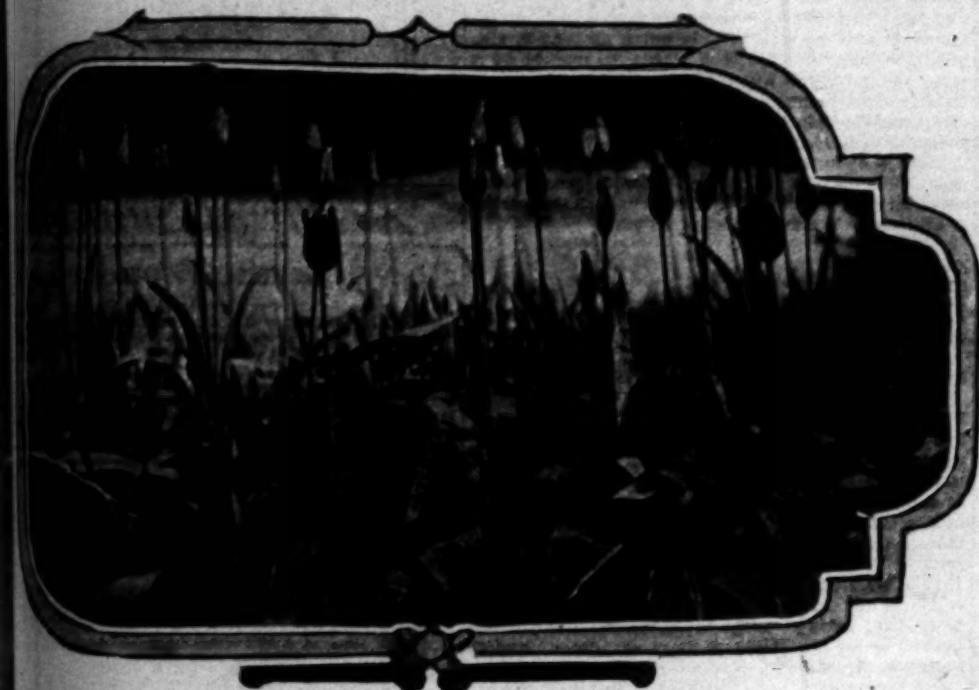
A FANCIER of tropical fruits wishes to know when to bud avocados; if it may be done now. F. E. Higgins, Hawaiian horticulturist, says one may bud any time the bark will slip. So says F. W. Popenoe, a local authority, but he recommends November as the best month. The writer knows of one successful grower who has many November buds growing but was putting in some only last week. The budding stocks should be a half-inch in diameter but by reason of the active demand for budded trees many bud them when but a quarter-inch at the base.

The Native Tan-bark Oak.

FROM Santa Barbara northward to Oregon grows a handsome and distinct oak that should find a place, occasionally, in our larger gardens. So unlike all other oaks is it that many botanists place it in the genus *Parsonsia* instead of in *Quercus*, the true oaks. It occupies a place about midway between the oaks in general and the chestnuts, the foliage being very chestnut-like, and the acorns being somewhat burr-like. The flowers are also more like those of the chestnut than those of other species of oak.

The Kingdom of Flowers.

WE HAVE generally given Japan or at least the Japanese credit for being the greatest flower-lovers, inhabiting a country of flowers. Not until of late have white men been allowed to traverse the interior of China and so we have known little of its people or plants. Now we are beginning to learn that China is really the Flowery Kingdom, and a wonderful one too. Uncle Sam is constantly sending plant collectors to



TULIP BUDS TWO FEET HIGH.

and stick. The contents of the sack will still make a splendid mulch, or a "soil-opener" to dig into heavy or dense soils. Be careful to use liquid manure little (or weak) and often. Such fine commercial fertilizers are now in use that not much by the old liquid method is applied, but for some purposes—forcing outdoor flowers—it is still unsurpassed.

Propagating Carnations.

ALL propagation of carnations is not a hard job for the amateur, the wait for results being the most discouraging phase. A box of clean sharp sand is the foundation needed, and if this box is easily drained the trouble will be found. The shoots at the base of the plants are best. Those on or near the flower stems being poor in comparison. Those are also inferior that are taken from plants exhausted by the flowering process. It would be far better for the most lot of young plants if those from which cuttings are taken be not allowed to bloom at all. Take cuttings of at least three inches long, with one inch of clean stem. The cuttings should be made with a very sharp knife and the blade should occasionally be wiped clean with a dry cloth; you will quickly perceive the necessity of this latter precaution.

Windbreaks.

W. W. WISHES the writer's opinion as to the best material for a tall windbreak about a little home orchard and garden; one that will rob the soil for the most distance into the orchard.

Among orange growers the eucalypts are most used, not only by reason of their rapidity of growth. For why I have gone about in London so freely and taken so few precautions. My answer is that my life now is of little consequence, for there are plenty to take my place. Ten years ago, if I had been assassinated

China and they are as constantly sending us new plants of good commercial value.

Perils Passed by Sun Yat Sen.

I could tell many stories connected with the rewards placed upon my head, says Sun Yat Sen in his "Reminiscences" in the April Strand. Once I was kept in one house six weeks without stirring from my room. At another time I was living with a fisherman in a small cabin on the outskirts of Canton, when I was told that two soldiers had been ordered to take their place in a little grove near by and shoot me on sight. I was made aware of the danger and kept in the house for two days. Then I was told that the two soldiers themselves had been shot.

But in a way my most extraordinary experience was in Canton, when two young officials came themselves to capture me. I was in my room at night and in my shirt sleeves, reading and looking over my papers. The two men opened the door. They had a dozen soldiers outside. When I saw them I calmly took up one of the sacred books and began to read aloud. They listened for a time, and after a while one of them spoke, and asked a question. I answered it, and they asked me others. Then ensued a long argument, and I stated my case and the case of the thousands who thought as I did at full length, as well as I could. At the end of two hours the two men went away, and I heard them saying in the street: "That is not the man we want. He is a good man, and spends his life healing the sick."

I estimate that the rewards upon my head once amounted altogether to not less than 700,000 taels (\$500,000). In these circumstances, I have been asked why I have gone about in London so freely and taken so few precautions. My answer is that my life now is of little consequence, for there are plenty to take my place. Ten years ago, if I had been assassinated

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or carried back to China for execution, the cause would have suffered. Now the organization I have spent so many years in bringing about is complete.

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By Our Regular Contributors.

The Cup Runneth Not Over.

THE farmers own about one-third of the property values of the United States—about \$40,991,449,000 in farms and farm property, but not including farm animals and crops. The total expenditures of the Federal government for 1911 were \$964,085,554. Of these disbursements the Department of Agriculture expended but \$17,666,228, about one million less than the expenditures of the Department of Commerce and Labor. From this \$17,000,000 we may deduct \$9,502,054 disbursed by the forest service, for meat inspection and for the Weather Bureau's service. This leaves only \$7,664,174 properly chargeable to and directly used in the promotion of our agricultural industries which total one-third of the national wealth and perhaps two-thirds of the nation's financial and industrial solidity.

In the above figures are not included the reclamation fund of over \$7,000,000, which is devoted to increasing the opportunities for farming. But the reclamation fund is not contributed from funds raised from customs, internal revenue or any other source involving taxation of the public-at-large. The fund, all but about \$1,000,000, came from the sale of public lands, and at that it is but loaned to the farmer-investors in reclaimed lands. Neither is the postal service fund of special service to the farmer, though it must be admitted that rural free delivery is, and that that arm of the service is the most expensive and least profitable to the postal revenues. Rural free delivery, however, is of such stupendous value to the commercial and other-than-farming industrial interests of the country that even rural delivery is not a gratuity to country people. Again, the postal revenues in 1911 exceeded the cost of all postal services by \$219,000, if we exclude the cost of the Postoffice Department administration. Thus, no taxes upon the public were laid to sustain rural mail delivery, unless without it we might have had cheaper postage, and the farmers then would buy their share of lesser stamps.

It is in no spirit of grudge or discontent that the farmers claim disproportion between the \$10,000,000 (at the outside figures) spent to promote agriculture and the nearly \$1,000,000,000 totally disbursed by the government in 1911. Two leading factors are evident in this determination. First, the farmers pay in taxes and tariffs more than their share in sustaining the necessary cost of government; second, their avocation contributes immensely more than any other business toward the stability and prosperity of our financial, industrial and social institutions. These lend both moral obligation and business expediency to the claims of agriculture for greater recognition in governmental appropriations; these remove the farmers' claims for assistance from the category of paternalism. In other forms it is true that agriculture provides opportunity for the financial betterment of every inhabitant of the Republic and at the same time does not afford opportunity for the special enrichment of its votaries.

With these facts and arguments to sustain their claims for greater agricultural appropriations, with the knowledge that such assistance is not an expense but an investment for the entire American people, even those not engaged in cultivating the soil should be foremost in asking that scientific research, broad demonstration tariff protection and all other helpful influences to a greater and better production of agricultural crops be vouchsafed to the farmers of our country. It is easier to determine the fact that our agricultural appropriations are grossly out of proportion than it is to determine what a just proportion would be. A blind man can see that the total expenditures of our government should not be 964 times as much as the expenditures devoted to an industry that is piling up every year an additional value of \$2,000,000,000 to Uncle Sam's financial resources—and that without fair proportional profit accruing to the use of this vast investment.

The Walnut Market.

MORE than ten years ago I discussed the walnut selling business, advising the growers that their co-operative organization did not carry far enough and trying to induce them to establish their own selling agencies in the East as the citrus fruit growers had done. Then, long thereafter, and up to the present time I believe, the walnut association sold its crops through one or two large brokerage firms paying a good round commission for these services. Under date of May 3, 1901, I wrote "Walnut growers will be brought face to face with what they will as surely have to meet as the sun shines—a selling delivered market, which means in plain English the making of their own market."

The time in which this prediction came true has been somewhat delayed, but it came the last season. We know that the walnut association has served a great purpose during all these years, but experience has shown that the organization was not built for a great emergency, such as has overtaken the walnut industry lately. With 10,000 tons of nuts produced, and only 8000 tons sold at the agreed price, there remained 2000 tons of association fruit unsold. This, with the holdings outside the association has brought trouble to the walnut industry. To meet this and provide for the future a new organization has been formed, which will be given increased powers. A strong board of directors has been named for the new incorporation and it will

doubtless profit by the weakness of the old plan which I have so often pointed out in discussing the co-operative marketing of orchard products. The lesson of the past experience is, in effect, that the marketing of a great and growing fruit product cannot be handled by a few brokers, whose interest lies mostly in the commissions received, and who never risk their own money in the business. The walnut men should either sell outright here, or prepare their own agencies in the East to handle the output.

Use of Orange Culls.

AMERICANS are a wasteful people. It has often been said that a French family could live on what an American family wastes. This waste is nowhere more in evidence than in the discarding of horticultural by-products. Take, for instance, our citrus fruits. Thousands of tons of culls are allowed to go to waste every year. Yet from these might easily be manufactured a number of valuable products, such as citric acid, orange wine, marmalade, etc. Following is an article that appeared some time ago in a San Francisco publication:

"Many methods have been suggested for the disposal of cull fruits and while every dealer in the country knows it would pay the grower much better to throw them away than to ship them to market such a course is not necessary with the present facilities for their conversion into valuable articles of food.

"The writer has a relative who operates a bottling plant at a point where oranges are grown, and besides the usual articles, such as soda water, ginger ale, etc., usually manufactured at such places, he worked up a large and profitable business in bottled orange cider, which besides becoming a popular article for local consumption, was disposed of in large quantities to vessels anchored in the harbor.

"Such a thing may be done in California to an almost unlimited extent, and will afford a much better outlet for your culls than to place them upon the market to depreciate the value of the good stock."

About Orange Culture.

HERE are some publications that may be read with advantage by newcomers who desire to investigate the subject of citrus fruit culture in California:

"The Citrus in California," by B. M. LeLong, revised by the State Board of Horticulture, 1902; Fourth Edition of "California Fruits and How to Grow Them," by Edward J. Wickson, A.M., published by Kruckeberg Press, Los Angeles, 1909; "The Decay of Oranges while in Transit from California," by G. Harold Powell, pomologist in charge of fruit transportation and storage investigations, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture as Bulletin 123 of the Bureau of Plant Industry; the "Year Books" of the Department of Agriculture; University of California Bulletin 138; Bulletin 122 and 152 and Circular 11, all to be had free upon application to the Agricultural Experiment Station at Berkeley, Cal.; Tariff Hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, Sixtieth Congress, Wednesday, November 18, 1908; Brief of Facts Concerning Citrus Tariff Presented to the Ways and Means Committee by a committee representing the Citrus Protective League of California.

Dry Farming in Utah.

THE recently introduced system of dry farming promises to make available for agriculture millions of acres in the Southwest that heretofore have only been relied upon for an occasional crop of barley hay, when the rainfall was above the average. Here is an extract from an article in the Arrowhead Magazine showing something of what has been accomplished in this direction in the State of Utah:

"The turkey red wheat has been more widely grown on the dry lands than ever before. The Experiment Station and the Extension Division of the Agricultural College have conducted a campaign in favor of this wheat. The tests conducted at the various experimental farms and the analyses made by the Experiment Station chemist, together with practical milling tests by millers throughout the State, all emphasized the value of this variety. Its high yielding properties, its nutritious qualities and its desirability from a milling standpoint, makes the wheat superior to any other variety grown, and these facts have all been emphasized and reiterated through the public press, by placards, farmers institutes and in every possible way. The State Millers' Association join hands in its propaganda, and have passed a resolution agreeing to pay a premium for this wheat next year. Many farms where the best varieties have hitherto had full sway, have during the past year been seeded entirely to turkey red wheat.

That dry farming is a profitable practice in practically any part of the State seems now assured. A few years ago the writer, together with Dr. Widtsoe, warned the people of St. George and advised that the precipitation was entirely too low to justify very much experimental work along dry farming lines. The Santa Clara Bench, however, has yielded good crops of wheat by dry farming methods. While the precipitation is extremely low, yet the peculiar conditions

that prevail there render the dry farming system feasible. Wheat planted in the fall has the advantage of the fall and winter rains, and since the weather never becomes cold enough to prevent growth, the season keeps extending during the winter, the plant grows and is ready for harvesting sometime in May, and

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The Timely Health

KEYNOTE: Nature cures, not the doctor.

Nature and the Medicine

Since the days of cupping and leeches, the treatment of disease has been a matter of modifications in the treatment of disease. The medicine man busy through the years with the discoveries of science. He has accomplished of surgical wonders, great progress and evolution in the treatment of disease, through the use of his necessarily fatal aspect; the apparent reduction of fatalities by the use of serum. Disease bacilli, which have yielded him the necessary knowledge to combat their ravages. But while taking place, yellow journalism, panic and consequent sickness were before, putting people in a fright, carrying possibilities of the house, cooked water, unsterilized milk, and about in unexpected places to attack, we have become over-medicated, over anti-bacillized, and over vision of feeling we have rushed to the aid of drugs, and finding no relief, or Christian Science, or seeking a cure in the "Billy" Smiths!

And now the patient patient is with nature and nature-cure. With the medical profession, he is growing of the black medicine bottle, even in the most serious cases. After years of blind submission to wiser heads than his own, he is beginning to wake up. He is studying his own symptoms. And the more foolish he feels. His next step is to study the cause of these symptoms. The conclusion that there is not as much among human beings as they themselves suppose—at least not such as could be prevented by common-sense measures. If reckoned with at the right time, his own case, he begins to trace his symptoms of diet, over-taxation, some other habit inimical to good health, cannot remember his doctor having suggested a possible cause of his illness. Or perhaps it is merely nerves, or lack of a change, that all-encompassing term which orders of digestion, circulation, metabolism, chills, flushes, and anomalous in character. He discovers, perhaps, this kind are frequently induced by nervousness, self-study, and lack of confidence.

A woman, compelled to spend months in her country home, developed a belief in dangerous symptoms in her physical condition. Finally went to bed. The examining physician, after a few days, found her up, but finding her limbs weak, came immediately discouraged, notwithstanding that the temporary weakness was a result of disuse. She is now in the most hopeless state of melancholia.

The very first salutary measure is to the working of the mind. An unhappy, even apathetic mental condition, throughout the body. Unhappiness, thoughts are positive in their ill effect. A noted German scientist—Jaeger—enough to capture and imprison someone from the body of an individual in found their character to be virulent. These germs have the vitality to attack the body, they must certainly find more room within the system of their creation. Prove this to be the case in the nervousness, sudden inactivity of the body, the spell that often follows an outburst of anger.

In apathy, the system is in a negative state, open to the attack of disease germs. The mental as well as the physical force is in control at the centers. The house is up a dust with slow, indifferent motion, her mind blank and listless, dropped apart, is much more liable to depression, and sometimes the more these germs she may stir up in her mind, happy mind and closed lips. Thoughts create agencies inimical to good living thoughts must create those which, building character.

The little ailments and discomforts should not be taken too seriously. The result of a restless, unoccupied mind, of wandering about in a state of suspense, read a book, interest yourself in some time every day. When the mind is in control, and is given some fodder upon which to long walk, breathing deeply, and of itself, it making yourself as care-free as a child. Do not be afraid to enlighten yourself a bit. By the time you are not likely that all of your "symptoms"

The Human Body And the Care and Health of It. II

Timely Health Editorials.

NOTE: Nature cures, not the Physician.—Disseminated.

Nature and the Medicine Man.

From the days of cupping and leeches, the great physicians in the treatment of diseases have kept the medicine man busy through the years, holding pace with the discoveries of science. He has witnessed the advancement of surgical wonders; he has witnessed the progress and evolution in the fight against tuberculosis and pneumonia, through which they are robbed of their necessarily fatal aspect; he has witnessed the reduction of fatalities by the use of the anti-toxin serum. Disease bacilli, under the microscope, have yielded him the necessary knowledge with which to combat their ravages. But while all of this has been taking place, yellow journalism has been spreading and consequent sickness where peace had reigned, putting people in a fright over the contagion possibilities of the house-fly, the mosquito, unsterilized water, unsterilized milk, and the germ lurking in unexpected places to attack the unwary. As a result we have become over-medicated, over anti-toxin, over anti-bacillized, and over-sterilized; in a reaction of feeling we have rushed to the opposite extreme, shunning drugs, and finding the virtue of mental suggestion, or seeking a panacea for all ills in the "hilly" Smiths!

Now the patient patient is swinging into line with nature and nature-cure. With all due respect to the medical profession, he is growing out of conceit and the black medicine bottle, even in its most advanced stages. After years of blind submission of his all-wise heads than his own, with various results, he is beginning to wake up. He is beginning to take his own symptoms. And the more he studies them, the more foolish he feels. His next step is to find out the cause of these symptoms. Then he comes to the realization that there is not as much real disease among human beings as they themselves have been led to believe—at least not such as could not be corrected by common-sense measures and hygienic habits if reckoned with at the right time. Diagnosing his own case, he begins to trace his indispositions to over-eat, over-taxation of his strength, or other habit inimical to good health, but which he cannot remember his doctor having mentioned to him as a possible cause of his illness. Or perhaps he discovers that it is merely nerves, or lack of self-control—neurosis, that all-encompassing term which may cover disorders of digestion, circulation, muscular weakness, colds, chills, flushes, and anomalous sensations varying in character. He discovers, perhaps, that symptoms of this kind are frequently induced by morbid self-contemplation, self-study, and lack of control of the nervous system.

A human, compelled to spend many hours alone in a country home, developed a belief in a number of nervous symptoms in her physical condition, and only went to bed. The examining physician found no real ailment. After a few days, the patient tried to get on, but finding her limbs weak and trembling, became immediately discouraged, notwithstanding explanation that the temporary weakness was simply the result of illness. She is now in the hospital, in an apparently hopeless state of melancholia.

The very first salutary measure is to gain control over the working of the mind. An unhappy, depressed, or apathetic mental condition can work havoc throughout the body. Unhappiness, anger, destructive emotions are positive in their ill effects upon the body. A German scientist—Jaeger—was enterprising enough to capture and imprison some germs thrown off the body of an individual in a rage; and he found their character to be virulently poisonous. If germs have the vitality to attack outside of the body, they must certainly find more unhindered progress within the system of their creator; and conditions such as this to be the case in the nausea, headache, depression, sudden inactivity of the bowels, or the fainting spell that often follows an outburst of passion.

Usually, the system is in a negative condition, and is not the attack of disease germs. In waking hours, mental as well as the physical forces should be held in control at the centers. The housekeeper who stirs a dust with slow, indifferent movements of the body, her mind blank and listless, her lips perhaps apart, is much more liable to little nagging indispositions, and sometimes the more serious ones. Germs she may stir up in her cleansing, than the one who goes about her work energetically, with a happy mind and closed lips. If destructive emotions create agencies inimical to good health, happy thoughts must create those which are of a healing, building character.

The little ailments and discomforts within oneself should not be taken too seriously. They are sometimes the result of a restless, unoccupied condition of mind. Instead of wandering about in a state of innocuous idleness, read a book, interest yourself in it. Study a new time every day. When the mind is well under control, and is given some fodder upon which to grind, it is a long walk, breathing deeply, and enjoying every minute of it, making yourself as care-free as an irrepressible child. Do not be afraid to climb hills, and to throw yourself a bit. By the time you return it is usually that all of your "symptoms" will have dis-

appeared, and you will forget them. Is this not better than drugs? "If you do not arouse yourself to a wish to live, and to get well," said a physician to his patient, who was rapidly sinking under a crushing sorrow, "you will die." The efficacy of his drugs had reached their limit, and he knew it. His words saved his patient.

Is not the principal use of drugs, after all, to stimulate the weakened vital resources, to enable the patient to fight off disease? The blood, when the system is attacked, commences immediately to manufacture "health-bacilli," as it were, to destroy those of disease, as fast as it can, and as long as its strength lasts.

The original breeding ground of disease bacteria is in uncleanness, and dead, foul air; and it attacks most readily where there are unsanitary conditions, neglected organs, and unhygienic habits. The results of these miserable conditions are seen in delicate, hysterical progeny, in the barrenness of women, which is becoming increasingly common, and in a number of social evils attendant upon hectic physical conditions and hectic habits of living.

The reaction is already with us. Perhaps the frightful proportions of the family doctor bill have caused pater or mater familias to pause and reason. While a good many mothers will keep the physician on daily tap, and also daily assure the delicate child that she is an invalid, and must so continue to look upon herself, others are smelling out the causes of their children's indispositions, and consequently instructing themselves in the laws of hygiene, mental and physical. These laws they are beginning to put into operation in their children's lives, and instead of ruining the young people's stomachs with corrective drugs, they are removing the cause of the trouble by building up their children's constitutions by a healthful dietary, plenty of milk, plenty of exercise, plenty of fresh air, plenty of sunshine, and understanding and happiness in the home.

Look to the matter of baths—a tubbing once a day for the strong child, a sponge for the weaker one. The old traditional "once-a-week" is not sufficient. But the frequent baths must not be hot and debilitating. See that there is no accumulation of dust under the furniture and in the corners—particularly under the beds. Keep the walls clean. It is better to have them white-washed than hung with time-infected paper. Air the house; air the bedding; boil the cooking utensils with disinfectant periodically; hang all of the clothing from the closets in the sunlight frequently. Accustom yourself to the real taste of simple, well-cooked foods, inclining toward vegetarianism. Let not the thought dust of disease, hate, fear or any other villainess accumulate in your mind, any more than you would allow filth to accumulate in your house. It is equally corroding, and responsible for physical illness.

Hygienics and Self-Knowledge.

It is unsafe to lay down one law for all individuals in the matter of the preservation of health, and the proper conservation of those forces, between the accumulation and expenditure of which a proper balance must be maintained, is always a little in favor of accumulation. The body automatically stores up reserves for emergencies, as one will readily find out when he places some extraordinary tax upon his energies.

Some portion of the nutrition from the food taken into the system is absorbed by each intestinal section through which it passes, until all available substance has been extracted and taken into the circulation, when the waste material is discarded. The liver stores up secretions with which to correct excesses in diet or exercise, sending to the overtaxed or depleted parts as much as it can spare toward the repairing of the damage.

In early life an excess of nutrition may be well borne. The circulation is more rapid, the heart action more vigorous, and the activities of the entire system more intense. These conditions—which are supposed to be long peculiarly to youth—could be continued indefinitely were it not for the fact that we change our habits of physical and mental activity from year to year, until we arrive at a state when we must alter our habits of eating, sleeping and recreation in order to approach those conditions upon which health depended in the earlier years. If this is not done, if the habit of hearty eating is continued as in the days of great physical activity, after sedentary habits have been formed, there is a steady departure from the proper balance between waste and repair.

A mistaken impression exists among many that the greater the amount of food taken into the system, the greater the store of energy laid up toward that one universal desideratum among human beings—longevity. Sometimes the digestion is strong enough to take care of an excess of food for a good many years, storing away the superfluous material in the system, its accumulation causing an excess of fat. But an excess of flesh is seldom accumulated without a corresponding accumulation of impurities.

A few days ago mention was made by a subject who had followed a dietary prescribed by the writer, of a consequent cure of an aggravated and chronic condition of biliousness. A man who showed every indication of fatty degeneration and distended and gorged veins, hearing the words, responded cynically: "I have eaten everything I pleased all my life, and I am perfectly healthy." "Amen," might have been said, had not all external physical signs belied the man's words. It was afterward learned that he was a habitual drinker. He, no doubt, believed his own words. Where the constitu-

tion is naturally strong, it sometimes is a long time discovering the truth within itself. Nature is very patient. No matter how great the gastronomic or other physical excesses which we may inflict upon our own bodies, she is the "first aid" on the field of carnage to repair the damage. When she cannot entirely restore an abused or over-used organ to a normal state, she creates some palliative condition as a substitute, which may answer temporarily, and deceive the subject into believing that he is immune. But while this condition obtains, deteriorating changes are taking place through the entire system, which is depleted in order to help restore the local deficit. It is not uncommon for a heavy drinker to be utterly unconscious of the harm which he is doing to himself until the damage is beyond repair.

Degeneration of the organs, however, is inevitable, no matter what the nature of the excesses indulged. Very often gourmandizing or heavy drinking will result in a gradual hardening of the liver, and of the arteries. Normally, the arteries are very elastic, accommodating themselves to the incoming amount of blood when they are already full, thus producing a steady stream of blood through the capillaries. The blood, being subjected to a certain amount of pressure, the walls of the arteries are being constantly stretched. With the hardening of the walls, their elasticity naturally lessens, which increases the blood pressure. Then, when volume is added, or the flow of blood accelerated, the pressure becomes still greater. The gourmand has usually a high blood pressure, often causing a congestion of blood in the brain or about the heart. When hardening of the arteries is present the trouble is accentuated because the pressure is often greater than the capacity of the channels to accommodate it. Unfortunately hardening of the arteries is not easy to detect, and not easily remedied. For twenty-five years hardening has been in process in the arteries of a certain subject, which affected the cavities of the heart itself. The result was congestion, and the action of this organ was at times seriously interfered with. The patient's face would blanch, and the lips become blue, and she had extreme difficulty in breathing until the heart was able to take care of the amount of blood sent to it, and once more distribute it through the system. The doctors who examined her declared that there was no organic difficulty present, but that her affection was "purely nervous." Apparently otherwise in the bloom of health, she dropped dead suddenly, when an autopsy revealed the truth. The subject carried an excess of fat. Her indiscretions were those of a too-munificent home table, and lack of systematic exercise.

It becomes necessary, therefore, for us to study our own constitutions—to learn their individual necessities. Milk, a source of health to many, is veritable poison to others. With some it is immediately digested and assimilated, where no other food could be taken up by the system; with others it coagulates as soon as it enters the stomach, and is difficult of digestion, causing constipation. Rhubarb and boiled onions are the best kind of food for the subject of bilious temperament, having a healthful, laxative effect. With the sanguine temperament, when the bowels are quick and easy in their action, these vegetables may cause diarrhoea. For the subject of high blood pressure, foods nitrogenous in character should be avoided, and a diet of boiled rice substituted until the abnormal conditions are mastered; for some meat is poisonous to the system; for others, a certain amount seems to be necessary.

Study the wants of your own system. And in this you cannot be guided alone by appetite: for often abnormal conditions will create abnormal desires, often for food totally unsuited to the conditions. If your digestion is weak do not impose heavy foods upon your stomach. Drink warm milk, lamb broths, eat vegetables that are not fibrous. If you are run down and your blood is thin, eat raw eggs, malt and whole-wheat foods, home-cooked, wholesome soups, asparagus, spinach, avoiding meat and all other foods that tax the digestion more than they afford nutriment.

Regulate the number of your sleeping hours according to your actual requirements. Do not be misled in this matter by an indolent spirit to take more than the required amount; nor by nervousness to curtail your necessary hours of relaxation. The mental worker needs more sleep than the one who toils physically; the wear and tear of the brain tissues produce a greater, and not as healthful exhaustion as that produced through the labor of the body. The man of nervous temperament burns up his forces more rapidly than the phlegmatic; he therefore requires longer hours of relaxation. See to it that you have a sufficient amount of exercise each day to keep the blood in proper circulation, the muscles firm and responsive. Drink at least your three pints of water during the twenty-four hours. If you are nervous, and inclined to be thin and dry-skinned, drink more. Cold water is a splendid sedative, and the body should be kept well provided with moisture. If you are fleshy, avoid starchy foods, milk and pastries. Drink buttermilk. It is one of the best known scavengers, and has a tendency to reduce flesh. A good emulsion is a great builder when one has become emaciated. Where there is soreness of the intestines, all food of acid nature must be avoided, and olive or coconut oil affected. Learn to gauge the capacity of your system for food each day, and regulate its quantity accordingly; and let it be of a quality from which you are conscious you extract the greatest benefit. Be assured that if you arise in the morning feeling a reluctance to take hold of your daily duties, something is wrong in your habits, and it is "up to you" to correct them.

Constipation and Temperament. Constitutional Tendencies to Be Taken Into Account in Care of Children.

WARNING against allowing the bowels to become inactive, too much cannot be said. It is often too often neglected through lack of attention to its really serious significance to it. A person will not feel the omission upon the following day, when relief may be experienced. But as a rule, under circumstances, the passages become clogged with matter, which, on account of remaining in the tubes longer than it should, becomes dry, adheres to the inner surfaces, not allowing full and free emptying after a day of constriction. In watching the difficulty among your children, you will find that of sanguine temperament, having fair skin, inclined to be florid, light hair and blue eyes, generally not constipated. A fair but ruddy complexion is the index of a healthy blood, a free, full circulation and a cheerful tendency of mind that militates against sluggishness.

Constipation will most often be found an affection in the darker-skinned subjects; although the mixed temperament—half way between light and dark—will commonly be found among the sufferers, being, in many instances, of a complex and highly organized nervous and constitutional. The very dark, or particularly the very light, temperaments are usually inclined to an extremely morbid mentality. He commences to think that his fair-haired brother. The drain to the other members of the body, is greater. The sense of responsibility is more pronounced, therefore greater self-demands are made upon the physical system. Other things being equal, the dark-haired temperament will prove more consistently and conscientiously anxious at school, and it is not uncommon for the child to sustain nervous and physical breakdown.

In the majority of cases, it is not the excess of study, in itself causes the breakdown, but neglect of proper care of the body during the strain that is responsible. Parents should educate themselves to understand and deal with differences in temperament and constitution among their children, recognizing their varying demands in diet, clothing, physical and mental exertion, thereby the more quickly establishing conditions of health and harmony in the home. The child of a sanguine temperament will probably not require as much of the darker one, of more sluggish character, in order to produce the proper conditions of health, so that the blood is not drawn from the digestive system to the surface. The child of sanguine temperament will be studious by fits and starts, attain irregularly brilliant achievements. And the natural energy and effervescence of his nature will lead him to seek recreation in physical activity, which will keep him in the glowing condition which is every child's natural right. The darker child lies in his native tendency to earnest application to whatever work he may be set to. He is not so likely to procure sufficient sunshine, and exercise for himself. The blood needed for the alimentary and intestinal system active healthily is drawn so constantly to the brain that the digestive juices become weakened, and the action of the bowels is feeble. This often results in a case of constipation. Through lack of proper attention to these conditions at the right time, these subjects sometimes arrive at adulthood with a species of chronic constipation of the lower bowel, when a natural evacuation becomes impossible. The regular use of the enema becomes imperative, resulting in a still further weakening of the organs; for nature is an economist, and withdraws her efforts at correction when she is relieved of functioning.

The direct action of the mind upon the functioning of the intestinal system may be observed in the case of the man or woman passing through trouble or who is invariably a sufferer from gastric disturbances, indigestion of the bowels. And constipated conditions usually react upon the brain, bringing about a loss of blood, inaptitude for work, unreasonable outbursts of temper, or unaccountable spells of melancholy. Constipation causes, auto-intoxication results, causing general debility and deterioration of liver, kidneys and the nervous system. The abnormal mechanical pressure of waste material on the veins becomes the cause of hemorrhoids. In women, it often results in congestion of the pelvis and the serious displacement of the organs.

In many cases when a little child has become unaccountably constipated to such a degree that the parents begin to suspect the presence of some malignant disease, investigation may lead to the discovery of the fact that the child is absolutely regular in its habits. Constipation, even with a daily movement of the bowels, is never a complete evacuation, which would account for otherwise unexplainable symptoms such as headache, vertigo, palpitation of the heart, feeble and numbness and tingling of the hands and feet. When physical deterioration has become as pronounced as above stated, the situation is a serious one, and may lead to grave consequences if not remedied. In a case under the writer's observation neglected for several months at the right time resulted in a case when neither cathartic nor enema was able to effect a movement. The patient died a most painful death, the stomach and intestines being abnormally distended with oils and other laxatives administered too late, and unable to effect a passage. The

stasis had probably occurred so high up in the intestine as to be difficult to reach.

An unceasing watchfulness of the child's daily habits may absorb a great deal of a mother's time; but surely she has no more important business in life than guarding against conditions which may become a menace to her little one's health and existence. By the detection of some of the symptoms described, and examination of the results of the child's evacuations, she will know when the intestinal functioning is not strong and healthful. If the feces are scant and dark, she will know that the child's diet and habits are in need of correction and regulation. If the symptoms are very pronounced, it will not be a bad plan to remove the child from school for a couple of days, seeing that he is given healthful and pleasurable recreation, preferably involving an abundance of physical exercise. His diet should include coarse-grained cereals and bread, such as the whole wheat, fruit, boiled onions, carrots, spinach and other vegetables, and should exclude all meat, tea and coffee, pickles or condiments. There is some disagreement of opinion as to the use of milk at such a time. If there are extreme conditions of bile, with white furred tongue, it should be avoided. But in a simple case of constipation, the writer has found the administration of a little warm—not boiled—milk a help rather than a hindrance. The child may be given a dose of soda phosphates every morning, until results from the change of diet are noticeable in the abatement of the symptoms of auto-intoxication. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, under this regime, accompanied by sufficient outdoor life, the studious child will not break down, and have to be entirely removed from school. If the child is not of a disposition naturally to seek sufficient hardy exercise in the open, stimulate his interest by teaching him tennis or golf, playing with him if he does not find comrades for himself. Or take long walks with him, keeping his rest aroused by examining and explaining what is seen on the way. Physical culture and massage will be a help to this child; but there is no substitute for the utter abandon of childish games.

If unwittingly, a serious case of constipation has established itself before coming to the parent's attention, let her prepare an enema in a fountain syringe, with a check, to be used when necessary, of water not too hot to be easily borne on any surface of the body, with soft, pure soap. The proper way to administer it is to let the entire quantity of water enter the body before air is ejected, not so fast, however, as to cause pain. After results have been obtained, if they are not entirely satisfactory, place the child in a comfortably hot bath, and give him a cup of hot water to drink. There is often a further movement after this, and the relaxation of the bowels is apt to be perfect. Some nervous children become weak after this treatment, with tremblings of the limbs. They should immediately be wrapped up warmly, and put to bed for at least a short period, until equilibrium shall have been restored. If the child falls asleep so much the better.

In cases where there has been no movement for several days, to a pint of comfortably warm water may be added from two to four ounces of glycerine—sometimes a little more in a stubborn condition—and this used as an enema.

It is needless to add that regularity of habit may always be urged as a corrective. Sometimes the things most needed are rest and freedom from anxiety, with adults. It may be equally true in the case of a child. If a child has been under any excitement, resulting from corrective punishment, grief, or for any other cause, near meal time, delay his eating until the nerves are quiet, and the system in a condition to take care of its food.

Colitis.

[Battle Creek Idea:] Colitis does not, as might be supposed from the name, affect the colon alone; it is likely to begin in the colon, but it works its way all along up through the intestine, even into the gall ducts and gall bladder. It also affects the liver. A person who frequently has what is known as infectious jaundice, with chill and fever, and a yellow skin, thinks he has malaria, but is suffering from infection of the liver. It is precisely the same disease he has in his colon; it has worked all the way along up the intestinal tract, and finally has got into the liver. The disease is due to the presence of a large number of putrefactive germs. If you should take a piece of beefsteak and put it on your skin and keep it there a week you would have colitis of the skin, so to speak; you would have the same kind of disease of the skin that you have got in the mucous membrane of the intestine when suffering from colitis. If you took the beefsteak off for a short time, you would find a scab formed, thrown out there to protect the skin. The mucous thrown off in colitis is simply a form of defense. It is a soft scab, a coating formed over the raw surface to protect it from the absorption of poisons and to fight off germs.

SICK HEADACHE.

The time to cure sick headache is before one gets it. Indeed, this is the only time one can be absolutely sure of curing it. If one feels a sick headache coming on, he can unquestionably mitigate it to a great degree. The proper procedure is to wash out the stomach and colon with a quantity of water; flood the body with water, for it is a poison disease; it is a toxemia, an intoxication like that which occurs when one drinks whiskey, and the first essential is to eliminate the poisons. Washing the stomach out with very hot water is better than using ordinary water only. A little salt should be added to the water—about 1 per cent. of salt with the water at 110 degrees.

[675]

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To Be Published June 1.

A NATUROPATHIC MAGAZINE

Edited by Harry Ellington Brook, N.D.
Former Editor "Care of the Body."



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THE
EDUCATION
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The Hygiene of Massage. How Salutory Results Are Accomplished By Manipulation.

IN THE case of almost everyone there is much more pressing need of exercise and stimulation of the circulation of the blood than is realized. Sedentary habits are formed even during school days, and they are followed up by the occupations of our adulthood, which are almost certain to be more or less confining. A ruddy, glowing skin, such as is common among the Scandinavians, and often among English men and women, is a rarity among us, even little children losing the wonderful wealth of color upon emerging from babyhood. We do not spend as much time in the open air at games, horseback riding, or walking as do our brothers and sisters across the sea. We house ourselves, very soon finding that the air of even the best ventilated chambers is no substitute for that of the open country. Sleeping porches are coming to be regarded more and more as a necessity, and in time, perhaps, no house or apartment will be built without them. By sleeping in the open air, the blood which has become sluggish through bodily inaction during the day, is stimulated and purified by oxydation.

Where the circulation is extremely sluggish, the skin being sallow and dry, massage should be employed to revivify the little blood vessels and microscopic muscles on the surface of the skin, creating a liquid condition in them, and opening the pores, through which effete matter is thrown off. Massage will, to a great extent, take the place of active exercise, keeping the muscles strong and supple. By developing heat at the points of contact, it heightens the temperature generally, and dilates the vascular system. And with the quickening of the blood currents, absorption is stimulated, consequently nutrition is promoted.

In the majority of cases, massage has a quieting effect upon the nerves, although, in some instances, it will be found to excite rather than to soothe. Spinal irritation, neuralgia, sprains, rheumatism, the local partial paralysis resulting from neuritis, constipation, and nervous disorders—all may be benefited by this treatment. If intelligently employed. A young woman who had imprudently worn a nightdress which was damp at the neck, arose in the morning with a most violent pain, which was immediately treated with vigorous massage. At first the agony was almost unbearable, but as the warm blood commenced to circulate rapidly through the manipulated surface, the pain gradually subsided, and finally disappeared.

The hands of the manipulator should be kept strong and soft, and the motions should be smooth and even, the work being done entirely from the wrists, with freedom and flexibility in both hands. Not the finger tips, but the whole hand must be employed. Beginning slowly and gently, the force and frequency of the movements should be gradually increased. A very tender spot, that can scarcely be touched at first, may soon be forcefully manipulated.

In massage proper, where the deeper tissues are to be reached and the internal organs themselves affected, the ball of the thumb and palm of the hand kneads each muscle with graduated force. The work begins at the extremities, the feet, if cold, being manipulated until quite warm, and each group of muscles being taken up systematically. "Compress, rotate, relax, advancing by degrees, that each handful may include part of what has been previously treated. Never stretch the tissues in opposite directions at the same time. Muscles should be stretched in the direction from their insertion to their origin"—from the extremities toward the trunk; and on the back from the base of the skull downward, and away from the spinal column. The muscles of the chest should be followed in the same way. Massage of the bowels is often a potent relief for constipation. It would be well for the manipulator to obtain a plate showing him just how the bowels lie. But it may be briefly stated that the ascending colon lies in the right lumbar region, starting about even with the thigh; the transverse colon crosses from right to left immediately above the umbilical, the descending colon lying in the left lumbar region. The kneading should always follow the course of the ascending colon, across the transverse, and down the descending colon, never taking a reverse direction.

From friction or skin massage, the greatest benefit is experienced in making the heavier strokes toward the center of circulation, with vertical or spiral movements, one hand ascending, with the other descends. A flesh brush, or coarse towel is desirable where counter-irritation is sought.

There are many different methods used to accomplish different purposes. But to obtain results similar to those attendant upon thorough exercise, and induce activity of the internal organs, "Malaxation," the system here outlined in detail, is the most effective. To the subject of sluggish liver and circulation, indicated by dryness, hardness, sallowness, and apparent thickness of the skin, heavy eyelids, with bluish rings beneath them, the treatment is of the greatest benefit. It will sometimes accomplish what no amount of physical exercise would effect. The subject of this temperament sometimes has a great deal of oil in his skin, which easily clogs the pores, making them dry and hard. To supplement the benefits of the massage, his daily baths should be made a religion. The use of the fleshbrush could also be recommended in his case.

In the person of sedentary habits, a tendency to some internal adhesion frequently develops. This may be overcome by special treatment at the hands of the masseur.

If the personal magnetism of the masseur is adverse

or repellent to the patient, his services should be discontinued: for under such circumstances the treatments are not likely to prove beneficial.

California Raisins.

AS APRIL 30 is Raisin Day in this State, the following excerpt from "Good Housekeeping" is both timely and interesting:

California raisins, which can be purchased, seeded, for 10 to 12 cents per pound, are delicious and valuable as a food product, but they have not received the attention they deserve.

Raisins are particularly "tasty" when returned, as nearly as possible, to their original form, and this may be very easily accomplished: simply soak, then simmer them. A fireless cooker gives perfect results. Raisin juice extracted in cooking is merely unfermented grape juice, and is very pleasing and nourishing to weak stomachs. When properly baked in bread, raisins give children an almost ideal food, being a proper combination of cereal and fruit, satisfying the natural appetite for something sweet, and being infinitely more wholesome than cake or pie.

As to actual food value, a few comparisons are interesting, especially in view of the fact that, by many persons, raisins are regarded as knickknacks merely, hardly "good for" the eaters. The United States Department of Agriculture remarks, in this connection, that an important medicinal value of raisins is in their laxative effect. But as to comparative food value, one pound of ordinary California raisins represents a food value equal to any of the following: One and one-third pounds of beef, six pounds of apples, five pounds of bananas, four and one-fourth pounds of potatoes, one pound of bread, four pounds of milk, four and three-fourths pounds of fish, or two pounds of eggs.

The Californians use and eat raisins in a way that those east of the Mississippi need to learn to do. Where we eat sweet chocolate they use the more healthful raisin. On journeys one will see the native Californian bring out dainty bread-and-butter sandwiches and raisins for lunch, and the easterner looks on and envies. He even learns to follow suit, and rashly states what he will do when he returns to his native heath.

At the door of the far eastern States tradition stands and brave the man or woman who dares cross her path. In the days of our mothers' childhood the eating of raisins in their raw state was said to induce fits. The shadow of that belief clings to us yet. Raisins, a wholesome, palatable food, equal in nutrition to our most familiar foods, yet banished to a jar which holds one pound for the year's supply!

The price of raisins in the East is ridiculously high. Raisins at 45 cents a pound may be as nutritious, but not so cheap, as meat at 25 cents. The reason for this high price needs to be investigated and explained, and when the Californians celebrate "Raisin Day" this year, let us hope they will determine to investigate the eastern market, and will not only give easterners clean American raisins at a reasonable price, but enter into a campaign of education which will raise the consumption of raisins in this country to the English rate. Let us know why the English people consume six pounds of raisins per capita per year, while the Americans use but one.

Public Health and Public Hysteria.

[Samuel Hopkins Adams, in Journal of the American Public Health Association: "Man lives," wrote the shrewd and sunny Stevenson, "not by bread alone, but mainly by catchwords." In that quaintly-expressed truth is found one potent obstacle to hygienic progress. Because the public, led astray by the fear of a word, misbelieves or disbelieves the true danger, we must, perforce, waste strength in fighting shadows, while the real enemy exacts its ceaseless toll of life, all but unchecked.

Take an extreme case. Only a few years ago a wretched alien leper was carried from State to State in this supposedly enlightened country, until he met a miserable death from terror and exposure, incidentally scaring several hysterical cities quite out of their wits. One of those cities, without alarm or shame, had suffered several years of typhoid fever with a mortality some 200 per cent. greater than the average rate for this nation. Another just before the leper's advent, had undergone an epidemic of whooping cough, which materially helped to fill the cemeteries with little graves, but which created no particular comment because it was "only whooping cough"—as if a person dead of one disease were not exactly as dead as a person dead of any other. Again, a third community, which rose in panic against the leprosy fugitive, was then, and is now, notorious for its needlessly high infant mortality. Yet, in the face of real and persistent perils, these places shrank horrified from a casual and baseless threat.

Why? Because the word leprosy is made a synonym for terror in the most widely-read of all books, the Bible. It is impossible to ascribe the panics to any other cause. Not one American in ten thousand has ever seen a case of leprosy, or knows from personal knowledge anything of the disease. Never has it gained any foothold in this country; there is no reason to believe it ever will or can. The man with a sore throat—yes, or with an inflamed eye—who brushes against us in a street car or uses the public drinking cup or towel before us, is a more real peril than any leper. But the leper has upon him the brand of our profoundest tradition. He is marked with the terror of a word.

[676]

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Throat

It is Important That

He

THE time will come, and we shall be ashamed to ease or ailment of any kind, perhaps, be ashamed to avenues of knowledge and avoid it. It is not so easy infection of one kind and be done in the way of a condition that they will shield them from exposure how often disease is carried the nose and mouth, we tion to keeping these organs healthful, hygienic condition, commonly, from the mother's arms, depending fare, to his adulthood, with some chronic affection.

What is commonly known some moment of general fatigue, worry, lack of food, derangement or clogging of condition the germ is bred and is allowed to settle and interacting conditions of the tive. The sneezing, shivering, neglected colds in infancy, responsible not only for themselves upon the susceptible and more serious affection, throat, bronchial tubes and its own defenses against danger. In the healthy natural secretions possess, they are further protected, and the cervical and bronchial, the lining of the blood, the blood manufactures, the shape of phagocytes (low and destroy disease array against the infection, it were not so, life could not.

The acute catarrhal infection, resulting in a stoppage of the to breathe through the mouth, filtered and purified as it is, trills; and "only by the air nose can you remain germ in a previous issue of the The appetite is interfered with, cretions of the mouth have may lodge in the bronchial times resulting in bronchitis.

Mouth-breathing, during it affects the development of of the mouth to become his teeth to protrude. If an cause of mouth-breathing, nation of the adenoid. This often becomes enlarged in a of the diseases to which repeated colds. A variety of enlargement. The conditions perfect supply of properly oxygen to the blood—delay physically. The bones do not temance; and their growth, body, is seriously interfered does not stimulate the brain in consequence a child will in concentration, and backward. Mucous constantly dropping into the throat must be expect it will interfere with digestion. It is in a recumbent position, seriously annoying. It interferes patient must rid himself of it, all, or choke.

If a child's general health, perfectly normal condition there as that presented by the adenoid has once established itself, incalculable. As well as blood through which the child must very near the opening of the the nose to the ears, it shuts from these parts, interfering more the adenoid's diseased, ate itself to the ear itself, tissues, and deafness. Medical access often results, "with a ear drum, and a discharge or ear. This may go into the prominent bone just back of the operation; or it might destroy the ear space from the brain and cause meningitis, or other death.

"Another interesting fact about the throat is that it is connected with it by little channels that exist in the bones of the each eye and under each eye, nating chambers for the orifices by a membrane that extends membrane of the nose, and the air. If a severe inflammation occurs in the nose it is very cavities or sinuses, as they are often turns into an abscess.

AID

EVERY ILL.
SYSTEM

(d) Conscience
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KNIFELESS
SURGEON.



IS YEARS, HENCE I AM
INDUCING THE MOST
WEALTH-EARNING
THAT IS ATTAINABLE

FOR WHAT AILS YOU
KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT
IT TO DO THIS FOR YOU?

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AND I WILL GLADLY
IN PLINY WHO HAVE
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OF MANY DIS-EASES BY MAN
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Throat and Nose.

It is Important That These Organs Be Kept
Healthful.

THE time will come, say the "New Thinkers," when we shall be ashamed to admit the presence of disease or ailment of any kind in our bodies. We should, perhaps, be ashamed to admit it now, when so many avenues of knowledge are open to us, by which we may avoid it. It is not so easy to guard small children from infection of one kind and another, but a great deal can be done in the way of keeping them in such physical condition that they will not readily succumb to it, and to shield them from exposure. If we should come to realize how often disease is carried into the system through the nose and mouth, we would give more careful attention to keeping these organs of ingress and egress in a healthful, hygienic condition. Neglect of them is startlingly common, from the time baby lies helplessly in his mother's arms, depending upon her for his bodily welfare, to his adulthood, when he carries about, perhaps, some chronic affection.

What is commonly known as a cold is contracted in some moment of general physical lassitude caused by fatigue, worry, lack of food, and often some temporary derangement or clogging of the intestinal system. In this condition the germ is breathed into the mouth or nose and is allowed to settle and breed there because the counteracting conditions of the body are not sufficiently active. The sneezing, shivering and nose-running that result are nature's efforts to rid the parts of the bacilli. Neglected colds in infancy and early childhood are responsible not only for catarrhal troubles that fasten themselves upon the susceptible tissues, but for other and more serious affections which involve the ears, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. The body provides its own defences against disease when it is given a fighting chance. In the healthy nose, throat and tonsils the natural secretions possess germ-killing properties; and they are further protected in their mucous covering, and the cervical and bronchial glands. The blood itself, the lining of the blood vessels, the serum which the blood manufactures, and the "defensive army" in the shape of phagocytes (large white cells, which swallow and destroy disease germs)—all of these are in array against the infection of any part of the body. If it were not so, life could not persist.

The acute catarrhal affection, "cold in the head," resulting in a stoppage of the nostrils, compels the subject to breathe through the mouth. The air inhaled is not filtered and purified as it is in passing through the nostrils; and "only by the air being filtered through the nose can you remain germ proof," as Dr. Howard says in a previous issue of the Times Illustrated Weekly. The appetite is interfered with because the natural secretions of the mouth have become dried. Impurities may lodge in the bronchial tubes and in the lungs, some times resulting in bronchitis, and even pneumonia.

Mouth-breathing, during the growing years, directly affects the development of the face, causing the roof of the mouth to become highly arched, and the upper teeth to protrude. If an acute cold is not present, the cause of mouth-breathing must be sought by an examination of the adenoid. This mass of lymphoid tissue often becomes enlarged in a child as a result of attacks of the diseases to which children are subject, or from repeated colds. A variety of ills may result from this enlargement. The conditions attendant upon it—an imperfect supply of properly purified air to the lungs, and oxygen to the blood—delay the development of a child physically. The bones do not receive their proper sustenance; and their growth, as well as that of the entire body, is seriously interfered with. The poor circulation does not stimulate the brain to healthful activity, and in consequence a child will often appear listless, lacking in concentration, and backward in his studies.

Mucous constantly dropping from a diseased adenoid into the throat must be expectorated, since swallowing it will interfere with digestion. At night, when the body is in a recumbent position, this dripping becomes seriously annoying. It interferes with sleep, since the patient must rid himself of it when the throat becomes filled, or choke.

If a child's general health could be kept in a perfectly normal condition there would be no disease such as that presented by the adenoid; but when this condition has once established itself, the harm it may do is incalculable. As well as blocking part of the passage through which the child must breathe, being located very near the opening of the passage from the back of the nose to the ears, it shuts the necessary ventilation from these parts, interfering with the hearing. Further, near the adenoid's diseased condition may communicate itself to the ear itself, causing a thickening of the drum, and deafness. Medical reports tell us that abscess often results, "with a rupture or bursting of the ear drum, and a discharge or running of pus from the ear. This may go into the mastoid bone, which is that prominent bone just back of the ear; and end in a severe operation; or it might destroy the bone that separates the ear space from the brain, enter the brain cavity, and cause meningitis, or abscess of the brain, and death.

"Another interesting fact about the nose is that connecting with it by little channels are numerous cavities that exist in the bones of the face. A cavity is over each eye and under each eye, and they act as the resonating chambers for the orifice. They are lined inside by a membrane that extends into them from the lining membrane of the nose, and they are normally filled with air. If a severe inflammation like a cold or influenza occurs in the nose it is very likely to extend into these cavities or sinuses, as they are called. This inflammation often turns into an abscess, and these sinuses

become filled with pus, the bone may become softened, there is pain over the sinus affected, and if this condition is neglected, the disease may enter the brain, and death result."

The tonsils in the throat are very similar to the adenoid. In their normal condition they are very small. They may, however, become diseased and enlarged, discharging pus in the same way that the adenoid does, creating a bad taste in the mouth, and a foul odor. "A chain of lymphatic channels and glands extends from the tonsils down the neck, and enters the blood;" and the effect of the poison thus carried into the system lowers its tone, and causes listlessness.

Sometimes the tonsils become so greatly enlarged that they interfere with swallowing; and occasionally the pus from the little crypts entering into the tissues around the tonsils cause the formation of an abscess, a very painful and sometimes dangerous affection which will be recognized as quinsy.

"The strongest argument against the presence of diseased tonsils," writes Dr. M. Goltman, superintendent of the city health department of Memphis, "is the fact that through them local or general tuberculosis may result, to say nothing of rheumatism, heart disease, and various other infections."

This physician further states that in various reports received by him it is claimed that from 4 to 10 per cent. of tonsils removed show tuberculous lesions.

When adenoids or tonsils become thoroughly diseased no question can be raised as to the necessity of immediately removing them to prevent a spread of infection. Unless a child is very young or excessively nervous, it is not necessary to have an anesthetic administered. In the operation performed in the writer's case during childhood, cocaine was applied locally, and the adenoid removed absolutely without pain.

There may be inherited impurities in a child's blood that would contribute to this unpleasant and—if not summarily dealt with—dangerous disease. But it is indirectly the result of improper food, hasty eating, incomplete mastication, lack of proper exercise, unhygienic conditions in the home or in the school, coupled with repeated attacks of cold in the head and sore throat.

Too much cannot be said in the urging of thorough ventilation, simple nutritious diet, plenty of outdoor exercise, and the cold morning baths. Colds should be contended with, and broken at once. There are many effective means to do this. It is not necessary to allow them to run the "three days course"—or longer. Inhalation and gargling of hot water, with a little salt, as soon as the cold makes its appearance, persisted in several times a day, will be likely to check a cold in its incipient stages. And even in a condition of apparent health, the passages of the nostrils should be watched, and kept clear with hot water, and soft with the occasional introduction of a little oil or vegetable cream. Throat, mouth and nostrils should be sprayed from time to time with a mild disinfectant such as glyco-thymoline.

Blood in Early Therapeutics

[Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette:] Though the successful transfusion of blood has been one of the therapeutic triumphs of recent years, the idea that by drinking the blood or eating the flesh of another living being something of the nature of that life was absorbed is very old and appears in many forms. In rites of blood-brotherhood men became brothers by opening the veins and sucking one another's blood. Savage man thinks to impart wisdom to the living by bathing the forehead with preserved drippings of the decomposing brain of another. Indian captives of noted bravery and endurance were cut in pieces and eaten to absorb their courage. Kafir chiefs on their accession were washed in the blood of a slain brother or other relative to give them new vigor. In the friendship-compelling charm the blood of a relative or kindly-disposed friend was saturated with earth and mixed with the food of one whose favor and assistance were desired. Blood of an animal sacrificed for the benefit of a sick person was spread on the wall, or patient's forehead, to revivify him. Mayas gave new life to the land by sprinkling it with blood of slain fowls. Some Indian tribes started the new-born child in life by giving it blood, or urine as a substitute for blood, as was a custom of rustic nurses in New England.

Drinking blood was an ancient Greek test of chastity and veracity. Drinking blood of an animal was an ancient rite for becoming possessed with a deity, or devil, and acquiring inspiration and power of prophecy. At the entrance of the realms of the shades of the dead the soothsayer, Tiresias, drank of the blood of the sheep Odysseus sacrificed and prophesied; then the mother of Odysseus drank and was vivified, and

"Straight all the mother in her awoke," and as she spoke ghost upon ghost thronged around the blood and each her race and her illustrious deeds recounted.

Combating the Cold.

[Good Health:] One of the most effective means of curing a cold is gentle exercise in the open air, probably because less likely to infection, and also because of the high resistance which results from outdoor life. The unpleasant symptoms of a cold may be greatly relieved by copious water drinking, by the adoption of a fruit diet for a few days, and taking a warm bath at night, just before retiring. Vigorous dry friction of the skin, and rubbing with oil is an excellent measure to insure good circulation at the surface, and to protect the body against aggravation of the conditions present.

Elderly People and Schlichten ramie

People in the later years of life are susceptible to chills and "cold-taking."

—and a little cold often develops into something truly serious.

—and when one's elderly it's a good deal harder to fight to regain health.

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Why Be Sick?

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Woman: In the Home and in the World.

By Women and Men of The Times Staff.

Woman in Art.

A FEMININE SCULPTOR WHO HAS WON FAME BY HER ART.

THAT a woman may be a "strong" artist, and at the same time one whose work is exceedingly feminine in its expression, is amply proved in the case of Miss Evelyn Beatrice Longman, a young American who is making a shining name for herself as a sculptor of decided invention and imagination.

Miss Longman is a woman of ideas. Her originality was strikingly displayed at the time of the St. Louis Exposition, when her "Victory" was given the place of honor in Festival Hall, the central building of the exposition. For this piece of sculpture she won a silver medal. The absolute originality of the work consisted in the fact that the figure of Victory was a man, while hitherto every other Victory had been a woman. Miss Longman's reasoning was sound—and her conclusion that a mere man may sometimes be a conqueror was admirable! Yet this male Victory could not have been conceived by a male sculptor in Miss Longman's particular way; it had the feminine touch, the feminine idealism, though most assuredly it was not "weak" as a whole or in any of its particulars.

Daniel C. French, with whom she once studied in New York, says of her: "Miss Longman is the last word in ornament." She does her own modeling, using assistants only for the rougher work, and then only occasionally. She finishes her marble in all details, working from two to three weeks on a bust after it comes from the marble-cutter. Yet the feminine quality of all her work is unmistakable, the feminine point of view is always there.

Born in Winchester, O., of English parents, she went to Chicago at the age of 12 to study in the Art Institute, supporting herself meanwhile by working in the office of a wholesale house. Finding, however, that the strain of day work and night study was too much for her, she devoted all her time to office work for six years, and with the money she had saved went to Olivet College for a course of study in German and painting. By accident she picked up a piece of clay one day, and found that modeling was her forte.

After eighteen months at Olivet she went back to the institute, studying sculpture under Lorado Taft, and also taking courses in drawing and anatomy. At the end of the year she began to teach these two subjects in the institute. Then she went to New York, working with Herman MacNeill, Isidor Kontl and Daniel C. French.

Her portrait bust of Kate Parsenow, the German actress, took the second J. Q. A. Ward prize. Notable portraits by her are those of the late John Stewart Kennedy in bronze, Col. Robert M. Thompson in bronze and marble, J. G. Schmidlapp of Cincinnati. Her most notable achievement are the bronze doors at Naval Academy at Annapolis and Wellesley College. The design of the one at Annapolis was chosen from those of thirty-three competitors, mostly men, including many of our best-known sculptors.

The Simple Life.

ITS PRACTICE ESSENTIAL TO THE SOLUTION OF A PRESENT DAY PROBLEM.

Now that the place of woman is quite as much in the world as in the home, a grave question arises. How is she to do all that is demanded of her?

Her hands were full when she had only the home to attend to; yes, more than full when she added to the cares of the household those of society and the entertainment of her husband's business friends.

There is no gainsaying the potency of the social side of life in business and politics; and for years it has been the woman's part to assist to the best of her ability in furthering the plans of her spouse by means of her social influence. Many a business or political problem has been solved during a good dinner, and especially when that dinner was served amid the cosy surroundings of a pleasant home. Possibly something of the Arab survives in the feeling engendered by partaking of the salt together, which makes a man, however cold and worldly he may be, hesitate before betraying the interests of him whose guest he has been—especially when he has been entertained within the sacred walls of the home.

In this side of life—the preparation and welcoming of the home—the wife has long been the partner of her husband and has been thereby doing her full share for the mutual benefit.

But recently, she has been forced more and more to take part in the affairs of the world itself. Not alone in the matter of politics has this been so, but from many sources there has come upon her a tide of affairs, which did not come to women long ago. This business world is larger, more exacting; and competition so keen has felled many a man to the ground and his wife has been obliged to pick up the threads of business where his lifeless hand had dropped them. Finding that there is no truer maxim than that "no one cares for your business as you care for it yourself," she has been forced, whether she wished or not, to take her place in the downtown office and to personally administer the busi-

ness which means to her and to her family either competence or beggary.

For reasons which are too deep to discuss in a brief article, many a woman has been left because of facts more cruel than death, to win her way and to educate her children.

For this reason and that—many times against her will, but sometimes of her own volition—woman has taken her place in the daily grind of business life.

And yet, she loves her home.

Sometimes it seems that the business woman loves her home more ardently than does the home-keeping woman. She clings to it in spite of everything. In spite of the fact that hotels are for her more convenient in every way, with the remnant of her overtaxed strength she goes home at night and in many instances where means are engaged in the business struggle and economy is necessary, she does a day's work before and after the long hours of a business day. The truly womanly woman loves home for its own sake. Most men, on the contrary, love home simply because some one whom they love is there; they do not love the place itself. The average man is ready to relinquish home at the slightest provocation. Let the wife go away for a short summer vacation and he will if possible at once forego all real home life; but almost any woman will have a home in spite of every obstacle. And so, no matter how deeply women may become

simplified, something was added elsewhere which more than made up for the saving.

There are almost no perfectly well women today—in spite of advanced sanitation and the fact that it has gone out of fashion to be delicate.

Have you ever noticed how many women you hear during a day, say—and say it as though they meant it—that they were "so tired?"

It has become more or less of a joke and many believe that it is simply a habit; but I am sure it is rather that women are doing too much.

But one solution of the question seems practicable.

It is impossible to return women to the secluded life of home. It may be possible to keep some of them there; but I doubt it. More and more will they, either from force of circumstances or because they wish to try to do what other women are doing, take their place in the business world, in capacities from the humblest to the highest.

They will not, unless absolutely forced to do so, relinquish the home.

What then is the solution? Return to the simple life.

No, not a return either—for we have never had such a thing as the simple life. In the vaunted days of our grandmothers, life was anything but simple, when everything to wear and eat must be made by hand. But we must, while taking advantage of every modern facility, adhere to the most utterly simple ways of living. Thus and thus only can life be possible under the modern stress of its combined aspects for women.

We must not simply talk about "the simple life," but we must actually put it into effect.

I shall not forget when my attention was first called to that book of M. Wagner's—"The Simple Life." I had dined with a woman who although living entirely alone, was served by a host of attendants. We two alone had chatted through a dinner of many courses, brought in relays upon heaviest silver, and after the repast the subject of the new book was brought up.

"The simple life!" said my hostess ecstatically, "that is what I believe in!" That is what we all should practice. I myself actually live the simple life, and I wish more people did so. I thought at first that she was jesting, but I saw that she was in earnest and actually believed herself living simply.

Now, if we would manage to get safely through the transition, while women are assimilating a new life, before having shed the old—we must put into actual practice the simple life. We must not only believe that we shall do so, but we must do it. We must not theorize about it, but we must put it into effect.

Cleanliness—yes—that we cannot do without, and we must adopt the best and easiest means of securing it. But it is imperative that we do away with everything superfluous. Pack away the bric-a-brac. Simplify the furnishings. Reduce the paraphernalia of the table service. Simplify our foods. When we entertain, ask the friends to take with us whatever simple fare we have at hand. We shall thereby gain in the truly hospitable spirit. And when it comes to clothing—there are volumes to be written. Still, all is possible, and it could be brought about in the twinkling of an eye, if we would but realize the necessity for it.

Practical Economics.

THE WORKING-WOMAN'S VACATION FUND IN NEW YORK.

An important part of the training that the working girl should receive, in order to fit her for a place in the home where she hopes some day to preside, is along the lines of practical economics. There are many reasons why this is difficult. In the first place, large numbers of girls receive very small salaries. Sometimes all of their earnings are needed, or are appropriated by the family. When the girl is obliged to find her own room and board, her expenses, even under the most modest conditions, eat into her small income alarmingly. Then there is clothing to provide. The woman of wealth and fashion constantly before her



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WEEKLY HINTS FROM PARIS.

New French turban of supple black straw trimmed with black uncurled feathers, tipped with white.—[Maison Charlotte Hennard.

[Photo copyright, 1912, by Reutlinger. Exclusive copyright, 1912, New York Herald Co.]

submerged in business, they will probably cling to the home and to home-keeping.

What is the result?

Those women—and there are many of them, an army constantly increasing at an unbelievable rate—are doing double duty.

They are housekeepers and they are "business men" at one and the same time. There is no known way of curtailing business, when once you are launched upon it. It takes all your brains to succeed in business—and it takes about all of your time as well.

What, then, is to be done? Must the home be given up? Or must women go down under the overburden of the double life—that at home and in the business world?

Cheap service for domestic labor is no longer a possibility, and in fact it is fast becoming a question as to where any kind of domestic service is to be obtained.

Even though the home may be conducted by "absent treatment"—as indeed it must be under stress of the circumstances which have been described, it is not possible to entertain to any degree with this regime in effect. What then? Is there no solution?

There are many labor-saving inventions—the fireless cooker, the vacuum cleaner, the electric light, the telephone—all doing more or less to lighten housework; but it has seemed heretofore that as fast as we find means of doing one kind of work more easily, we have added to the amount to be done in some other line. A certain "cranky old man" always declared that the sewing machine had actually added to woman's work rather than lightened it, because, as he insisted, "women wore about ten times more furbelows after the invention of the sewing machine as they did before." And it has been noticeably true that as soon as a means was

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eyes in a large city tion to be well and will deprive herself proper rest, and women may spend every spare of the time for her vacation cumulated to take her to a cheap country resort and build up her depleted health runs down, and a position in life toward must turn—that of the w

A number of large-hearted New York, including Miss Mrs. August Belmont, Miss H. Cabot and Miss Cor this danger to the girl was for her a "vacation saving at No. 43 West Thirty-ni also been established for ing women in other neighb to open a vacation account it may be done by visiting Tuesday evening. An ac with the Harriman National its, and to pay \$1/2 per cent to paying the committee o confounded with a charity. are held monthly, the bus hour, and the depositors thereafter.

The committee furnishes inexpensive boarding places it has investigated, and for yond helping the girl to se suggestions for her summer cern itself with her affairs.

This is its purpose with "If you save 10 cents a weeks you will have \$5 to give you one week in the co

"If you save 25 cents a weeks you will have \$12.5 will give you two weeks in

"Small sums put aside w "Large sums just before v to find.

"This often means no coo "Why don't you open an Savings Fund?

"When your vacation time help you find the place you A vacation savings fund b in every large city for the girls.

La Esposa y M And Her Wise and

About Fam

BY GENEVIEVE I. DO'S AND DON'T

DON'T fail to find out what before correcting Son or too dutiful to tell you so, but cover discrepancies in your conclusions which will wear and hold upon them.

Beware of administering b destructive child they will tiveness; the prurient-minded super-sensitive child's develp they will destroy his self-coo association on an equal footin side of the home, and he wi the overbearing.

On the other hand, do not disciplined so that they bec outsider. Intelligent training of good will, as a rule, leave rection of their opposit.

Do not be irritated when y why he shall do thus or so; preferable to that of dumb u Insist upon co-operation in of all burdens and responsib consideration, good breeding.

Don't become panic-stricke sarily when Girl finds a mat of mother, whom she idealize can give her intellectual o You are not likely to have with the answer for every need mind. When you have given when she reaches out and s sources. Opposition to such a age of heroics is apt to drive tion. Selfishness and jealousy love of your child.

Do not attempt to force the who is slow in her approach to her, encourage her, and com back the premature girl by You will only awaken her rounings that will keep her g absorbing study. And if this gracefully to the inevitable, an noble woman.

Don't humor and cater to family at the expense of the sound reason for a special dis ity will be instantly detected, be silently questioned and r

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ages in a large city arouses the girl's ambition to be well and stylishly gowned; and she will deprive herself often of proper food, proper rest, and necessary recreation so that she may spend every spare dollar for this purpose. When the time for her vacation comes she has no means accumulated to take her away for a week or two, even in a cheap country resort where she might relax, rest, and build up her depleted system in the open air. Her health runs down, and she becomes unfitted for the position in life toward which every normal girl's heart must turn—that of the wife and mother.

A number of large-hearted philanthropic women in New York, including Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, Mrs. August Belmont, Miss Anne Morgan, Mrs. Francis H. Cabot and Miss Cornelia Marshall, have realized this danger to the girl wage earner, and have planned for her a "vacation savings fund," with headquarters at No. 43 West Thirty-ninth street. Sub-stations have also been established for the convenience of the working women in other neighborhoods. Whoever may wish to open a vacation account may find out how and where it may be done by visiting the Vacation Committee any Tuesday evening. An arrangement has been made with the Harriman National Bank to receive the deposits, and to pay 3 1/2 per cent, the interest being devoted to paying the committee so that the work may not be confounded with a charity. Business and social meetings are held monthly, the business lasting about half an hour, and the depositors being socially entertained thereafter.

The committee furnishes a long list of pleasant and inexpensive boarding places in the near environs, which it has investigated, and for which it will vouch. But beyond helping the girl to save her money, and offering suggestions for her summer recreation, it does not concern itself with her affairs.

This is its purpose with her:

"If you save 10 cents a week during fifty working weeks you will have \$5 for your vacation. This will give you one week in the country.

"If you save 25 cents a week during fifty working weeks you will have \$12.50 for your vacation. This will give you two weeks in the country.

"Small sums put aside weekly are hardly noticed.

"Large sums just before vacation time are often hard to find.

"This often means no country outing.

"Why don't you open an account with the Vacation Savings Fund?"

"When your vacation time comes the committee will help you find the place you want."

A vacation savings fund bureau should be established in every large city for the benefit of our wage-earning girls.

La Esposa y Madre Chiquita And Her Wise and Timely Observations About Familiar Things.

BY GENEVIEVE FARNELL-BOND.

I. DO'S AND DON'T'S FOR PARENTS.

DON'T fail to find out whether you are right or wrong before correcting Son or Daughter. They may be too dutiful to tell you so, but they will be quick to discover discrepancies in your logic, and they may draw conclusions which will weaken your actual influence and hold upon them.

Beware of administering blows; in the determined, destructive child they will arouse a demon of vindictiveness; the prurient-minded they will degrade; the super-sensitive child's development they will retard; they will destroy his self-confidence, and unfit him for association on an equal footing with his comrades outside of the home, and he will constantly be a prey to the overbearing.

On the other hand, do not let your children be undisciplined so that they become a nuisance to every outsider. Intelligent training in the positive qualities of good will, as a rule, leave little reason for the correction of their opposite.

Do not be irritated when your child asks for a reason why he shall do thus or so; intelligent obedience is preferable to that of dumb unreason.

Insist upon co-operation in the household—a sharing of all burdens and responsibilities, mutual courtesy and consideration, good breeding, and a cheerful spirit.

Don't become panic-stricken and interfere unnecessarily when Girl finds a mature woman friend outside of mother, whom she idealizes; a woman, perhaps, who can give her intellectual or spiritual comradeship. You are not likely to have within yourself, good mother, the answer for every need of your child's growing mind. When you have given all you can, be content when she reaches out and gathers also from other sources. Opposition to such a friendship during a girl's age of heroics is apt to drive her to a frenzy of adoration. Selfishness and jealousy must not enter into your life of your child.

Do not attempt to force the development of the girl who is slow in her approach toward womanhood; draw her, encourage her, and comrade her. And do not hold back the premature girl by violence and repression. You will only awaken her resentment. Convince her of the reasonings that will keep her girlish. Keep her at some absorbing study. And if this will not answer, submit graciously to the inevitable, and teach her to become a noble woman.

Don't humor and cater to any one member of the family at the expense of the others, unless there is a sound reason for a special dispensation. Your partiality will be instantly detected, and if not openly, will be silently questioned and resented.

Do not allow your child to inflict the slightest pain upon any dumb animal. When he does, it is the seed of criminality gathering life and vitality.

Don't fail to investigate intelligently when you find that Boy is not getting along well in his school work. Don't storm and drive at him. Don't jump at the conclusion that he is stupid and cannot learn. He may be possessed of a strong masculine logic, a demand for the reason behind his task that his woman teacher is not able to answer. If she is not, she will irritably compel him to silence, and destroy his interest. Know these facts when they exist, and put Boy under male instructors.

Don't let Boy grow away from you. He becomes shy and awkward when he feels himself growing large and unwieldy. This is the time when you lose him if you are not wise. You torment him with constant correction. You tell him brutally that he is always in the way. You laugh at him, snub him, and discredit him. When he outgrows this age and takes on the grace and charm of young manhood, it is too late. Your heart cries out to him in vain. You have chilled the expression of his affections, and have taught him to hold them in dignified reserve. You will never find each other again. Both will have forgotten the way.

Realize that Boy, as well as Girl, needs affection. The little perfunctory demonstrations that you are half-ashamed to bestow will not satisfy him. He has a great, warm heart. If you do not discover this in time, some one else will.

II. THE EMANCIPATION OF BABY.

"My baby is so good," bragged a fond mother; "he never gives me any trouble. He sits in his chair for hours, playing with his rattle; and I don't have to bother him."

When I saw baby, my heart went out to him. Poor wee tot! He was pale and anemic and sad-faced. He would sometimes whimper, but was not allowed to cry or scream.

It so happened that "Mother" was called away for a few days, and she left Baby in my charge. When she was well out of sight, I released him from his chair and placed him on a blanket in the middle of the floor. At first the little man was unsteady, and would tumble over. But presently he grew more sure of himself and began to look around. After a while he made a move forward; he crawled and chuckled, looking up at me uncertainly. Then he made another cautious move. In a couple of days he was crawling all over the room, wild with delight. He would stop now and then, saying, softly: "Wah!" Then he would say it a little louder. And presently he would shout it.

I kept him out in the sunlight most of the day, romped with him at night, let him scream or cry when he chose. In fact, he was free to exercise lung and limb as he elected, my only care being to keep him within sight. And in those wonderful days he took his first step, holding onto my finger.

When his mother came home, her first glimpse of him was a pair of dirty legs protruding from under the house.

"Baby!" she screamed.

The legs commenced to wriggle, and a small, sturdy body followed them from the hiding place. The baby, covered with dust, and a few scratches, stood up with a kitten in his arms. The mother sank onto the stoop appalled.

"Can that be my baby?"

Baby gave vent to a whoop, then chattering like a prairie dog, toddled drunkenly toward her. When he reached her, he made a grab for her hat, and soon had her badly demoralized.

"He's so strong, and rough, and tough, and red in the face!" she said faintly. "What have you done to him?"

"Spoiled him for being tied into a high chair," I replied complacently. And I had.

III. THE RAIN CURE.

Have you ever heard of the rain cure? No? It is worth knowing about. Hereafter, you are not to shut yourself in the house when a shower comes up. This is the very time for you to be abroad, and get the benefit of the revivifying raindrops, with the daisies, the grass, the hedges and the trees. You are not to carry an umbrella. You may wear a water-proof to keep your clothing dry, short skirts, water-tight boots, and no hat nor veil; for the rain must patter down on your bare face and head. Walk just as long as you please, raising your face so as to let the rain splash abundantly upon it. Walk upright, and breathe deeply, with closed lips. When you get home, do not wash nor dry your face, but pat it gently with a soft cloth. Massage the scalp gently with the finger tips for five minutes, and if your hair be wet, loosen it, and let it dry immediately.

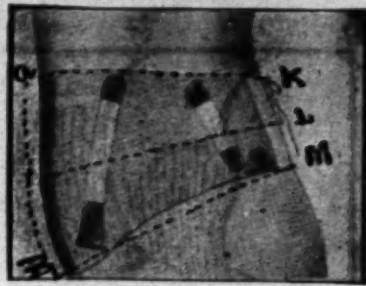
If there is a shower the next day, go out again; in fact, do so whenever opportunity offers. After a number of the rain baths, you will detect a marked improvement in your complexion, and an added brightness in your eye. As to your hair, the rain water will prove as beneficial to it as a tonic.

TO INQUIRERS.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. Those desiring personal advice should write to the editor of the department for particulars. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that, matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

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To Measure for an Abdominal Supporter: Give measurements around the body, at lines K, L, and M, and for the width of supporter in front, give distance between A and B, or from top to bottom of where the supporter is to extend. Do not take measurements over clothing.



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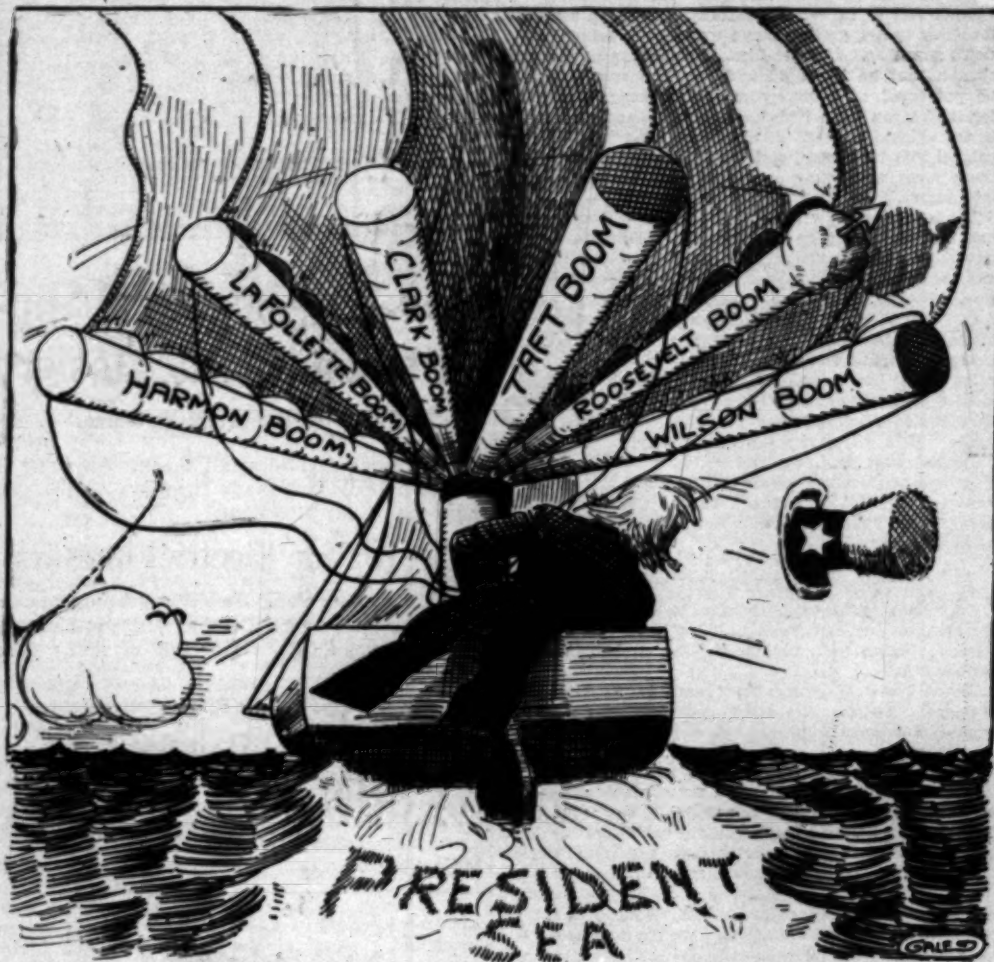
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Good Little Poems.

Blackbirds.

Sailing, sailing, sailing over the treetops high,
When the light is red in the west, a low, lone bar—
Wheeling and drifting and whirling across the sky
Till out of the day comes night and the evening star.

Sailing, sailing, sailing careless and reckless as Youth!
Sons of the wild March winds and the untrod way—
Buccaneers black that chatter and mock at ruth,
Wanderers asking of Time but a song and a day.

Sailing, sailing, sailing! Strike off these shackles of mine!
Chains of convention, links that are all-fool's gold—
And it's up and away! with never a bond to confine
While the sea and the heavens are wide and the heart is bold!

—[Ingram Crockett, in Outing.]

Old Songs Revised.

A sigh for the song of the broken heart!
A smile for the song of cheer!
But how shall we answer the songs that start
As the days of campaign draw near?
Sing hey for the tariff! Tra la for the trusts!
For the railroads sing tury-li-oh!
Each melody sounds while it's going the rounds
Like an echo from long, long ago.

We take up the chorus with lusty shout,
At the music we never balk.
You don't have to know what you're singing about,
So it's better to sing than talk.
Then it's derry-down-derry with graft that we view!
Fol-lol for reforms that are slow.
We will warble a few—though the tunes are not new—
Of the songs of the long, long ago.

—[Washington Star.]

The Robin.

Though snow is on the garden yet
And winds are cold and raw,
The bluebird whistles on the fence,
The sparrow hunts for straw,
The girl gets out her roller skates,
The boy his ball and bat,
And here and there a daring man
Discards his winter hat.

The mall is full of catalogues,
The tired commuters bring
A load of hardware every night,
A certain sign of spring;
The bees come out in hopes to find
A sip of early nectar,
But still the robin wears his bright
Red flannel chest protector.

—[Minna Irving, in New York Sun.]

New Fields for Photography.

New uses for the cinematograph are being discovered. The Italian War Department requested the relatives, sweethearts and friends of the members of the Eleventh Regiment to present themselves on New Year's Day at that regiment's barracks in Naples. There they moved past the moving picture machines and waved their hands or threw kisses to the camera as they came opposite it, says the Motography magazine. The films were then sent to Tripoli and the men, during their leisure evenings, are cheered by the sight of their wives, parents, children and sweethearts reproduced on the screen before them.

Still another new field of photography was opened with the recent remarkable hydro-aeroplane flight of Frank Coffyn in the vicinity of New York City. He carried as a passenger a photographer fully prepared for the work and fine plates of the scenes over which the machine passed were secured. The newspapers have reproduced enough of them to indicate something of the wonderful possibilities of this sort of photography. This immediately suggests to the person who has ever in mind the uses of the flying machine in war the possibilities of securing an intimate record of the position and resources of the enemy. But it has a more general promise than that. The "birdseye" view is the new view of the earth we live on. It must have its charm for those who do not go up in airships. How soon it will be that we shall have the moving picture camera mounted on the aeroplane and landscape by the reel reproduced for the delectation of the multitude of 10 cents a unit. These are only hints of what may be as the airship's reach and success increase.

Won the Bet.

[Mack's National Monthly:] It was a tavern where a newly arrived commercial traveler was holding forth. "I'll bet any one \$5," he said, "that I have got the hardest name of any one in this room."

An old farmer in the background shifted his feet to a warmer part of the fender.

"Ye will, will ye?" he drawled. "Well, I'll take ye on. I'll bet ye ten agin' your five that my name 'll beat yours."

"Done," cried the commercial traveler. "I've got the hardest name in the country, it is Stone."
The old man took a chew at his tobacco. "Mine," he said, "is Harder."

When Coal Was Made.

[New York Sun:] What is said to be the strangest period through which this earth has passed is the one that was responsible for the formation of coal. The planet is described as being at that time flat and smooth as to surface and peculiar as to vegetation. The continents were just beginning to rise above the ocean, and the land had not yet become dry. Mountain ranges had not arisen from the swamps and the atmosphere was thick with fog. In this state of affairs there sprouted and flourished the plants which were later to furnish the world with its coal supply.

These plants grew as big as our largest trees, taking

(680)

deep root in the morass and flourishing like the tall grasses in moist meadow land, developed into the strange shapes now found in tropic vegetation. The forests looked, scientists state, like dense groves of weeds, rushes and enormous ferns. Some of them grew in the shape of cacti, having spines all over them. This kind of vegetation was very rich in carbon, which it derived from the warm, moist atmosphere. Then the millions of years rolled by, the forests of giant woods were buried by deposits of earthy material and the chemical change took place which slowly changed them into coal. This process stopped with the carboniferous age, so that when the present supply of coal is dug out of the ground there will be no more.

Some Snakes.

[Popular Magazine:] Too much good-fellowship and hilarity had dulled the once brightest wit of Jerryville, Ga., and he had fallen into vagabondage after having enjoyed a competency from the practice of law.

"Cheer up, Mark, old fellow," said one of his friends consolingly. "You'll get over this and soon be yourself, but you ought to remember not to let the snakes get into your boots again."

"That's all right," replied the melancholy Mark, "but I'm going to leave this burg for keeps. I'm going far away."

"Where do you think you'll go?" asked the friend.

"I'm going down to South America," explained Mark—"South America, where the snakes are too big to get into a fellow's boots."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times, April 22, 1912.]

THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., West; velocity, 13 miles. Thermometer, highest, 87 deg.; lowest, 81 deg. Forecast: Fair Monday, light Northwest wind.

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even in our "Dixie" country is the lowest of any point in the South to be profitable.

Out in San Juan county, the past year has been phenomenal. It has been phenomenal in the fact that the state really appreciates the importance of the wheat industry. Isolated as it is from the rest of the state, and with an extremely dry climate, it has been heard of the resources of the state for several years. The wheat industry is better than twenty-five inches. From thirty-eight to forty bushels per acre is not unusual. This notwithstanding the unscientific dry farmer there is willing that he had a few acres that produce sixty bushels of wheat per acre. The wheat industry is better than twenty-five inches. From thirty-eight to forty bushels per acre is not unusual. This notwithstanding the unscientific dry farmer there is willing that he had a few acres that produce sixty bushels of wheat per acre. The wheat industry is better than twenty-five inches. From thirty-eight to forty bushels per acre is not unusual. This notwithstanding the unscientific dry farmer there is willing that he had a few acres that produce sixty bushels of wheat per acre.

County Forestry Law.

NUMEROUS inquiries concerning the provisions of this act shall, with counties, have exclusive power to decide upon the variety, kind, number, location and extent of the removal of all trees, hedges, growing and to grow thereon and the extent of the and the manner of the work shall be done; and to enforce the provisions of this act, that said board in the exercise of its duties heretofore, with the jurisdiction of the courts over the roads, highways, city in the improvement, care and thereof.

"It shall be unlawful for any person (except said County Board of Forestry or city and county where a County has been created and appointed under this act, to trim, prune, cut, fell, remove any shade or ornamental tree, growing or to grow upon any such ground or property, or to paint, place upon such trees, hedges or shrubs, any advertisement or advertising device, without in writing of said board first obtaining the consent of the board. Any person who shall violate the provisions of the preceding section shall be deemed to be guilty of a misdemeanor.

"All moneys received as penalties of the provisions of this act, shall be paid to the credit of the County treasury, which fund is hereby set aside for the purpose of purchasing land for the reforestation of the San Joaquin Valley. Whence the cause of this loss of the San Joaquin? One of the reasons that Los Angeles City was becoming a city of the least desirable was that some of the least desirable were being driven out to make room. Along Spring street and Broadway to the belief that something of the kind was necessary to relieve the congestion of the city I have a bill of complaint against the city of Los Angeles, for having to walk and carry a heavy burden to my hotel, alongside a solid car up to First street.

But to continue about land-hunting, the invasion of the San Joaquin Valley is not to be confined to the south. The local paper, the "Herald" announcing that the South

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254 S. Spring St.

men in our "Dixie" country where the precipita-
tion is the lowest of any point in the State, dry farming
is to be profitable.

In San Juan county, the success in dry farming
the past year has been phenomenal. The writer en-
ters grave doubts as to whether the people of the
county really appreciate the importance of that wonderful
isolated as it is from the railroad by many
miles, and with an extremely sparse population, little
has been heard of the resources of that country. The
population there for several years past has been
less than twenty-five inches. An average yield of
thirty-eight to forty bushels of wheat per acre on
this basis is not unusual. This yield too, is obtained
understanding the unscientific dry farming methods.
The dry farmer there is willing to make an affidavit
that he had a few acres that produced at the rate of
thirty bushels of wheat per acre. While some of his
neighbors are inclined to feel that this is slightly ex-
aggerated, yet all will agree that with the adoption of
scientific methods yields of from thirty-five to forty
bushels per acre would be entirely practicable. The
Monticello farm located at Monticello has se-
veral results which would warrant such a belief. There
are thousands of acres of land in that section capable of
producing dry farm crops. It is the writer's firm con-
fidence that this section of the State is destined to be
the great wheat producing belt of the inter-mountain
region.

County Board Law.

NUMEROUS inquiries concerning the County Board
of Forestry continue to reach the City Beautiful
and telephone, though we have printed parts
of the law covering important points. There is now
no all of this act affecting the general public,
the last time. The Forestry Board will doubtless
copies of the law to those applying for same.
The writer has no official connection with the board.
The forester shall have power and it shall be his
to enforce the provisions of this act and all law-
enforcement officers of the board and he shall be and hereby is
vested with all the powers of a peace officer to make
arrest for the violation of any of the provisions of
this act.

County board of forestry appointed under
provisions of this act shall, within their respective
jurisdictions, have exclusive power over and jurisdiction
to determine upon the variety, kind and character of
trees, hedges and shrubs that shall be planted upon
roads, highways, grounds and property; and to
determine all questions respecting the pruning, cutting
and removal of any trees, hedges and shrubs now
existing and to grow thereon and the necessity there-
of and the extent of and the manner in which said
work shall be done; and to enforce, carry out and
execute the provisions of this act; provided, how-
ever, that said board in the exercise of its powers and
the performance of its duties hereunder, shall not in-
terfere with the jurisdiction of the Board of Superi-
ors over the roads, highways, grounds and prop-
erty in the improvement, care and general control
thereof.

It shall be unlawful for any person or corporation
to violate any provision of this act (County Board of Forestry) in any county
and county where a County Board of Forestry
has been created and appointed under the provisions
of this act, to trim, prune, cut, deface, destroy or re-
move any shade or ornamental tree, hedge or shrub
growing or to grow upon any such road, highway,
ground or property, or to paint, place, attach to or put
on such trees, hedges or shrubs, any sign, notice, ad-
vertisement or advertising device without the con-
sent in writing of said board first obtained, or to plant
any tree, hedge or shrub on any such road, highway,
ground or property without such written consent.

Any person who shall violate any of the provisions
of the preceding section shall be guilty of a
misdemeanor.

Any money received as penalties for the violation
of the provisions of this act, shall be paid into the
county treasury to the credit of the County Board of
Forestry fund, which fund is hereby appropriated and
the monies thereof hereby appropriated for the ex-
penditure of said board in the carrying out of provisions
of this act and the policy and purposes herein pro-
vided.

Land Hungry.

The deeper in which I slumbered from Los Angeles
to Larchmont on St. Patrick's Day in the evening was
filled with land hunters from the former city, and we
found them out all-along-line from Goshen to Mo-
hock, sleepy and hungry but determined to possess
themselves of land. The rush from Los Angeles is a
phenomenon of the departing hosts from the United States
in Canada in which Uncle Sam lost 130,000 citizens in
1911. What was the cause of this begira to the virgin
lands of the San Joaquin? One of the land-seekers told
me that Los Angeles City was becoming too populous,
and that some of the least desirable of the Angelenos
were being driven out to make room. A few days' strug-
gle along Spring street and Broadway left me inclined
to believe that something of the kind would soon be
necessary to relieve the congestion there. In this con-
nection I have a bill of complaint against Paul Shoup
for walking and carrying a heavy valise from the gas
station to my hotel, alongside a solid line of red cars
up to First street.

As I continue about land-hunting, I wish to remark
that the invasion of the San Joaquin and Sacramento
valleys is not to be confined to the southern influx. Be-
cause the tonight's local paper, with a big, black
headline announcing that the Southern Pacific "Has

decided Superior California must be settled quickly, and
the railroad officials will direct the influx." Williams
told Snook that every new settler in northern California
means just \$33 to the railroad. The reason that not so
much attention is to be directed to the south by the
railroad in the future is because many would-be set-
tlers, unable to buy enough land with their savings, have
turned back to the country from which they came."

Well, American gold is responsible for the enormous
increase in land values in Europe. Only the other day
seventy-five acres of land in Hungary sold at auction
for \$50,000—the highest price ever realized for purely
agricultural land in that locality. American gold taken
back to Europe by former emigrants to our country
has enhanced these values, for these people are willing
to pay any price to live again in the land of their birth.
It is even so with the gold-bearers who visit Los An-
geles, and it was the long-time residents of the southern
metropolis who had filled the sleeping car en route to
cheaper lands.

What were the motives of these southern land-look-
ers? Largely speculative, to be sure. One of them, how-
ever, intended to plant vineyards and orchards. Another
to engage in alfalfa growing and I see no neces-
sity of warning those who expect to buy this fine San
Joaquin land as a commodity, for verily it will increase
in value most rapidly; or for admonishing those who ex-
pect to produce stock, chickens, alfalfa, barley or dairy
products. But in deciduous fruit production there is
room for caution. Those who go into horticulture will
have to face problems upon the proper solution of which
will depend success. We cannot produce too much of
the staple commodities in this State, for the market will
be the world when canals are built and the demand for
human food becomes more and more insistent. With
fruit it is entirely different. If the tasks of producing,
packing and distributing fruits is not mastered by the
fruit growers themselves, along with the inevitable in-
crease of tonnage, profits will not materialize, mort-
gages will not disappear.

Upon these same San Joaquin Valley lands, for ex-
ample, are many square miles of young peach trees,
largely clings and soon to be in full bearing. What to
do with the fruit has not been seriously considered. It
will require a high degree of business ability to dispose
of it at profit. Not so with the products of the square
miles of alfalfa, barley, beets or what not in the line
of plain farming. Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "Agricul-
ture not only gives riches to a nation, but the only riches
she can call her own." The horticultural branch gives
greater riches if properly managed. It will not manage
itself as well as most other branches of agriculture.

Seagumite.

[Scientific American:] A new product, based on
common seaweed which is found in such unlimited
abundance, is announced as the result of many years
of experiment in England. Many scientists have fore-
seen the enormous possibilities afforded by seaweed,
and the material just discovered, called seagumite,
bids fair to exceed all expectations, as it is of special
value in all electrical industries, being a non-inflam-
mable insulation of high dielectric strength, proof
against heat, cold, oils and weather. A singular prop-
erty is the increase in insulation resistance following
immersion in water. The material is unaffected by
dilute sulphuric acid, which makes it well adapted to
storage battery jars and separators. Among associ-
ated mechanical uses seagumite seems well adapted
for motor gear, switchboard panels, switch handles,
steam and gas packings, especially for high pressures.
The product is also well suited to replace leather in
belting and all the varied uses of leather.

Royalties for Sophocles.

[London Daily News:] Sophocles died twenty-three
centuries ago, but his work is so living that the French
Society of Authors is exacting a royalty upon the pro-
duction of "Electra" at the Chatelet Theater, much to
the astonishment of Raymond Duncan, the producer,
who protested that in this case the author has been



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dead since the ninety-third Olympiad and has left no
widow or heirs. The society agreed that this was so,
and went so far as to reduce the royalty from 10 per
cent. of the receipts to 2 per cent. But it would not
concede an inch further. Its motive is jealousy of
the dead. "If all the works whose copyright has ex-
pired could be played gratis," the authors' society
says, "the theater managers would play nothing else."
So that Sophocles has become the victim of the most
up-to-date unionism."



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Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

FINE FOWLS AND SOME SUCCESSFUL BREEDERS OF THEM.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

The Art of Culling.

WHY AND HOW THE WEAKLINGS CAN BE ELIMINATED.

OBVIOUSLY there are economic and fancy points that govern in the art of eliminating the poorer specimens in a growing flock of youngsters that neither the fancier nor the commercial breeder can afford to neglect. In growing only for the demand for carcass, culling proper need not take up much of our time—the deformed and "wasters" are only to be considered; but for breeding, egg-production and for the show room it is a matter of more importance. It is not common for poultry breeders to have a superabundance of room, nor that feed is sufficiently low in price to justify the "holding over" to full maturity the inferior

birds and red in white earlobes, scant plumage on otherwise well-developed chicks, etc., but to the novice this is rather far-fetched.

The amateur in poultry culture will not cull very closely at first, for it really calls for some experience in the chicken yard, and a study of fowl life at close range. But carefully noting the development of the growing stock he soon learns the difference between the well-formed, well-marked and robust, and the emaciated and stunted specimens. As the eye becomes better trained, and the values of good birds over poor are more strongly appreciated and allowed for, he will cull closer and closer, for breeding purposes, the market and the show room.

Now Get the Whitewash Brush.

Now that the winter rains are about over and the warm weather is coming on apace, get out the white-

flake like the ordinary washes. For inside work in poultry houses, add the carbolic acid for its disinfectant values.

Suggests a Feathered-Legged Barred Rock.

At first glance the average American breeder of Barred Rocks would say that the Coucou de Malines is nothing but a poorly colored Barred Rock, produced by the infusion of Braham blood, which would account for the feathers on legs and also the size of the bird. But allowing for the history of the breed, one soon learns that such cannot be the case. The breed is, however, rated as a general purpose fowl, the hen laying fairly well; nevertheless it gains its popularity in Belgium mostly as a meat breed, the males unfattened averaging about nine pounds and the females seven. In Belgium these fowls as carcasses are known as Poules des Bruxelles, and find their greatest exploitation in the district of Merchtem and Opwyck in Flanders. It is an old breed, but the type shown in the illustration dates only from about 1860. Being, quiet in disposition, the chicks grow rapidly and fatten up rather quickly; indeed, they are said to grow at the rate of about two pounds per month for the first few weeks. The flesh is creamy white, and is said to be at its best when the birds are about six months of age. It is a hardy lot, hence the chicks are raised with but little trouble.

In type the Malines are Asiatic, being large of body, which is long, deep and passive, cock birds being known to tip the scales at thirteen pounds. Plumage a mixed effect in black and white; well proportioned head, pinkish beak, comb single; wings short and carried close to the body; thighs and shanks rather long and the feet feathered on the outer side.

Pitfalls to Avoid.

Don't think that to own a few hens at which to throw feed at night and morning identifies you as a business man among hens.

Don't "shew" and saw the air with your arms every time you enter the chicken yard. The possessed or contented bird should not waste energy in nervous shocks, but in laying eggs.

Don't cross a scrub with a pure blood. Success is better attained with good stock as a nucleus rather than the mongrel.

Don't buy so-called "cheap" foods—an engine can run on shale coal, nor a hen prosper on unwholesome fodder. The low in price is often the most costly in results.

Don't, please don't, scatter mash food over the ground and on boards; feed in sanitary galvanized or wood feeding troughs. Bits of mash food scattered on the ground soon become tainted, and engender disease.

Don't keep broody hens about the place unless doing business on a clutch of eggs. Hens should be kept eggs or hatching them.

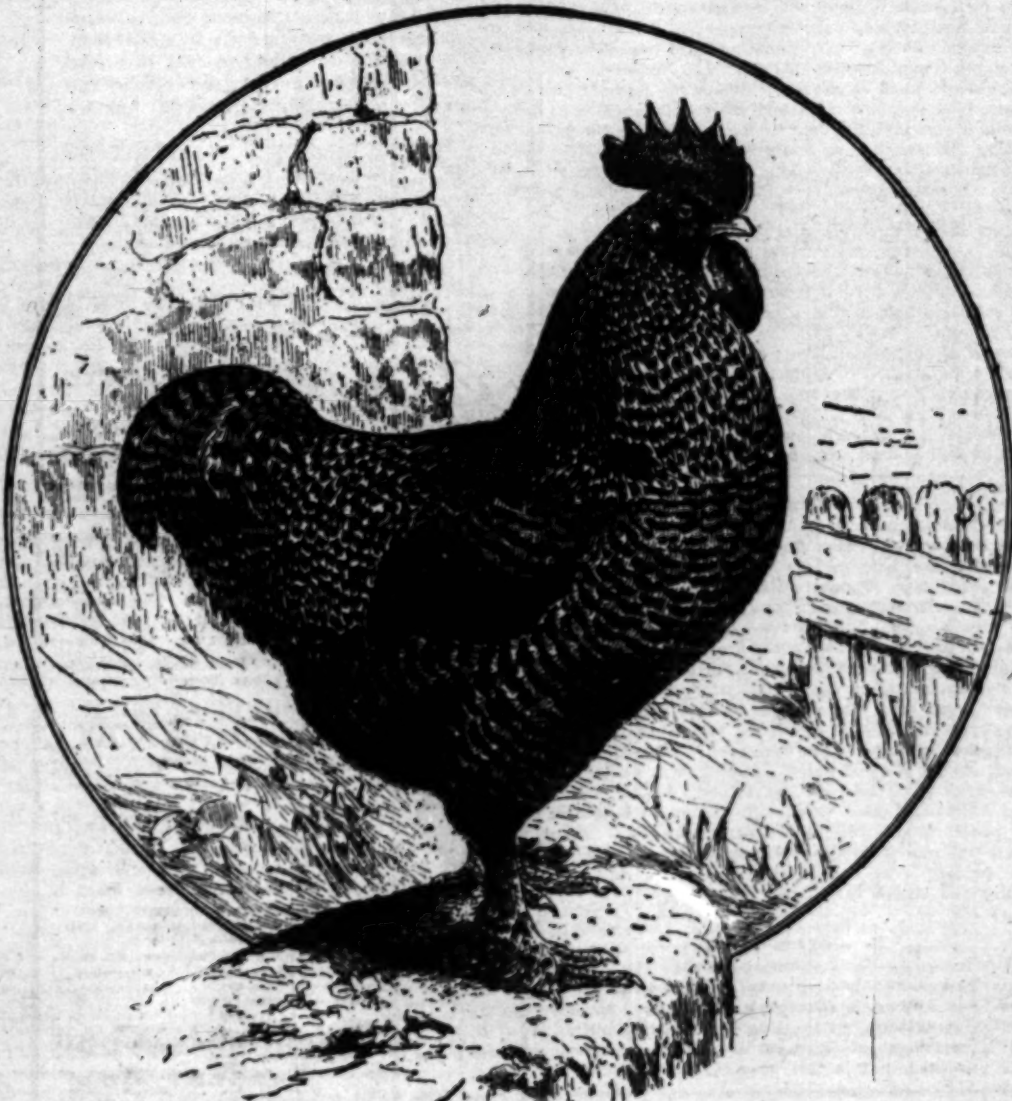
Don't overfeed; fat hens lay less than those in the right condition. Besides, they are less active and so more liable to physical ills.

Don't change from one breed to another. Select one that strikes your fancy, learn to know its characteristics and requirements, and you will be successful with it.

Don't put twenty-five birds in an environment incapable of accommodating half that number. Overcrowding is inimical to good health, and conduces to bad habits.

Don't allow ailing birds with the healthy; segregate them out by themselves where they can be suitably and properly treated. Many of the ailments of poultry are contagious.

Don't allow the culls among the growing stock below



COUCOU DE MALINES COCK.

that are more or less a feature of every batch of youngsters that are hatched out. Better give the strong the benefit of their elimination in the yards and houses, and cut down the feed bills thereby correspondingly. The principal reasons for culling may be briefly stated as follows:

Discard all those which show evidence of constitutional weakness and deformities. By this is not meant to destroy them; allow them to grow until large enough for eating, and then give them the place of honor on the family table.

Cull out those that are slow of development, which may be hereditary or due to mismanagement of particular ones. Specimens backward in growth compared to the average of a flock scarcely ever develop into good breeding specimens.

Those that fall short of Standard requirements, such as feathers on legs of smooth legged varieties, color faults in plumage, radical departures from typical shape and faulty head points. Birds short on these counts do not appeal to the owner of pure blooded commercial flocks, much less to the sense of beauty of form and color of plumage of the fancier. The pullets, however, should be retained and placed by themselves for egg-production, provided always that there is plenty of room; the cockerels should be fattened up and disposed of.

Experienced breeders also cull for blemishes that may be outgrown, such as white in plumage of buff

wash brush or spray pump and "go for" everything in sight: fences, houses, barn (if not painted) and wooden unpainted appliances. Whitewash not only gives the place an added appearance, but if a little carbolic acid, about a tablespoonful, first diluted in a pint of water, to each pailful, it also acts as a first-class purifier. Whitewash made in the ordinary way, lime soaked in boiling water, then thinned to the proper consistency for applying, is usually used and applied with a brush or spray pump. As a purifier whitewash has no permanent effect; it will destroy germs and vermin only at the time of application.

Those who desire a more permanent whitewash than the ordinary are recommended to try the government recipe which is as follows:

"Half a bushel of unslacked lime in warm water. Cover during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer. Add a peck of salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of rice which has been ground and boiled to thin paste, a half a pound of Spanish whiting and a pound of glue which has previously been dissolved over a slow fire, and add five gallons of water to the mixture. Stir well, cover up to keep out dirt and let stand for five days. It should be put on hot. One pint of this mixture will cover a square yard if properly applied. Small brushes are best."

There is no formula for making whitewash superior to this. It retains its color for years and does not

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Illustrated W

the marketing age. Culls another, hence as breeders place, and had better make sides, their elimination can't. Don't think for a moment your egg records even a hardly travel in the same cess.

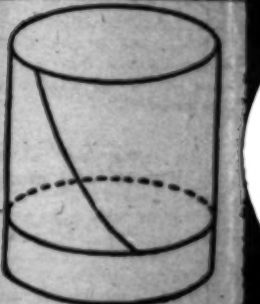
Don't forget the water but unsanitary drinking vessel of carrying disease as fowl. Remember, germs are easily carried from the sick.

Don't think that keeping time enhances its quality of the egg is sold after it is. Indeed, it is at its best just

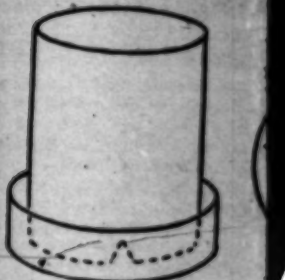
Don't miss the fact that itary quarters are nearly culture, and that in the al is better than cure. Often move physical ills.

A Drinking Fountain for a Song.

People with comparatively not enjoy piped water into the possession of serviceable the cost of, say, five or ten ordinary tin can of average salits in it (after trimming accompanying diagram) to Next take a tin pie plate depth a little in excess of the or basin for the can to rest water, then quickly invert basin, shove to one side, place a serviceable fount. If car tight, the water will rise in



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SHOWING POSITION OF C

the slits in the can, and feed a drink the water until exhausted, both in metal and earth at the supply houses if one cost. If cans of the required it is also feasible to cut them the nominal cost of the basin of the contrivance. This fount able and sanitary, and by ma dishes.

A Cause for Infertility to Begin for Hatching

Our short article on fertility weeks ago, brought the following breeder signing himself Fulton, in Sonoma county. It hope that others will relate the coming the difficulty.

"I read, perhaps three years the eggs of Wyandottes was heavy buff which the birds can could be cured by shearing a the vent, cutting close to the of that breed, but had Buff Orp proved fairly fertile, I simply thing to bear in mind in case some future time. But the deal of trouble with my Buff the birds seemed to be in fine giving no chicks at all. Just article on Rhode Island Redd, shearing. So I applied the reme tons, and there was immediate the hatchlings being from good of thirteen eggs giving twelve owners of fowls with heavy buff agument will be remedied at

Litter for the Growing Stock.

Healthy chicks mean working youngsters leave the brooder of mother hen, see to it that the which to exercise their natural

Why
PEERLESS CHICK FEED

do thousands of people all over California and Arizona pay \$2.50 per 100 lbs. for Peerless Chick Feed when they can buy other feeds for less? Why?

Henry Albers Co.
Main 367; F4437. 400-411 E. 3d St.

Steinmesch Chick Feed

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No Trouble To Feed.

Twenty varieties of seeds and grains for the health of the baby chick.

6 lbs. 25c — 100 lbs. \$3.25.
AGGELER & MUSSER SEED CO.
113 North Main Street, Los Angeles

the marketing age. Culls are "off" in one section or another, hence as breeders and layers occupy second place, and had better make room for the good ones. Besides, their elimination cuts down the feed bills.

Don't think for a moment that lice and mites help your egg records even a little bit. Hens and vermin hardly travel in the same harness to the goal of success.

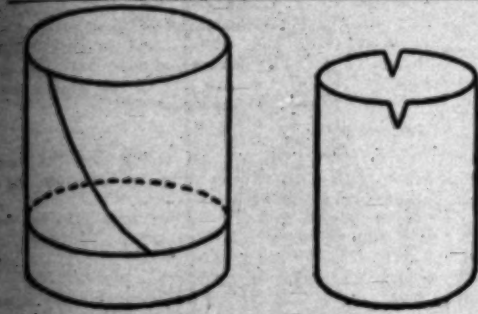
Don't forget the water supply. It may seem a trifle, but unsanitary drinking vessels are often the direct result of carrying disease germs from ailing to healthy fowl. Remember, germs float on the top, and so are easily carried from the sick to the healthy.

Don't think that keeping hen fruit any length of time enhances its quality or market value. The sooner the egg is sold after it is laid, the better its quality. Indeed, it is at its best just when laid.

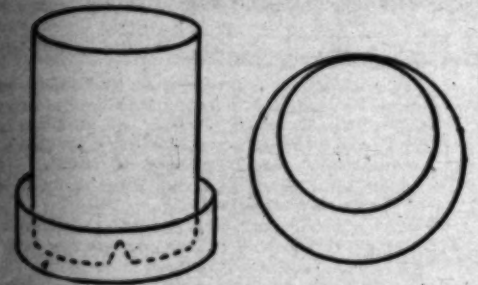
Don't miss the fact that wholesome feeding and sanitary quarters are nearly the "whole thing" in poultry culture, and that in the handling of disease, prevention is better than cure. Often to alter conditions will remove physical ills.

A Drinking Fountain for a Song.

People with comparatively small flocks and who do not enjoy piped water into the chicken pens, can enjoy the possession of serviceable drinking fountains at only the cost of, say, five or ten minutes labor. Take an ordinary tin can of average good size, cut two V-shaped slots in it (after trimming out the top as shown in the accompanying diagram) to a depth of about an inch. Next take a tin pie plate with a vertical rim and a depth a little in excess of the V-shaped slots, for a base or basin for the can to rest in. Now fill the can with water, then quickly invert it (full of water) into this basin, shove to one side, place in position and you have a serviceable fountain. If carefully made and perfectly tight, the water will rise in the basin to the depth of



HOW THE CANS ARE CUT.



SHOWING POSITION OF CANS IN OPERATION.

the slots in the can, and feed automatically as the birds drink the water until exhausted. Fountains of this description, both in metal and earthenware, can be obtained at the supply houses if one can afford the additional cost. If cans of the required diameter are available, it is also feasible to cut them down, thus saving even the nominal cost of the basin or tin plate for the base of the contrivance. This fountain will be found serviceable and sanitary, and by many is preferred to open dishes.

A Cure for Infertility in Eggs for Hatching.

Our short article on fertility in eggs, published a few weeks ago, brought the following letter from a practical breeder signing himself "Orpingtonio," dated at Fallon, in Sonoma county. It is here given with the hope that others will relate their experiences in overcoming the difficulty.

"I read, perhaps three years ago, that infertility in the eggs of Wyandottes was often due to the very heavy suff which the birds carry, and that the trouble could be cured by shearing a broad strip right across the vent, cutting close to the skin. As I had no birds of that breed, but had Buff Orpingtons, whose eggs had proved fairly fertile, I simply noted the fact as something to bear in mind in case I kept Wyandottes at some future time. But the next year I had a great deal of trouble with my Buff Orpington eggs, although the birds seemed to be in fine condition, many settings dying no chicks at all. Just at that time I read an article on Rhode Island Reds, which also recommended shearing. So I applied the remedy to my Buff Orpingtons, and there was immediate change for the better, the hatchings being from good to first rate, one setting of thirteen eggs giving twelve strong chicks. Let all owners of fowls with heavy suff take notice. The disappointment will be remedied at the next moulting."

Like the Growing Stock.

Healthy chicks mean working chicks. When the youngsters leave the brooder or are weaned from the mother hen, see to it that they enjoy facilities with which to exercise their natural propensities to do a

scratching business. And particularly does this apply if they still roost on the floor instead of on perches.

Crooked breastbones are quite apt to result from sleeping on hard floors. When young the bones are of course soft and pliable, and hence are easily pushed forward and out of shape. This litter should be replaced at regular intervals in order to maintain cleanliness and good health.

The Langshan Men Organize.

Next to the Light Brahma there is no breed in the Asiatic class that has shown better wearing qualities than the Langshans, of which the Black variety is the most popular. Like other breeds it has had its ups and downs. A few years ago it was somewhat eclipsed by the boom in Buff Cochins, which at one time predominated in the Asiatic class in the Southwest. That boom, however, seems to have run its course, but the Langshan has held its own with a noticeable growth in interest and development. As an evidence of this the Langshan breeders throughout the State have perfected an organization known as "The Langshan Club of California" which not only evinces numerical strength, but a determination to push the breed and to exploit its economic values. The following are the officers: President, Wm. T. Blakely; vice-president, C. E. Ross; secretary-treasurer, R. W. Beeks; F. M. Beardsley and C. F. Hobbs, directors.

The Poultrymen's R. F. D. Letter Box.

"Poultry Fancier" writes to this department of The Times that his White Leghorns are losing their hackle feathers, the fluff feathers about the vent, and also under the wings; that the skin is red and rough, and asks the trouble and also for a remedy.

Your birds are suffering from what is commonly known as "Mange" produced by the presence of a small mite with the somewhat formidable scientific name *carapotes laevis*. Treat by applying to the affected parts an ointment made by mixing flowers of sulphur one dram, carbonate of potash twenty grains, lard or vaseline one-half ounce. Apply every four or five days until relieved.

A. V. W., Los Angeles. "What can you tell me of the feeding of brewers' grain as a food for poultry, provided it can be bought at the right price?"

From personal experience nothing. Robinson's "Poultry Culture," under the head of "Poultry Foods" has the following: "The residue from barley in the manufacture of beer consists of a small part of the starch with most of the gluten, the germ and the hull, and is called brewers' grain. Its use as poultry food has not been extensive enough to determine its value. At an appropriate price it should be a valuable food." Can any of our readers give more specific information?

New World Wonder.

[Christian Science Monthly:] Across the fields near Rome the great aqueducts of old time stretch like some ponderous creature that is stepping in elephantine stride a slow path to the city. These reminders of the old Roman engineering achievements are regarded with wonder, but what modern men are accomplishing in the same line makes the Roman aqueducts seem a trivial effort indeed. The city of New York has long discussed the possibility of bringing the delicious water of the Catskill region down to fill the city's need, but how to get it there was the great problem. At last the audacious plan of a tunnel under the Hudson, made in solid rock, if such a substratum could be found, was broached. Testing the banks a place was found at Storm King Mountain where there was solid granite on both sides. Then two borings were made which seemed to show that at a depth of 1000 feet there was a belt at least 500 feet deep in which a tunnel could be cut. A shaft over 1000 feet deep was sunk in the rock on each side of the river and then a straight tunnel seventeen feet in diameter and 3000 feet long was bored connecting them. This is part of a ninety-two-mile aqueduct which will deliver to the city 500,000,000 gallons of water a day. The last blast in the rock section was fired January 30. It is called by engineers the greatest achievement of their profession next to the Panama Canal.

A Convent of Lady Biscuit-Makers.

[Wide World:] At Varese Ligure, a mountain village some twenty-five miles from Genoa, in the north of Italy, there is a most remarkable convent. The ladies who live there spend their time in making biscuits, which they send to private customers all over the world. All who belong to this quaint religious community have taken a vow never to appear again to the public, and the only person the nuns are allowed to see is the doctor, and then only in case of serious illness. If one cannot see the fair inmates of the convent of Varese Ligure at work with flour and almond paste, one can at least taste their biscuits, which are most delicious. They are made in the form of fish, flowers, and fruit, and in some cases are so beautifully colored that it seems a pity to put one's teeth into them. The nuns also devote their attention to drying mushrooms which are brought to them by the peasants of the district, and these fungi secchi are likewise sent all over the world. It is no easy matter for a novice to obtain admission to this convent of lady biscuit-makers. Novices desirous of renouncing the world and joining the community have to bring with them a fairly large capital and a certain amount of education—two conditions which are not always found together.

The Land of "Superstitions."

Brittany, known to so many people as "The Land of Pardons," might also be called "The Land of Supersti-

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tions," for there is probably no place in France where the peasantry are more inclined to believe in the so-called hidden forces of Nature, and where the unscrupulous charlatan has so good an opportunity of deceiving his listeners. Whether in sickness or in health, the people of Brittany look for an answer to their demands in the mysterious kingdom of the supernatural, and with a faith which, to the educated, is sometimes almost unbelievable. A curious instance of this widespread superstition is cited by M. Paul Geniaux, a well-known French folk-loreist, in the April Wide World Magazine. The inhabitants of Muzillac and district, in the Morbihan, firmly believe that the only effective method of curing their children of the colic is to carry them to a certain chapel, that of St. Mamers, and deposit them on the altar. There they mumble a short prayer, the text of which you can never get them to confess—and the cure is immediately effected! Not only are the peasants reluctant to tell you the form in which they have presented their supplication; they are much averse to being seen performing the little ceremony, and it was only with the very greatest difficulty, and with the aid of a flashlight apparatus, that a photograph was obtained.

When Kipling Was Hungry.

[Bookman:] Had Mr. Kipling turned his attention to commerce instead of literature, perhaps he might now be retained by some merchant millionaire as a writer of advertisements, at a colossal salary. After the siege of Kimberly he was staying with Mr. Rhodes at a charming little fruit farm near that town. One morning it occurred to Mr. Rhodes to take a stroll round the orchards for a little while before breakfast. As Mr. Kipling did not feel like walking he stayed behind. Time went on and the idea came to the author that breakfast would be desirable. But there was no sign of his host. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes, as was usual with him, had become so interested in the matter in hand that he had quite forgotten the passing hours, and it was nearly 10 before he remembered his starving guest, and hurried homeward.

"What's this, sir?" said the manager, suddenly pausing before a tree.

Upon it was pinned a sheet of paper bearing in large black letters: "Famine!" The next tree was also decorated: "We are starving; feed us." Nearer the house they came upon a larger sheet with these words in huge type: "For the human race. Breakfast. Purifies the mind; invigorates the system. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Finally, upon the front door was an enormous placard: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?"

Increased Cost of Bullets.

[London Mirror:] The cost of killing a soldier in battle is going to be appreciably increased by the rise in the market price of lead.

The cartridge manufacturers who fulfill the British War Office contracts are at present supplying large orders placed some months ago at old prices, but the new contracts will be revised in connection with the price of lead, which has largely increased during the last six months.

"Not only the lead but the nickel casing to put it in and the brass for the cartridge case have also increased in price. In fact, nearly all the base metals have gone up," said the London manager of a well-known manufacturing house.

"The rise in lead has also increased the price of sporting cartridges from 5 to 7½ per cent., so that shooting partridge and pheasants will cost you more."

NOTE—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

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The "C. E. F." Poultry Fountain

Gives flowing water just like that from a spring. Give your birds the great privilege of a clean drink every time they are thirsty. Yes, these fountains will save you money every week in the year. 50c each.

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